A TREATISE

ON THE

REIGN AND TIMES

OF

QUEEN CATHERINE DE MEDICI.

By JOHN BENSON ROSE.

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PREFACE.

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"SPARE me for I am an old man!" was the ejaculation of John Keble to John Duke Coleridge, on their last interview; when the latter expressed an expectation that the intercepted letters of Charles I. to his wife, which had been roused from their slumber of 200 years in the library of the House of Lords, might be found to justify the indictment of the king by the usurpers; but the regicides have not gained that posthumous justification.

A similar feeling oppresses, and a similar appeal *ad misericordiam* arises from me on reading the senior wranglers of history, who vaunt their party heroes by decrying their party antagonists. I feel fain to ask, is it indispensable towards vaunting the one, to decry the other side, and give verdicts which appear to be dead against the evidence?

In lusty youth I bathed with some senior-wrangler swimmers from a Portsmouth wherry, some of whom, I was informed, had dived under the 'Princess Charlotte,' and our sport upon the wave was leap-frog. Leap-frog marine differs from leap-frog on land inasmuch as, instead of the back being leapt over, the back is thrust down under the leaper, and, so sunk, is swum over. Analogous to which methinks is the practice of historians who sink their antagonists, that their heroes may swim over them. In the small historical treatises which I have printed touching on the times of Queen Catherine de Medici, I have been led away, and have joined in the hue-and-cry against her. But seeking for the evidence upon which she is condemned I find none; and I desire to retract any expressions to her wrong, and to declare my conviction that we have been misled by party writers. Our Protestant cause needs no partizan views to uphold it.

The following instances of the opinions of Henri IV. and of the Chancellor's, Philip Hurault Cheverny, both perfectly good and well attested records, will justify another opinion of the character of that lady, and more in consonance with all the historic evidence of her life.

Claud Groulard, a staunch follower of Henri IV., records a conversation with the King in 1599, when advocating the proposed marriage with Marie de Medici. He says that he instanced the case of the lance of Achilles, which wounded and which cured; and that, even so, the wound inflicted by Catherine might be cured by Marie. The king replied, "Many have told me that already; but I beseech you," continued he, "what could a poor woman do, having her husband's death and five little children on her arm, and with two families in France invading her crown, that is to say, ours and Guise, was it not necessary for her to use measures to deceive us and preserve as she did her children, who reigned successively by the wise conduct of so thoughtful a woman: I am astonished that she did so well." And Cheverny—connected by blood to Michele Hurault Hospital, and by intermarriages with the historian De Thou, and the President Harley, and who was Chancellor to both Henri III. and Henri IV.—writes as follows: "One can say of her without flattery that she was one of the most courageous, most prudent, and most capable of queens whom France ever possessed, exceedingly regretted by men of worth, grieved to lose her at a time she was so needed." Cheverny attributes her death to grief at the murder of the Guises, and the ruin which her then only surviving son by that deed dragged upon his own head. Such testimonies ought to have shielded her fame; but a foil was needed; and the easiest way to excuse the Huguenots for deeds which outdid the Catholics in cruelty, was to sink some victims—that the Bourbon kings might swim over them.

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CATHERINE DE MEDICI.

"Hence triumphant, lead me hence,
Casters of proud Ilion down—
Wreathe me, crown me, your defence—
Lo! my tresses, crown them crown."

Iphigeneia at Aulis.

If you have tears prepare to shed them now. I am about (by command) to write the history of the Niobe of Queens, Catherine de Medici, and of her fellow orphans, queens and victims, her daughter-in-law, Mary Stewart, Queen Dowager of France and Queen of Scots; and her daughter Marguerite Queen of France and of Navarre.

Surely there is some deep innate principle in the mortal heart and soul demanding victims; some atoning sacrifice, some oblation to bear away the sins of the age, and surely in the choice the fairest and the best are selected, those nearest without a blot; and the Hebrew law and ordinance is but the reflex of the soul of man, holding as a mirror to his outward gaze the spiritual cravings of his soul.

I do not adduce the offering of our Saviour or of its prefiguration in that of Isaac, nor will I adduce the scape-goat of our schoolmasters, the Hebrews; I shall adduce my instances from the heathen, for it is a heathen principle within one which demands the sacrifice, and not a sacred one. We have two instances recorded in Holy Writ: that of the

Shepherd Mesha, King of the Moabites, who offered his eldest son a burnt sacrifice upon the mound—the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul; and the other that of Jephtha, Judge of Israel, who devoted his daughter, the story of which is familiar to us all. Not so familiar is the Arcadian rite of the Preselenites, men prior to the moon, who demanded a virgin of the race of Æpytus * for their atoning sacrifice; and travelling thence through the history of the heathen, we find the Atreidan brothers offering Iphigeneia, whose triumphant song heads this opening chapter; to be followed quickly by the like sacrifice of Polyxena, the first to the *Winds* of Thrace, the second to the shade of Achilles. These devolved into sacrifices of men and flagellations of the body, in expiations, until they settled into a system of sanctuary for men and expiatory sacrifice of animals. The names of the goddess Kali in the East, and of the god Odin in the West, spread from the rising to the setting sun the idolatry, in its hideous aspect, which we trace alike to old Etruria and the realms of Mexico and Peru in the newly discovered world. Amidst the heathen it was a principle open and avowed, and the question is, are we *Christians* free and void of it—not in auto-da-fés and Smithfield fires, but in the hidden recesses of the soul? Methinks it is to be traced and recognised in every phase of life; from him who, carelessly walking, trips, and turns to find something to upbraid—a curb-stone or orange-peel—to those who condemn their leaders for the lost battle, and unto those who seek one historic name to bear the burden of his fellow man, and to be held up to future times as the cause of the effect which they deplore.

The Roman satirist wrote—

"We pardon the crows, but we bully the doves."

My story will tell of long flights of Henrys—crows of the deepest dye; they might have had without disparage Old

* Query, Japhet.

Harry to their sire—Harry the Eighth of England, Henry the Second, Third, and Fourth of France, Henry Darnley, and Henri of Guise, all have their historians and special pleaders to excuse, to extenuate, to pity their faults. "We pardon the ravens," but when we find the orphan girls betrayed to wedlock with unworthy men, their happiness sacrificed in their girlhood, childhood, by those having authority over them—and though they were pure amidst impurity, and self controlling amidst conflicting sects and political parties—yet nevertheless—victims are needed to lessen the load of calumny—therefore "bully the doves." Such, without further preamble, is the story I have to relate: I here avouch my heroine victims to have been as faultless as it was feasible to have been in so turmoiled and vile a world, when men resigned their duties "to foin of nights and fight of days," and left the task of righting the wrongs they did to the women of their races, for the women of that day appear to have been supreme;—it was in appearance, probably, and because the men had vacated their posts of duty. The time dates from 1547 to 1589, from the death of Francis I. to the death of Henri III., a period of about forty-two years, in which space we find a queen regent in Scotland, a queen regnant in England, a queen regent in France, a Queen of Scots, a Queen of Navarre, a Queen of France and Navarre, a Duchess of Parma ruling in Flanders, a queen regent in Portugal, Catherine of Guise, Duchess of Montpensier, and an Anne of Este, Duchess of Nemours, a galaxy of women who ruled and governed whilst the Henrys played the fool with passions almost uncontrolled; and prior to this period the Peace of Cambrai had been negotiated by Louisa of Savoie, mother of Francis I. and Marguerite of Austria, in 1529, and was called "La paix des Dames."

The three queens who are to grace my treatise with their feminine sweetness, beauty, and misfortunes were all orphan

girls—losing their fathers in earliest youth. Catherine was orphaned of both father and mother; Mary was orphaned of her father, and separated from Mary of Guise her mother; and Marguerite was the sole of the three who had the blessing of a maternal roof in her childish days, yet wanting a father.

Catherina Maria de Medici was born at Florence, 13th April, 1519, and was orphaned of her mother upon the 28th, and of her father on the 4th May following. She was the heiress of the house, and was called the Duchessina. At five months of age she was hurried away from Florence to Rome, in a litter, in sufficient state, but in captivity. Leo X. was the magnificent Pontiff filling the chair of St. Peter, and claiming the guardianship of the orphan child as great-uncle. Charles V. inherited the crown of Spain, and had been elected to that of the German empire; Francis I. was king of France, and Henry VIII. of England. Leo died 1st December, 1521, and was succeeded by Adrian VI., who died 23rd September, 1523, and was succeeded by Clement VII., Cardinal de Medici, who thus became the guardian of his orphan niece 19th November, 1523. In 1524, when she was six years of age, she was sent back to Florence. She had an aunt, Clarice, wedded to Philippo Strozzi, a banker; but it was not the lot of the orphan to have kindred kindness in her infant years. She inhabited her own palace in the Via Larga, which Ippolito and Alessandro, illegitimate branches of her house, after the custom of those days, shared with her.

On January 31, 1527, at the age of eight, her infant ears were affrighted with the tidings of the raid of the Constable Bourbon over the Alps and the horrible sack of Rome. Clement saved himself in Adrian's Mausoleum, the Castle of San Angelo. On the 18th May the Lady Clarice refuged, with her infant niece, Catherine, in the convent Santa Lucia, until the storm passed by; but then plague and a reign of terror passed over Florence, and on the 27th De-

cember, 1527, Catherine was sent to the *Murate*, "the walled up," and tasted her first repose. Her instruction there was feminine and benign, to which she turned back not only in memory in after years, but with an intention to rejoin its quietude; and to that intent she endowed it, and procured for it those fatal gifts, exemption from taxes and special endowments, which made monasteries and convents hated by the laity, whose burthens they did not share, and who suffered from every ill-advised endowment. Her quietude was broken on the 19th July, 1530, by four commissioners of Pope Clement entering and demanding to lead away the Duchessina, who was then eleven years old. She burst into the presence of the nuns, ejaculating, "Holy mothers, I am yours—am yours; who will dare drag a spouse of Christ from her convent!" Her emotion was unavailing; she was then mounted on horseback in the dress and short locks of a nun, which she resolutely refused to hide or change, and so she was led back to her former residence of Santa Lucia.

Florence was besieged at that time by Pope Clement, and with her fall Catherine was restored to the *Murate*, from whence she was removed to Rome in 1531, in her thirteenth year, the object now of matrimonial pretensions. No maiden's hand was then within her own gift, neither was the Duchessina's. Catherine's hand was negotiated by Clement unto Francis I. as bride for his second son Henri. It was hardly credited by the world, but it came to pass on the 16th April, 1533. Catherine had what was perhaps the first and only holiday of her life: she met Margaret of Austria, daughter of Charles V., and spent ten days with a girl companion; and so they rode to Florence, where was a festival in all the pomp and vanity of festivals; there she gave a farewell banquet on the 1st of September. She resembled Jephtha's daughter, taking leave of her companions ere she resigned the world. She took water at Spezzia and landed at Nice, fraught with

130,000 crowns as her dower, with trousseau, pearls, crystal casket, and she herself a pale, thin, large eyed, melancholy girl, trembling like a fawn or an aspen, made her entry into Marseilles on the 23rd October, 1533, and on the 28th October, Pope Clement himself officiating, the victim girl was led to the altar in white satin and a royal mantle, spangled with pearls and diamonds, and was sacrificed to the House of Valois, being then fourteen years and six months old—her husband, Henri, being just one year more; as says the song, "She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more."

Such was the manner in which Catherine entered the realm of France. She had no pretensions then to beauty, whilst Henri, her husband, was under the fascination of one of the female spirits of that time, Diana of Poitiers (created by him Duchess of Valentinois), to whom he built a palace and entwined their initials in the *corbeils*, and ennobled their offspring son and daughter.

Here Catherine cultivated the fine talents native to herself and the race of the Medici; here she acquired her literary tastes, and her conduct at the Court of France is instanced as a model of feminine propriety. She won the love of all save her husband; she passed the ten first married years unloved by him, taunted for her failure of offspring, bending to the storm, and finding refuge in the love of Francis the king, and Eleanor the queen, and in Marguerite Queen of Navarre, the king's sister; and when the Dauphin died, in 1536, and malignant fame began, at the age of seventeen, to accuse her of poison and assassination of the Dauphin, it is said that she disdained defence, whilst the sword of every cavalier of France was ready to defend the fame of the demure and melancholy girl.

Henri pushed his dislike so far as to desire a divorce; but he met with a resolute prohibition both from the king and the cabinet. The Dauphin found himself overruled, and

Catherine had borne him a son when she was crowned the queen of Henry II., in 1547.

Then followed in swift succession her offspring, numbering five sons and three daughters, only two of whom, Henri III. and Marguerite the Queen of Navarre, both childless, survived her in 1589. Her nursery also held Mary Stewart, with Diana of Poitiers and her daughter, who formed part of the household of the Louvre; where, in educating her children most worthily, so far as the girls were concerned, she herself acquired beauty of feature and grace of demeanour —where the female court she attracted to the Louvre whilst she reigned as queen, and numbering upwards of three hundred of the nobility of France, was unequalled before and perhaps since in the annals of Europe. This endured until 1560, when, at the age of forty, she was widowed of her husband, who fell in the jousts which celebrated the marriage of Marguerite his sister with the Duke of Savoy—when, in one of those fits of frenzy to which the whole of the race of Valois was subject, he insisted on running another course with the Count of Montgomery, when the lance accidentally splintered and entered the eye and pierced the brain, and he fell in the sight of Catherine, his queen and widow; and to show the hostile and brutal spirit of the Huguenots of that time, the town of Rochelle struck a medal, with its mark, "H—1559," with the lance-head in effigy which slew her husband.

Up to this period fame has spared the name of the queen. The Inquisition had been re-established in France by Henri; but her duties were then confined to the nursery and the court. She was not consulted on that objectionable step; the Duchess (Diana) was then the presiding female influence; and it is gratifying to say that she held it by mental, not bodily charms, for she was twenty years the king's senior:

Catherine had neither then the will nor the opportunity to interfere in state matters.

Invading the nursery, in which Elizabeth queen of Spain, Claude duchess of Lorraine, the ancestress to the Franciscs of Austria, and the exquisite Marguerite of Navarre and France, and the ill-fated Mary, queen of France and of Scots, we find a very bright domestic scene, which each of these ladies quitted with tears, and to which they reverted in memory with sighs—where they prattled to one another in verses light as air and pure as the waters which jut from the rock, which captivated into its flowing stream Henri III. and the Prince Carlos of Spain—where there was freedom, such as would be found now in a British mansion, and where Henri (then Anjou) told Marguerite that she should not have the Duke of Guise for a sweetheart, and that he would have her *fouettée* by her mother; and Marguerite, then fifteen, laughed at her overweening brother, and was equally resolved that Guise should wear her colours, for it was disreputable then for a gallant at court to ride without a favour on his lance or basnet; and through Marguerite's life, from Guise at fifteen to her latest days, her colours were sought with avidity, and by universal accord Guise and Marguerite bore then the palm of grace and beauty from all. They were merry and happy days, too soon to be troubled with marriages and given in marriage; but I wish I could explain of what sort the royal *fouettées* were—the cane, the horsewhip, or the knout—for *fouetter* was then a religious ceremonial, and Henri III. had a band of 100 neophytes to flog themselves publicly in the procession of penitents. I am inclined to think that the knout was the dreadful instrument of wrath, with the *knots* probably omitted. Elizabeth and Claude and Mary Stewart needed it not, neither did young Diana; but we find Henri IV. alluding to it in conversation with Mary

de Medici: "Madame, you complain when I *fouette* too severely your son," &c.; and this whip appears to have been freely used.

We have now launched our widowed queen into the regency in 1559. She was now forty years of age, and had changed the pale melancholy nature of the girl into a majestic mein and a merry mood—for she was wonted to laugh merrily—and riding with her *cortège* of damsels was their worthy queen. Up to this time she had not interfered in politics, but divided herself equally between her magnificent court and her happy nursery; but now she was cast into the vortex of troubled waters; and it is requisite that we take a bird's-eye view of France and of parties as they existed at that time, and differed little, from the ascent of Francis I. to the throne until the reign of Richelieu under Louis XIII.—say one hundred years.

It is extremely difficult to define what France was either territorially or constitutionally. The English Heptarchy was a plain and intelligible state of things, and the merging of the seven into one kingdom does not perplex the student; but the state of France to the time of Richelieu, 1624, defies definition.

The Franks were originally Germans, who invaded the ancient Gaul and made their first capital at Cambrai. Thence they descended to Soissons and Rheims, and it was not until centuries had elapsed that Paris forced herself into the first place of French cities, and then often expelled her kings as in the days of Charles VI. and of Henri III., when the kings besieged Paris, and made their courts at Soissons or at Blois, whilst France proper beneath her king consisted of little more than the country between the Loire and Oise—for the departments were all under rival powers, many of them strong enough to set the king and his capital at defiance. Thus the Earls of Hainault and of Flanders held the North,

with many towns which are now within France. England held Calais; the King of Navarre, Normandy; the Duke of Brittany, the province of Brittany; England held Acquitaine; and Navarre, Navarre and Bearn. The Earls of Foix and the Pope held on by Toulouse and Avignon; the King of Naples and Jerusalem held Provence and Anjou, Maine, and Touraine, up to the very Loire; the Dukes of Savoie held the eastern provinces beneath the Alps; the Dukes of Burgundy were friendly or hostile as temporarily they chose. The Vosges mountain range and all beyond belonged to the empire; and the Duke of Cleves, and the La Marke of Sedan could, like the Warwicks and Northumberlands of our civil wars, defy their suzerain or carry their fealty to England or to Germany.

Moreover, between these rival potentates there were some hundred thousand of free Companions, who lived in towns and strongholds on one another's borders; these free lances were hired in turn by those requiring their aid: the Swiss mountains and banks of the Rhine provided Switzers and Reiters, free Companions, and the town of Rochelle in the West was, for two hundred years, a nest of all the iniquities under the sun, pirates at sea and robbers on land, the very plague spot of the land of Gaul. Over the whole of this space there were no equal laws. Beaumanoir, who is considered a feudal law luminary, avers "that he does not believe that throughout the whole kingdom there were two lordships entirely governed by the same law." The Salique law, imported from Germany and imposed bit by bit on the provinces as they fell in, bore fruit retributive in preventing direct descent; whilst the way in which females inherited and were granted in marriage as wards of the crown, or bringing a Brittany or a Burgundy to the crown by marriage; is quite bewildering.

I cannot see how Charlemagne can be claimed as a French

king, for he held half Europe, Germany and Italy, and his capital was Aix-la-Chapelle. Pepin, his ~~son~~ father, held his court at Soissons, but he was buried at St. Denis; Charlemagne was buried at Aix-la-Chapelle, where he kept his court. Charles VII. won Acquitaine, and drove out the English, 1453. Louis XI. was the first to consolidate his empire at the simultaneous death of King Réné and of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, 1477; he and the Emperor Maximilian gorged themselves with the waif and stray estates of the two deceased, Louis XI. adding Burgundy, Provence, Anjou, Maine, and Touraine to his realm. Determined not to lose Brittany, two kings in turn married Anne the heiress; Henri II. seized on Metz, Verdun, and Toul, 1551, three imperial bishoprics. The great Guise defended the seizure successfully against the Emperor Charles V., and also won Calais from the English, 1558.

Henri IV. brought Normandy and Navarre to the French crown, 1589; and Louis XIV. filched Strasbourg and Alsace, in like manner as Henri II. had filched Metz; whilst Savoy and Nice were added by *plebiscite* votes of the populace in our day; in 1870, the Emperor Napoleon set off to rectify his frontiers in the Palatinates; but Providence turned the tables and restored the imperial towns, Metz and Strasbourg, to Germany, even as in the Roman Empire the god Terminus had receded under Hadrian.

The state of parties was as complicated and as opposite as were the states of the realm. The Catholic religion, the throne, and conservatism were represented by the House of Guise, at that time super-eminent in worth and wealth. Francis of Guise was one of such men as only appear at periods. His form and aspect would have modelled a Jove; his manners were as courteous to the people as they were in advance of the reigning manners of the court; he and his brothers, the Duke of Lorraine and the Cardinal, were free

from the abandoned license of the time. The Duke had wedded Claude of Valois, daughter of Henri II., and he lived in domestic happiness; Francis of Guise had wedded Anne of Este, and the Cardinal was a man of superior worth and power; Mary their sister was Queen Regent in Scotland, and their niece, Mary Stewart, was wedded to Francis the Dauphin; whilst two sons and two daughters born to Claude; and the house of Guise, numbering six brothers, with ample wealth, together with the victories of Francis of Guise, Italy conquered, Metz preserved from Charles V., and Calais won in a winter campaign from England, made him and his house the favourites of the Parisians and of Catholic France. Unhappily the court feared their great influence. The regal boys were wholly unequal to their cousins of Guise; and the three Henris, II., III., and IV., equally feared and warned their wives and parties of the necessity of keeping them down, shown graphically in the murder of three of their house in this history.

Now we must reverse the picture to view the rival house of Bourbon. The Prince of Condé, Antoine of Navarre, and Henri his son, set decency and morality at utter defiance, whilst the Constable Montmorenci was old and worn out, and the Cardinal of Bourbon was the like. They were all very needy and subsisted by rapine and plunder, seizing the opportunity of the crown falling to a minor, and the regency devolving on a woman, to light the flame of civil war. Jeanne of Navarre, wife of Antoine and mother of Henri, was chief performer in these civil wars, and a dire plague to Queen Catherine; and as we view these wars and proceedings through a Protestant medium (although Luther differed materially from Calvin, whom they followed), and as our Queen Elizabeth subsidized them and their Huguenots in these civil wars, we find them unduly upheld in our histories, with worth exaggerated and faults ignored.

The characters of the Guises and of the Bourbons are open and intelligible—the first noble and ambitious, the second ignoble and rapacious. Betwixt them we have to depict the reigning house of Valois, which is a difficult task—for it was a fair stock, but ruined by its own debauchery. They were crazy in mind and body, plainly evidencing spinal imbecility.

Francis I., whom his mother designated as her "Cæsar," who wrestled with Harry VIII. and fought with Charles V., became the prey to his own lasciviousness. He opened the gates of vice to the royal court, and ruined himself and his posterity. Rabelais satirized him and his court, and an avenging genius obliterated his race in France in its third generation, enfeebled in body and mind, which divulged itself in Henry II., his son and successor in passionate action. He quartered the arms of England with those of France on the marriage of his son Francis and Mary Stewart; he seized upon Metz, an imperial town, which action was held good by the generalship of the Duke of Guise, and on the town of Calais, and he fell in a tournament, excited beyond moderation or reason, for he was but a rough soldier; but Catherine was firmly attached to him, and was his faithful, loving wife. His five sons may be ranged under one head—cankered in body and mind, from their father's and grandfather's immoralities. They were all goodly in outward form, and played well at manly exercises; but passion or cunning usurped the place of reason in their minds, and an early death and ruined race was the fate of the five sons. The daughters left issue which survived, and bore regal positions in the world; but the sons were extinguished when Clement's knife stabbed Henry III., the most cunning, effeminate, and hateful of the five brothers, whose faults were the curse of Queen Catherine's life and have defiled her name with their turpitude.

To the death of Henri II., as before stated, Catherine intermeddled not in the politics. Henri was his own daring guide, and Diana of Poitiers his female confidant; her daughter was wedded to the Duke d'Aumale of the house of Lorraine; the Grand Prieur of France, Auvergne and Angouleme and Henri of Angouleme, were illegitimate sons of his. From the nursery and the court Queen Catherine was called to take the rule as regent; and it is not amiss here to transcribe her character, as it has been written by her enemies, and received as sooth from historian to historian, pending the two hundred years of the house of Bourbon on the throne of France: for no life of Catherine was ever written. Brantome wrote her eulogium; and the "Discours Merveilleux" was a ribald libel. Mr. Trollope has written her childhood, and Eugenio Alberi her life, but they are modern, not contemporaneous productions; indeed she never did either reign or rule, as I think in this treatise to show.

Voltaire, in his 'Henriade,' has drawn her character thus. He was atheistical in his want of faith, but has drawn the character under the influence of a Calvinistic mind. He writes on the queen in the mouth of Henri IV.—

"Beaucoup en ont parlé mais peu l'ont bien connue."
"Her husband perishing in early youth
Gave a free course to her ambitious soul,
And all her children, by herself instructed,
Became her foes when they would reign alone.
She scattered broadcast round about the throne
With open hand distrust and jealousies,
Opposing evermore, with too much toil,
Guises and Condés, and dividing France—
Evermore ready to invite the foe,
Evermore ready to reject her friends,
And change and change with rival interests:

Slave unto pleasure, rivalling ambition,
Unfaithful to her sect and superstitious;
And, to sum up, possessing, with few virtues,
The manifold abuses of her sex."

Such is the indictment of an enemy and worthless man.

An epitaph, which the Signor Alberi has thought worthy of transcribing, runs thus:—

"La royne qui cy-gist fut un diable et un ange,
Toute pleine de blasme, et pleine de louange;
Elle soutint l'estat, et l'estat mit à bas;
Elle fit maint accords et pas moins de debats;
Elle enfanta trois rois et trois guerres civiles;
Fit bastir des chateaux et ruiner des villes;
Fit bien de bonnes lois et des mauvais edicts
Souhaite-lui, passant, enfer et paradis."

"The queen who lies here was an angel and devil,
Overflowing with good, overflowing with evil;
She upheld the state, and she knocked the state down,
Was as ready to smile as was ready to frown;
She gave birth to three kings, and to three civil wars;
Built castles, and ruined the towns by their jars;
Good laws and bad edicts she made, so it said is,
So wish her, good friend, both Elysium and Hades."

These elaborate attempts to prove a paradox suffice to prove that either Queen Catherine was the monster imagined by the poet, which was to raise the risibility of the spectator, —the horse's head joined to the human frame; or the alternative holds good, and it was the painter who was ignorant of his art: and never was the catastrophe

"Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè"

more completely instanced than in these rigmaroles touching Queen Catherine. Her story is very plain under

the type of a gallant ship wrecked by the storm; her feminine hand was unequal to the crisis; neither had it ever free scope and license to hold the helm.

One word more on these historic painters, who rush and are rushing more and more into sensational paradoxes. Mr. Froude upholds our Harry the Eighth as a hero; Lord Macaulay apotheosises William and Mary; Mr. Carlyle delights in Old Noll and Mirabeau; and, *apropos* to this treatise, Miss Freer finds a heroine in Jeanne of Navarre, whom old Plutarch would have compared with bloody Mary, for bigotry and cruelty.

They all obfuscate their brains in the dusty state papers and musty records, whence they glean sacks full of darnel, tares, and cockle, with some grains of wheat, which they neither attempt to sift or divide the one from the other; they rake too in the very gutters and sewers of literature, where all are fish that come to their nets—barbel and roach thought to be trout and salmon; and vaunt their netted trash, however worthless, so that it weighs one scale on their side of the question. Mendoza to King Philip, or Drury to Cecil, papers in the Escurial, Castle of Usson, or our State Paper Office, papers on which a jury would not hang a dog; from whence we descend to the libels printed at Rochelle, anonymous and incredible, or as in the case of this history, of M. Pierre de l'Etoile; and it really is requisite to ask who this worthy was, from whom histories are drawn. He was a man who roamed the streets and quays of Paris, with a residence falling in ruins about his ears, buying thousands on thousands of the *sou* papers, then hawked in the evening gloom. From whence, with a soul that balanced betwixt blasphemy and pruriency, he went home and wrote down all he had heard in the highways, and has left memoirs which are incredibly disgusting (and blasphemous where the Deity is concerned); and a record which should have been burnt by

the hangman, has become the text-book for Bishop Péréfixe, and Atheist Voltaire and the Protestant writers north of the Alps and Pyrenees, although in the countries south of those mountain ranges a contrary historical creed holds good, to the lady authoress in this our day of those times. It is marvellous that the bishop who had renounced the sins of the flesh in monachism should perceive them in impossible magnitudes in others, and that (as extremes meet) the maiden purity of the lady historian should fall into an equal quagmire of absurdity, and paint horses' heads and fishes' tails appended to the form divine. It needs a draught from our old dramatists to put the student again off his beam ends. A week with Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, and Moliere, with the Unities of Aristotle, bring one back again to human nature and rational judgment. The novelists also charm us with reflexes of life from the court, camp, and cottage; but did they dare to offend our human feelings with the iniquities in which historians indulge, we should cast them aside as malignant snakes and pestilent vermin. That Cisalpine angels should be Transalpine devils, and *vice versâ*, is not possible; the fault then, lies, in the ignorant partizan who abuses our patience and tries to blind our eyes. Good Uncle Toby used to whistle Lord Wharton's Lilli Burlero.

"Oh by my shoul 'tis a PROTESTANT WIND,
Lilli Burlero, bullen ah la!"

I entreat the reader on this side of the Alps to beware of the *Protestant wind*, as I would boldly deny on the other side the belief of the Catholic blasts. As Hamlet would say,

"Oh, avoid them both."

And remember, reader, that you sit in judgment and possess common sense; remember the legal maxim, "*de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*," demand proof ere you condemn; and I promise you, on the word of an honest advocate, that you will find none; none that a barrister would

offer, a judge would admit, or a jury suffer to weigh as one feather on their minds.

The character of Queen Catherine has also been drawn in paradox by the hand of Miss Freer, at the period of 1556, and during her husband's life, thus:—"The young Queen Catherine de Medici received with marked favour those leaders of the Reformed party whose rank entitled them to appear at Court. The queen had dared to plead for the modification of some of the more rigorous edicts; and cited Marguerite, the deceased Queen of Navarre, as worthy of all imitation. The character of Catherine was not then understood; she was pitied as a forsaken wife, domineered over by the mistress of Henry, Diana of Poitiers (Duchess of Valentinois). She was supposed to have small influence in the State, yet constantly proved a formidable opponent to Henri's Ministers. She was ever submissive, never voluntarily offended; she was never dejected, never elated; also, she avoided that shoal on which princes make shipwreck,—she never took a favourite. The Reformed party, which numbered the great and influential, was her road to power. The Court was in two factions. The Guises and Valentinois held rule for the king, and ruled despotically, castigating heresy. Then came the Bourbon princes, headed by Montmorenci and the house of Chatillon, and the Reformed party, to whom the power of the princes of Lorraine gave umbrage, for his honours paled to the Duke of Guise and Cardinal of Lorraine; and therefore he felt it useful to be reconciled to the House of Vendome and the princes of the blood, which was effected through the mediation of Eleanor, Princess of Condé." Such, from a hostile hand, is the history of Queen Catherine during the life of her husband, who died in 1559; then that of Francis II. and Mary Stewart succeeded, who chose the Guises for their Ministers. Queen Catherine was wholly thrust aside; and if she possessed strong political

feelings, and any bias towards the Bourbon party, she yielded them and submitted herself wholly to follow and co-operate with the ruling power. I can see no reason to believe that Francis was inferior to his race: his premature death is attributable to his premature marriage; but the rights of the throne were vigorously upheld by this passing reign of seventeen months. He was called "the king without vice," and his wife was second to none in intelligence and conduct. Queen Catherine was visited by the Cardinal of Lorraine during the quarantaine of the royal seclusion, and he urged for her consideration the heretical tendencies of the Bourbons. He proposed the banishment from Court of Diana of Poitiers, and offered to serve loyally, and upon these propositions she struck hands. She then renounced the rebels, Bourbons and Huguenots; and Francis took the occasion of the meeting of his parliament to receive their condolences, to inform them that the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine were appointed to the military and financial departments of the realm. The popular voice rang with loud applause, and was wholly with them.

This roused the Bourbons to action: the King of Navarre, the Prince of Condé, Montpensier, Rochefoucauld, and Coligni followed the Court to Amiens, to be there rebuffed and defied.

The breach began on etiquette: the right to apartments. Guise seized on the apartments of the King of Navarre, who straightway sought the Queen Dowager for redress, who turned coldly aside and conversed the while with the Cardinal of Lorraine. From thence he waylaid Francis returning from the chase, who met him with stern reserve. And here it is requisite to say, as a sufficient reason, that this rude rebel had countenanced the bourgeoisie of Rochelle to burlesque and travestie the Roman religion in theatrical mummeries, and had given them gratuities for their pro-

fanity ; and also in despite of the presence of Queen Jeanne, who disavowed and frowned disapproval in vain. This brutal town struck off in effigy, on a coin, the head of Montgomery's lance, which slew Henri II. The Huguenots of Rochelle handed over Havre to the English, in guerdon for their aid. Rochelle had a press and staff for writing and printing the filthiest of libels. Thence simultaneously appeared the anonymous life of Queen Catherine and the translation of Buchanan's 'Detectio Mariæ'—probably by the same hand, Camus, Henri Stevens, or Theodore de Beze—and there we find, after the manner of the Franks, a march, as follows :—

"Le Prince de Condé
Il a été tué,
Mais Monsieur l'Amiral
Est encore à cheval,
Avec la Rochefouchaud
Pour chasser tous les Papaux,
Papaux—Papaux—Papaux." *

Montmorenci was then despoiled of his offices, and the downfall of the Bourbons was completed.

Navarre, too, received Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, am-

* It is remarkable how manners remain in the same land. We have seen the Moblots of 1870 framing their march thus :—

"Nous partons, ton, ton,
Comme des moutons
Pour la boucherie ;
Nous aimons
Pourtant la vie,
Mais nous partons, ton, ton,
Pour la boucherie ;
On nous massacrera
ra—rat,
Comme des rats—
Ah que Bismarke ririra !"

Times, October 14, 1870.

bassador of Queen Elizabeth, which, coming to the knowledge of the Cardinal of Lorraine, compromised Navarre. He was ordered to attend the Court at Rheims, and there he was threatened. Spain, too, coveted part of the Navarre kingdom, and cajoled Antoine with an equivalent in the Isle of Sardinia.

And now the King and the Lorraines held the Queen Dowager a prisoner, whilst popular fury between Calvinists and Romanists rose to a pitch of fury. A Calvinist murdered a judge in the streets. The Huguenot conspiracy broke out at Amboise, but failed, and the conspirators paid the penalty of defeat with their lives. The Guises then resolved to proceed against the Bourbons, and King Antoine and Condé were summoned to Orleans to answer the charge of high treason.

We hear of the Queen Dowager weeping, and being powerless. Then, as ever, her energies were exerted to smooth the troubled waves: she treated personally with Montmorenci; she effected a reconciliation for King Antoine and the offended Church, and she warned the Princess of Condé that her husband was lost if he came to Court. It is such generous impulse to the weaker which is handed down as Italian policy and craft; it was, in fact, only the promptings to a Christian and wise procedure, deserving all praise —a beneficent hand acting in despite of adverse powers holding it in durance and prison. Here she lost her character for impassiveness, for her nature burst forth through its bonds; but the tears and the smiles into which she was betrayed were those of the heart, and not the Machiavellian policy of a wicked brain. With the best politicians of that age, she recognised and lamented the want of civil and religious liberty, which she was fain to have accorded; but she was but a weak woman, a looker-on, who lent a hand

where she had an opportunity to save a life or to right a wrong.

Francis and the Duke of Guise entered Orleans in state (18th October, 1560) with 8000 men, and the Queen and Queen Dowager in their train, on white palfreys. Warrants were there issued for arrests, and thither, in defiance, King Antoine and the Prince of Condé repaired; and Condé was committed to custody. It is held that Queen Catherine was enabled to protect Antoine, but Condé was condemned to die on the 26th November. It is stated that Catherine's tears and prayers saved King Antoine and his brother. But Francis was transported with the Valois mental frenzy; he was urged, and it was proposed, that he should kill King Antoine with his own hand. Catherine conjured him not to commit so heinous a deed; and vainly—by the Duchess of Montpensier—warned Navarre, who went notwithstanding. Then it is stated that the King's courage failed, and that the Cardinal of Lorraine upbraided him for cowardice.

Here Providence intervened. The young king paid the penalty of juvenile marriage: his brain became affected; he was mad with an abscess formed on the brain, which was fatal. He died; and as Charles, his successor, was only ten years of age, a regency was inevitable. Navarre and Condé were saved, but the Queen Mother was bathed in tears. She named the terms of reconciliation: she forbad Navarre to strive for the regency; she offered to make him Lieutenant-General of the realm, with sole management of the affairs of war; whilst edicts should be issued in their joint names; to which terms Navarre submitted.

There is nothing more noteworthy in this era than the mode in which the French nobles sought their governments or provinces, on state emergencies,—to take in safety a bird's-eye view of events and to rally their followers. Thus

Francis expired on the 5th December, 1560; Condé, liberated, went to Ham; Guise sought the refuge of Joinville; the Cardinal of Lorraine went to Metz; Mary, the queen, sought Fontainebleau, to fulfil her quarantaine of seclusion; and the Queen Regent and Navarre commenced their joint rule of the then destinies of France.

The Queen Regent was then forty-two years of age, with six children still upon her widowed arm, when she was first called upon to hold the reins and guide and rule the realm. Hitherto she had been the obedient wife and devoted mother, and a sort of state prisoner during the reign of Francis and the Guises; no taint hitherto attaches to her name and fame: and now it behoves us, sitting judicially, narrowly to watch events in order to pronounce a just judgment upon her regency. A more troubled or inconsistent state of affairs never existed before. She had sided with the Bourbons; and religious liberty, in its theory, dread of the overwhelming house of Guise, and pique at being superseded at her Court by her young daughter-in-law, are sufficient and apparent reasons, independently of the interest, so many felt, for religious liberty. Of the Bourbon house, Montmorenci, the head, was a papist, the chief Catholic house in France; the Cardinal of Bourbon, afterwards Charles X., was the like. King Antoine was originally a Calvinist, after his mother Marguerite, but, after changing five times, he died at last a papist and most thoroughly worthless; whilst Jeanne, his wife, born a papist, died a bigoted Calvinist, and whilst the body of Huguenots (Rochellers) were banditti on land and pirates on the sea.

Calvin, Knox, and Luther are now involved in a halo of historic glory by our Protestant community; but then they were firebrands, as uncontrolled in will and deed as the Scriptural possessed of the devil, who lived in the tombs, whom chains could not restrain; so were these fearful reformers, whose

commission was to pull down and to destroy, and whose wake was devastation, mourning, and woe. The Covenanters in Scotland, the Huguenots in France, and the peasantry of Germany marched forth like ravened wolves to consume and to destroy. None of these were so bad as were the Huguenots for two hundred years. They merged the Lansquenetzs, freebooters, and bandolliers into their ranks, and from their hold of Rochelle they raided and marauded. They fell on their knees, and bellowed for mercy when hardly pushed, and up again and at them the moment after, as they might. Utterly devoid of honour, principle, or worth, and only making their Calvinism a plea to destroy cathedrals and churches, rob all they might, and claim fellowship with the so-called Reformers of Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, and England. We are now about to enter on these civil wars, to control which the soul of the Queen Regent was utterly unequal. They were stamped out, in 1628, by Richelieu, and the troubled realm was freed from them after 200 years of villanies and rebellion.

The Catholic Montmorenci now reproached the Queen Regent with tolerating heresy. She urged, in reply, the number and influence of their leaders, including especially those of his own house and race; and she, in turn, urged him to move in a common cause against Rome, Spain, and the Guises. She, moreover, addressed the Pope himself (Pius IV.), requiring that images of the Virgin and Saints should be removed from churches, and that the Sacrament should be administered in both kinds; which demands fluttered the Pope in Rome, and prove beyond refutation the liberal aspirations of the Queen Regent.

It is fitting to mention here the other great armour of the Queen Regent, in her glorious female Court. Her Court was then presided over by her two dames of honour, both Calvin-

ists,—Jacquiline de Longwy Duchess of Montpensier, and the Duchess d'Uzes (Louise de Clermont)—pious, learned, and irreproachable ladies, who would have graced any Court of any era. As the Bourbon brutes are about to enter, and each of the three—King Antoine, Condé, and young Henri—to draw down a court star from its sphere, and then to dub the Court Circeian, it is as well to place that on its true footing at once.

And now it is requisite to bring upon the stage Queen Jeanne of Navarre, the wife of King Antoine and mother of Henri of Bourbon. She was a pernicious bigot, a fearful nuisance to Queen Catherine—stubborn and despotic, framing laws rough and ready as those of Draco and committing acts which led to dread reprisals; for, in a word, Queen Jeanne was the authoress of the days and slaughters of the series of St. Bartholomew, of which it pleases Protestants only to view the one of Paris, 1572. Queen Jeanne is now in her mountain fortress of Navarrein, with a Calvanistic band of broadbrims for ministers, framing codes of fierce laws, as beforesaid.

Whilst his wife and Calvinist ministry were so employed, King Antoine went as persistently and stolidly wrong; for he was both fool and brute. He began with folly, and fixed a quarrel on the Duke of Guise, which entailed its own discomfiture.

The Queen Regent entreated Queen Jeanne to come to the fore, and help to control her husband. She was as stubborn as he was volatile, and she refused to come. Meantime King Antoine debauched the maid of honour, Mdlle. de Rouet, who bore him a son, and their proceedings were so scandalous that they became the chosen objects of satiric verses and notoriety. They openly tried to divorce the queen, and to marry; but these proceedings drew Jeanne, who was then thirty-three years of age, to Paris; but it was too late. An-

toine had become the dupe of a Spanish intrigue to induce him to change his faith for the Roman, join the Guises, divorce his wife, and win the island of Sardinia, as his reward, &c.; and Antoine fell. This misconduct of the King of Navarre threw the Regent Catherine and Queen Jeanne together in friendly co-operation, and, for a time, there is no doubt of the truth of their mutual aspirations and labours in a common cause.

On the 24th August, 1561, there was a theological dispute between Theodore de Beze, the Calvinist, and the Romanist Cardinal of Lorraine, before the Queen Regent, Queen Jeanne, King Antoine, the Prince of Condé, the Cardinal of Bourbon, and the two dames of honour, Montpensier and Uzes, where, in the opinion of the audience, the cardinal had the worst of it.

From a theological dispute they proceeded to one of precedency. On the 27th August the Estates-General closed their session, when, in the order of precedency, Condé and the Bourbons, as princes of the blood, claimed precedence of the cardinals. The Queen Regent and King Antoine decided in favour of the princes of the blood, and the cardinals and the Guise prelates retired offended. The regent, in her address, declared that the Roman faith should be upheld through the realm, whilst to the tiers état she promised that the reformed doctrines should have full toleration. King Antoine and Queen Jeanne both addressed the Estates.

So, on the 9th September, the conferences opened, and all were present in apparent concord; but, on the occasion of a marriage, where the Calvinist de Beze officiated, the papal legate, offended, withdrew. Queen Jeanne sent an ambassador to Spain to demand restitution of Upper Navarre; Spain, on the other hand, sent the Cardinal of Ferrara to lure King Antoine to her side, and detach him from the

Huguenots and his wife. The cardinal proved the more skilful player at politics: Queen Jeanne was to him an obstinate heretic, and Antoine was bribed by the promise of a divorce from her; and if he put down the Condé faction and heresy, Mary Stuart was proposed as his reward, with the crowns of England, Scotland, and Navarre, with the deposition of the Regent Catherine and the sole regency of France for himself. Madlle. de Rouet, who knew nothing of the Mary Stewart bribe, then openly inveighed against the heretic Jeanne, loudly boasted her triumph and her approaching marriage. Antoine also moved in undisguised cruelty; total alienation followed; and Jeanne and Antoine separated, dividing their two surviving children. The king retained Henri; and Jeanne departed for Bearn, taking with with her Catherine of Bourbon, then four years old. Such was the storm in which the Queen Regent had to steer the bark.

Then arose another faction: the league, which was named the Triumvirate, composed of the Constable Montmorenci and the Marshal St. André and the Duke of Guise, to maintain the Roman faith, to reinstate the Guises, to discountenance heresy and punish recusants. They followed in the wake of Spain, to detach Antoine from the Bourbon party, with the bribes of Sardinia for a realm and Mary Stuart for a bride, at his choice to reject or accept. Antoine fell into the trap, and was satirically called "l'eschangeur," or rat; the "caillette qui tourne sa jaquette;" and indeed no name could be too bad for him.

Then burst forth the civil wars. Condé's standard was up. It burst forth almost simultaneously at Lyons, Toulouse, Rouen, Sens, and Vassy. At Vassy, part of the appanage of Mary Queen of Scots, the rebels numbered 500. Guise with his wife great with child, his infant sons, brothers, and 100 retainers journeyed to Paris. He tried to avoid a collision

by not entering the town, but the Huguenots insulted them grossly; and Guise's men caught them in their barn as in a trap and slaughtered perhaps forty. There was rough play, for Guise rushing to compose the strife was wounded, as he explained in his place in Parliament. The Parisians received the duke as their champion; Navarre joined him and gained the name of *rat*. The Queen Regent stood apart; the balance which Antoine had created was destroyed. She appealed to Jeanne to aid, and conjured her to help, but Jeanne sat down in her native obstinacy and refused to interfere, saying the kingdoms of the world might be hurled to the bottom of the seas, but she would not imperil her soul's salvation.

On Palm Sunday, 1562, Navarre openly attended mass and joined the Triumvirate, and the procession passed in pomp through the streets of Paris. The Queen Regent found herself utterly deserted. Guise then entered Paris with 3000 horsemen: the Cardinal of Ferrara inveighed against the Regent present and Queen Jeanne absent.

The Queen Regent then brought forward young Charles IX. and set him at the council board; but the Bourbons fled—fled to their fortress towns, Meaux and Orleans. The Queen Regent, deserted, would have followed, and set forth for Fontainebleau; but the Triumvirate, by the hand of the King Antoine, followed and brought her back captive to Paris.

Sully informs us here (in a note to his 'Mémoires') of the danger of assassination which Queen Catherine then ran. Antoine and Alençon proposed to strangle her with their own hands: the Triumvirate and Spain wished Jeanne to be strangled as well; to this her husband demurred, consenting only to her imprisonment.

Queen Jeanne left Paris, and gained Vendome on the 14th May; she was then in allegiance with Queen Catherine, and her final entreaty to her husband to return to his old

allegiance had failed. Whilst at Vendome, Condé with 400 horse assailed the town, overthrew the altars, broke the images, destroyed tombs and painted windows of the cathedral and churches; and under his wing Queen Jeanne pursued her journey southward. This is not a solitary picture of Huguenot lawlessness. In her journey to Paris the Rochellers had had a burlesque pantomime against the Roman Church: the like licence was performed before Queen Catherine at Rochelle, when they dressed up Charles IX. in masquerade as a priest; so insulting the queen. This party, calling itself the reformed, indulged in every license and insult to the older party, therein only following the reckless and insulting manners of their chiefs; for nothing more reckless, wrong-headed, and brutal can be conceived than the assaults of Calvin, Knox, and Luther on the Catholics. Their followers were the needy and rebellious, greedy for prey and plunder, and to their instincts they suited their own reforming tactics.

If the student will compare the calm and placable demeanour of Charles V. at Worms, of the young Queen of Scots, at Edinburgh, arguing with Knox, or of Queen Catherine, with those of Luther, Knox, and Calvin, they will at once recognise that, as the atmosphere is not cleared by zephyrs, but by storms, so is the political atmosphere routed out by the roughest and rudest of hands. As Mary Stewart, Charles I., and Louis XVI. were resigned and meek at the block, in contrary manner did the heathen rage against them, imagining all manner of vain things, entailing a tenfold heavy curse upon themselves; and, to apply it to the point whereon we write, Queen Catherine was here the victim. To her hand was the guidance of the vessel of state committed, and she found herself tossed in a storm, with the party to which she had devoted herself — the Calvinists utterly

faithless to her,—Antoine ratted, Jeanne crazy, and herself a prisoner to the Guizards.

So began the civil wars: with a fierceness second to none; and, indeed, the Gallic nature appears to be capable of a depth of cruelty beyond their European fellows. Other nations have short gusts of national strifes and slaughters, but old Gaul renews them every century, and Atê and her dogs have kennelled around the Louvre. It is not my intent to dwell on the wearying scenes of slaughter of the ensuing ten years from 1562 to 1572.* The Calvinists attacked the Romanists, and the Romanists put down the Calvinists. The treaties of peace were all the work of Queen Catherine: these were the

1st Civil War, 1562, and Peace of Amboise, 1563;
2nd Civil War, 1566, and Peace of Longjumeau, 1568;
3rd Civil War, 1568, and Peace of St. Germain, 1570.

But it is of the slaughter of Romanists at Pau, in 1569, on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1569, and the slaughter of Calvinists at Paris, on its third anniversary, in 1572, and to reach that point, only filling up the ten years of the regency of the queen, with as succinct an account as shall join the two periods together and retain prominently the causes and effects of the many defects we have to read; that is the task we now have on hand.

Queen Catherine and the king were prisoners in the hands of the Triumvirate at Paris, when Condé, from Orleans,

* The history by Castlenau, the M. de Mauvissiere, the last friend and correspondent of Mary Queen of Scots, is an excellent history of these exceptional and bloody days; the memoirs are addressed to his son, and cannot be too highly commended. Unhappily, they cease with the year 1570. Although he alludes to his eighth book, it is not forthcoming; perhaps it was suppressed for its truth; and his account of the events of 1572 lacked the exaggeration deplored by the historian Mathieu.

opened the campaign; and town after town fell to his victorious arm. In the mean time, the Parliament at Paris decreed the Prince of Condé and the Huguenot chiefs to be guilty of high treason. Here Queen Elizabeth of England and Queen Jeanne upheld the Huguenots, complicating the position of Queen Catherine. They were two women eminently fitted to throw things into disorder, by rash and unadvised action; but Queen Jeanne, whilst she threw the weight of her strength into the Calvinist party, wrote in friendly terms to her husband, to the Queen, and to the Duchess of Guise.

The next notable point is the death of King Antoine. The Triumvirate besieged Rouen, October 25, 1562; and Antoine there received a wound. In his chamber, with Mdlle. de Rouet by his side, he played the reveller so rashly that he brought on fever and delirium, and died. Speculation and satirical verses debated much whether he died a Calvinist or a Roman; but the man is quite unworthy of a thought, and would not have any place here, save for the part which he played in this story.

The Battle of Dreux, Dec. 20, 1562, followed—won by the Guises, and restoring them to full sway. The Prince of Condé was taken prisoner on one side, and old Bourbon Montmorenci fell into the Huguenot hands, and Marshal St. André, a triumvir, was killed. The captured towns were all recaptured in 1563.

We now approach a matter of first magnitude,—the assassination of Guise and the avowal of Coligni of his consent and connivance; and the reader is bidden to note that fact, which is the key to the slaughter of Coligni by the son of Guise, in 1572. In February, 1563, Guise besieged Orleans, and was shot in the back by one Poltrot, a Huguenot, in the service of the Baron of Soubise, who accused Coligni, as his

instigator to the deed.* Coligni wrote to the Queen Regent, 12 March, 1563:—"Think not, Madame, that the words I write in self-defence are said out of regret for the death of M. de Guise; for I esteem that event as one that cannot be surpassed by fortune for the good of the kingdom and the church of God, and most especially it is beneficial for myself and my *whole house.*" He disavowed the murder on oath, in 1566; but when the admiral fell in return, 24th August, 1572, his death was avouched by the then Duke of Guise in like terms, and the admiral, in falling, did not appear to dispute the retribution, consonant with that age, upon feuds of blood.

We arrive at the month of March, 1563, and the scene shifts. King Antoine and Marshal St. André and Guise, the triumvirate, are dead and passed away; whilst Montmorenci, with the Huguenots, and Condé, with the Guizards, are prisoners. Queen Jeanne is at home, playing the bigot in Bearn and demanding the Spanish Navarre from Spain, while she made herself and party iconoclasts of the first water, making herself offensive equally to Spain, Rome, and France. It was stated and believed for long that she had married again one Guyon, and that she had by him a son, long recognised in the Netherlands as her son. So Queen Elizabeth was thought to have been the mother of Arthur Dudley. Mary Queen of Scots is stated by Burnet to have been the mother of one George Douglas, born in Lochleven; and the friendly Prince Labanoff firmly believes that a daughter was then born, and sprighted away to a French convent. The notion that such occurrences could be, and be hidden, is sufficient to refute them all. There were no such occurrences; but the rumours show how needful it is to use

* Guise and Condé that night had slept in the same bed, after a custom of that age.

common sense in reading history and to separate the impossible from the possible. The position of Queen Catherine is stated to have been one of great dignity—vainly attempting to reconcile the contending parties, but baffled by the uncontrollable enmity of Huguenot and Catholic; but she was also perplexed by the fratricidal enmity which arose in her own family, between her own sons, and in fear lest their hands might be stained in fratricide, for "their wits were diseased."

Condé, after the death of Guise, became a terrible thorn to the Queen: he demanded to be made Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. After the fashion of Antoine, and of Henri his son, so Condé defiled another maid of honour, his own relative, Mdlle. de Lineuil, who was chased forth from the Royal Court with ignominy; for Condé was seeking a wife, and was balancing between the widow of the Triumvir St. André, the richest, or Mary Stewart, the greatest, and selected at last Frances of Orleans, sister of the Duke of Longueville, whilst he defiled even his own relative.

Queen Catherine still pursued her adopted policy. She negociated a peace with Condé and the Huguenots—with toleration for their party—against which the Parliament of Paris loudly protested, and, in lieu of peace at Court, war raged between the parties. When the Princess of Condé introduced her mother, Madame de Roye, and Catherine seated her by her side, Anne d'Esté, Duchess of Guise, arose and swept herself forth of the presence, followed by all the Guizards.

Rome thundered, 28th September, 1563, and summoned Queen Jeanne to answer a charge of heresy; but the bull (and bull it was) roared too widely. It included Elizabeth of England, the King of Sweden and Denmark, the Elector of Saxony, Condé, Coligni, and other high and mighties—by overweening, the thunder crushed itself. But Queen Jeanne was in danger between Rome and Spain: she cast herself

into the arms of Queen Catherine, who threw her ægis over her and gave her protection. Queen Catherine sent her envoy to Rome, and by defiance and perseverance repelled the attack. Rome had proposed to illegitimatize the offspring of Queen Jeanne and Antoine, on the ground of the precontract with the Duke of Cleves; but Queen Catherine had the power to interpose and rescue Jeanne from the peril in which she was then.

Queen Jeanne, in her mad zeal and bigotry, was a dire infliction upon Queen Catherine; her acts were ruled neither by justice or wisdom. She shut herself up in an impregnable mountain hold, Navarrein, and from thence she fulminated after the manner of Rome, but in favour of Calvinism; and having set her own realm by the ears, she invoked the healing hand of her sovereign queen. A rebellion broke out in Navarre, and the neighbouring Parliaments of Bordeaux and of Toulouse pronounced her assumed sovereign rights over Bearn to be invalid, declaring France paramount; as, indeed, Jeanne had even signed herself a feudatory when imploring aid in letters to Queen Catherine, and this decree made it incompetent for her to alter religious codes or alienate ecclesiastical benefices. It was under these circumstances that Jeanne resolved to go personally to the Court of France and obtain aid of Queen Catherine; therefore she obtained the appointment of the Count of Grammont to be Lieutenant in her absence, and went off for the French Court (January, 1564) with a suite of eight Calvinistic ministers, godly men, prepared to combat the established Church by argument.

It was at this time that Queen Catherine awoke from her dream—a delusive dream—of expected aid and extended sway from her alliances. Her daughter Elizabeth was Queen of Spain; her daughter Claude, Duchess of Lorraine; her daughter-in-law was Queen of Scots. Queen Catherine visited her daughter the Queen of Spain on the frontier.

when Philip II. took care to keep away. She found her daughter Elizabeth a devoted wife and Spaniard, a mother of Spanish children—the prey herself to political and domestic affairs, to which she fell an early victim.

So her daughter Claude and the Duke of Lorraine withdrew themselves wholly from political strife; she also died young, and the duke never married again. Her son, shut by the Salique law from the Crown of France, domiciled in the maternal home of Tuscany, and his descendant mounted the throne of Austria as husband to Maria Theresa. Mary Queen of Scots, on reaching her kingdom, was overwhelmed by its Calvinistic rage, and vainly invoked aid of the Guises and of France. The beautiful and intellectual Marguerite was to be the victim of Henri IV.: her history will form a great part of the following pages. She suffered twenty years of not dishonourable imprisonment in the mountain hold of Usson, of which hereafter. She could not aid her royal mother, or her mother lend her any efficient aid—they all alike were tempest tost. The three remaining sons defy description. They hated each other; they acted by the hand of their mother, or they rebelled against her authority, as the humour of the moment impelled them. For nearly thirty years did they pursue a headlong headstrong course between leaguers and rebels, whilst it is difficult to enumerate the treaties and the pacts which she effected. Roundly, it may be asserted that her employment for the rest of her life was stilling the stormy waves, and inheriting the fame of having created the troubles which she could not quell; but such remarks will be more in place when we have run through the years of her life and militancy.

The Cardinal of Lorraine reappeared on the arena in the autumn of 1564, and resuscitated the compact of Peronne of 1558. Queen Catherine still was unchanged. She urged toleration in favour of the Huguenots, who were getting into

worse and worse savour with the established Church from the overweening follies of Queen Jeanne and the Rochellites. Queen Catherine gave herself no rest or respite. She sought the co-operation of Maximilian, Philip II., and the Queen of Scots; but she found her endeavours fruitless and unavailing —that she could not stem the tide of adverse events. It was now that she yielded, and left the side of the Huguenots and adopted that of the Church and of the Lorraines. Her endeavours in favour of religious liberty had been baffled by both sides: the opposition of the Catholics and the utter worthlessness of the Bourbons and Huguenots. Every day's intercourse with that party only involved Queen Catherine in deeper disgrace. They yielded Havre to Queen Elizabeth; they took subsidies of all the enemies of France; they enlisted the mercenary bands of Swiss, German reiters, and Lansquenets, to plunder and to raid her realm and the established Church. It is a wrong definition to say that Queen Catherine left the cause of toleration: she was expelled violently from that path by those in whose cause she laboured; she was becoming isolated between the two parties; and in this wreck of her previous attempts we may easily discover the charge of political perfidy, to which charge she is not a bit subject in truth. It was necessity which had made her name Guise Lieutenant-General of the realm and cast off the wretched Bourbons.

In 1564 the compact of Peronne was revived; the present phase being to seize the heretical Queen of Navarre, and yield her a prisoner to Spain. The Pope and the two Cardinals—Lorraine and Bourbon—were the conspirators. But we find Queen Catherine on the other side tending on her sister queen. Elizabeth of Spain aided her mother to save Jeanne; they both appeared as mediators betwixt the angry Romanists, ejected from their temporalities and proscribed from their worship. But Jeanne rushed to her mountain

hold Navarrein, and as pastime devised a new code of ultra-Draconic laws. Queen Catherine the while was pursuing worthy objects of peace: she selected Michel d'Hôpital, a man of infinite worth, to be her Chancellor, who proved a great law reformer; she fostered Montaigne, Ronsard, and other men of worth and letters; she commenced to build the Tuileries, and she set forth to Bayonne to visit her daughter and King Philip. All that Queen Catherine gained from that visit, where Philip of Spain would not meet her, but sent instead the Duke of Alva to her great disappointment, was a subsequent libel upon her—that then and there she and Alva had discussed and agreed upon the massacre of the Calvinists, which was feigned to have come to pass eight years after, in 1572. It is not only utterly devoid of any proof, but no business whatever was then transacted; there was a fortnight of mummery and joustings, where the queen sat with a heavy heart with her daughter, without her lord, who, daily expected, came not. Alva was his representative there simply to do nothing, and nothing in the king's absence was done. In the mean time the peace of Troyes was signed with England, 11th April, 1564.

The Duke of Nemours here offended Queen Catherine deeply. He had clandestinely married Madlle. de Rohan, a maid of honour allied to Queen Jeanne; but when the Duchess of Guise (Anne d'Esté) became a widow, and for whom he had an early love, he repudiated Madlle. de Rohan against all the power Queen Catherine could use: he sued for a divorce at law and obtained it, and the divorced woman became the protegée of the queen mother—innumerable are such instances of the goodness and justice of Queen Catherine.

King Charles and the queen mother, as for henceforward we must call her, for he was declared majeur at Rouen in 1563, and has now become so by nature, met Queen Jeanne

at Nerac, 1st August, on their return from Spain: she accompanied them to Vendome, from thence to Paris, and carried off her son Henri, by the connivance of King Charles, and against the will of the queen mother. Queen Jeanne reached her own territories, and thence set the queen mother at defiance, refusing to send her son back to Paris, and setting him instead to Greek, Latin, and the old fathers, much to the urchin's disgust. Here she pursued her headstrong and despotic rule with her own subjects, who on their side set her at defiance. Plots and bloodshed became the rule in her divided kingdom; and no eastern potentate was ever more despotic than Jeanne made herself in and from her mountain hold of Bearn, where her decrees were never executed at all and remain literary curiosities.

Such was the state of affairs in 1567, at the breaking forth of the second civil war,—the object of which was to put Condé and Coligni in the place held by the Lorraines; and to that end they essayed to capture the king and the queen mother. But rumour ran before them, and the court escaped, fleeing from Monceaux to Meaux, and thence to Paris, where they found the old Constable Montmorenci and six thousand Switzers on their side. The Cardinal of Lorraine had a nearer escape, and lost his baggage though he saved himself by whip and spur. Coligni and Condé encamped at St. Denis, with the determination to starve Paris out. The whilst young Henri of Bourbon, fifteen years old, under the Count of Grammont, took the field in Navarre. Condé was repulsed at the battle of St. Denis, but the old Constable Montmorenci was cruelly assassinated by two Scots—Robert Stewart and a companion, who shot him with a pistol in the back. This event, which was like that which occurred to the Duke of Guise at Orleans, will be triplicated by the murder of Condé at Jarnac: we may, therefore, conclude such events to be concordant with the manners of the

Huguenot times, more than of individual or extraordinary turpitude.

The Prince of Condé retreated to Lorraine, and found aid and help from the aroused Huguenots, as well as from England, Saxony, and Brandenburg. On the other hand, the king and queen mother were fain to seek aid of the Roman Catholic powers, but their position was one of great peril; and so pitiable was their dilemma, that a peace with Condé, if possible, was preferable by far to a confederation with Italy and Spain. The financial difficulties of the king were infinitely greater than on the other side; supplies flowed from the Huguenots and their supporters as requisite to their venture, whilst supplies were raised compulsorily by the king. The Swiss and Lansquenets only fought for pay, to which the Huguenot party added plunder. The Huguenots had also the advantage of numbers; and in Languedoc, at Nismes especially, they indulged in all their native ferocity, and raided towns and countries with reckless cruelty,—plunder and license were what they followed: in fact, they were banditti at home, rebellious to the church and state, and confederate with all their kingdom's enemies—traitors of every species of villany, political and domestic.

The queen mother negociated another peace, that of Longjumeau, 2nd March, 1568, in which the edict of Orleans, of March, 1563, was renewed—which was equivalent to a victory to the Huguenots; and it was granted by the queen in good faith, and in full concordance with the bent of her mind. But whether necessity or policy urged the treaty, she neither began the next war nor was prepared for it, and the peace was nicknamed La Paix Boiteuse. It appears that the queen mother advanced 300,000 crowns that they might dismiss the mercenaries; and it was on the demand upon Condé and Coligni for repayment of this sum, and for the yielding up the towns they had won, which they then refused to do;

the history runs that in August the Court resolved to capture Condé and Coligni, and gave orders accordingly to the Marshal Tavannes, who, as his son declares in his *Mémoires*, refused accordance with his orders, and gave private information to Condé, Coligni, and D'Andelot, who saved themselves with their families on the 23rd and 25th August (remarkable dates for several years to come), and they all found refuge at Rochelle, from whence we date the *third civil war*.

There Queen Jeanne followed, and made common cause with the rebels. She had entered on a full career of bigotry, bordering on insanity; she repudiated all King Charles's endeavours to alleviate the position of the Catholics in Bearn, she fulminated threats in reply; equally she repulsed the queen mother's invitation to Paris. Queen Jeanne has her Protestant admirers; but a more impracticable bigot and enemy to any peace, or greater thorn in the side of France, cannot easily be imagined.

In the mean time Condé lost his wife, and hurried not to wed his paramour kinswoman Mdlle. de Lineuil—but to fortify himself by the heiress Frances of Orleans. So old Coligni, who lost his wife in these terrible times—which might be called wife-killing—married Jacqueline of Savoie, a rich widow; which troubled her brother, who confiscated her possessions. These things are needed to be recorded, because our Protestant historians claim a prescription of piety and uprightness for the Protestant Calvinist, to which he was utterly unentitled; for a more vile set of satyrs never polluted humanity than the then Bourbons and Navarres. The house of Lorraine was immeasurably their superior in morals and decency, as in everything else.

Now the rebels were gathering head under the wing of Queen Jeanne and her precocious son Henri, who then began his career of wit, pleasure, and knavery. He insulted

La Motte Fénélon, the ambassador of King Charles, "that it only needed a pail of water to make the Cardinal of Lorraine burst." The wit, or joke, is possibly lost in the translation, but it was insulting, and meant to be so by our young scapegrace of 16 years of age, who proceeded at that early age to appropriate to himself a mistress in his mother's Court,—the Countess of Guiche; and to borrow money from all whom he could cajole to lend on the acceptance of his "acceptance," or sign manual, which is recorded by his admirers to have been very successful in raising him ways and means. Young Pickle not only began thus early to imitate his sire, but he played the hypocrite towards his mother meanwhile. Such dissimulation might have descended to him from his mother, for she was herself a mistress of dissimulation where despotic force failed her. When she prepared to flit to Rochelle she invited the son of the governor to run a tilt with young Henri; they then received the Holy Communion, and, running off, escaped to the Huguenots at Rochelle. Thence she assailed the king, the queen mother, and the Duke of Anjou, with a torrent of epistles, which was her pastime, urging them to cast off the Cardinal of Lorraine and revert to the Bourbons and their cause. But they were all weary and sick of fruitless endeavours to propitiate Huguenots, which was a thing not feasible, and her epistles were met by a decisive and coercive reply, and an interdict against the reformed religion throughout France, of 28th September, 1568. Both sides were equally ferocious in hate and sectical zeal. The Queen of Navarre headed the Huguenots in Rochelle, and named Condé general of the army: she sent embassies and received subsidies, and was the avowed and irreconcileable opponent of the king and queen mother.

The king and queen mother were then at St. Germain with forces very unequal to the occasion: the cardinal did

not command his kinsmen as did the late Duke of Guise; and whilst there was lukewarmness of his side there was a burst of fervour in favour of Calvinism. Condé had one army, Coligni had a second, and D'Andelot a third, the Count D'Acier a fourth, computed at 200,000 combatants. The winter supervening was the best friend the king found or possessed.

At a Council held at the Louvre it was resolved to sequestrate the domains held in fief, and the kingdom of Bearn, under the specious plea that Jeanne and her son were *captives* in Rochelle: which decree was instantly put in force by the Parliament of Toulouse, and immediately effected by the dominant Catholic party in Bearn, where the armorial bearings of Navarre were pulled down and those of France run up.

Nevertheless the Court at the Louvre made overtures for peace; but Condé answered roughly "That his arms were not against the king but against the Cardinal of Lorraine, and that he would lay down his arms if the king would grant liberty of conscience and license for the public exercise of the Protestant faith." They demanded what they themselves would not grant, and what had been constantly accorded to them: the plea was fictitious and untrue; but at present it is Queen Catherine who is on her trial in these pages. She is accused of Machiavellian dissimulation. The dissimulation appears to me to be wholly on the Huguenot side, and in the wordy correspondence of Queen Jeanne I see neither truth nor honesty: but I believe the fact to be that the stone of rebellion was set rolling, and that it is not in human power to stop it—when rebellion is set afoot it runs its course in despite of any endeavours to restrain it. Such was then the state of things; the dogs of war were slipped, and human actions were subservient to the powers invoked to action.

13th March, 1569, was fought the Battle of Jarnac, when Henri of Anjou at 16, under the Marshal of Tavannes, carried off a notable victory. The Huguenots had a great defeat. Condé bore the retributive fate for the murder of Montmorenci at St. Denis, and was shot in the field by Montesquiou, captain of the Swiss Guards. The names of the men who committed the murders being remembered and vaunted shows that these were deemed to be worthy acts, and so recognised by either side respectively.

To account for things so unchivalric in days still boasting of ancient chivalry it may be pointed out that prisons then had no being—Vincennes, Ham, the Louvre, St. Michael's Mount, and the Bastille, might receive a great magnate and hold him in keep, but, for rank and file, massacre had hitherto been the rule. Even in the days of pure chivalry—Dunois, Bayard, and our Black Prince—massacre was the rule, with burning and raiding of villages and castles, save where there was a ransom to be had: that phase of chivalry had passed, but the phase of prisoners of war had not come; there was no means of holding captives prisoners; therefore, where no ransoms were to be had, massacre was the necessary rule; which accounts for these unchivalric deeds.

Assuredly there is no tinge of the yielding "rescue, or no rescue," religiously observed: both Condé and Coligni, according to the recorded history, accepted their own murders as inevitable consequences of their defeats. Life, too, was held by its possessors far more lightly than in later times; the loss of strength, or "to die on wet straw like a mangy tyke," was held to be more dreadful than the scaffold, block, or hanging. Such manners are constantly on the change, and it is never safe to judge one period by the manners of another. The cheap bowstring of the Turk was the predecessor of the dear prison of to-day, and there is much to be said on both sides.

Young Henri of Bourbon, 16 years of age, was saluted general of the Huguenots. Queen Jeanne harangued the host for him, and so we see two younkers, Anjou and Henri, each at the earliest age nominally commanding the armies. But perplexities fell by battalions upon the queen mother. Charles IX. took deep jealousy and envy at his brother Anjou's fame and victory. Queen Elizabeth rushed to the rescue of the Huguenots, and, to gratify her propensity of hoarding wealth and jewels, she lent 50,000 crowns, receiving the Navarre jewels in pawn—which she never would restore —and she prigged 400,000 crowns sent by Spain to the Duke of Alva in Flanders, whilst refuging in Plymouth and Southampton. Now, too, arose a new Condé and a new Guise, and married sisters—Marie and Catherine of Cleves. The Duchess of Nevers was the third, Henrietta of Cleves. Here was a house divided against itself and perplexing history by intermarriages.

On the 27th May D'Andelot died of fever, who was second to Condé as a chief. On the 23rd June an encounter took place at Roche-Abeille, where the Royalists, dispersing their enemies, had a check. This was followed by the battle of 30th September, of Montcontour, where Coligni was wounded, and the Huguenots defeated, with great losses, by Anjou; and Coligni joined with broken forces the Count Montgommery, in Bearn, who was there then Queen Jeanne's lieutenant-general. They pursued their raids and cruelties in the south, especially in the raid of Nismes (on 16th November), whilst the Royalists did the like at Orleans; and both sides were equally brutal. Coligni almost dictated the next peace — the peace of St. Germain — 8th August, 1570, where his demands were conceded, especially in yielding to the Huguenots the four towns, Rochelle, Montauban, Cognac, and La Charité. There could be no duplicity on the side of the king and queen

mother in this peace, to which they could merely give a slow assent.

We now enter the era (1570 to 1572) of the day of Saint Bartholomew, which our historians have chosen to make the stalking horse of their opprobrium; and it is remarkable how this date year by year teems with extraordinary adventure. In 1568 it was graced by the attempt to seize the Court at Meaux; in 1569, it was the Bearnese St. Bartholomew; in 1572, the Parisian St. Bartholomew; and in 1573, the reunion of the Huguenots reassembled at Montauban, on the anniversary; whilst, three hundred years later, the same cry was in the mouth of the Parisians, with slaughter equal to the prototype: "Les prêtres enfermés aux Carmes du Luxembourg n'avaient été jugés non plus; les fédérés du Midi les avaient massacrés en leur criant, 'Souviens-toi de la Saint Bartélemy!'" which slaughter lasted four days, and was estimated at from 8000 to 10,000.—*Erchman-Chatrain*, '*Histoire d'un Paysan*,' p. 20. The 24th August appears to have been a sort of *Palilia*, by way of harvest-home, in France; and I propound the question here, that if the populace of the Midi (south) remembered three hundred years after the event (the Bartholomew of 1572), assuredly we may presume that the Parisians of that day had not forgotten its predecessor of 1569, three years before, when Queen Jeanne hurled the Roman priests with pinioned arms from the bridge of Pau into the river to drown. To this point does the history now approach—the main point to be discussed; and before addressing myself to my task, and to rescue my reader from the hypocrisy of historians, I wish to illustrate the manners of that time, especially our own.

I have noted before, there were no prisons in these days for the commonalty; prisons were for princes, death was for the people. If historians need an object of especial horror, it may be found in the sack of Rome by the German

Lutherans, led by Bourbon; in the massacre of Pau by Queen Jeanne; and in the extermination of the Irish by Queen Elizabeth: the fierceness of the Covenanters of Scotland, the Huguenots of Rochelle, and of the German Lutherans, under Muncer, will bear the palm with anything Spain or Rome ever authorized. Auto-da-fés and Smithfield fires have unhappily been equally authorized by either side in their dominant hour, but generally without cruelty beyond their execution. It is mobs who mutilate, torture, insult, exhume the corpse, and scatter dust and bones to the winds. The cruelties of princes are merciful by those of a Jacquerie or a Parisian revolution. Up to the time of which we write the noblest names—our Black Prince, Bayard, Dunois—fought with fire and sword, sparing none save those who could ransom themselves. No quarter was asked or expected where the battle was *à l'outrance*. It is said that Queen Elizabeth received the news of the St. Bartholomew of 1572 in mourning attire and in silence. If that be true, hypocrisy could hardly go further; for at that very moment, if the Parisians slaughtered thousands, Queen Elizabeth slaughtered millions in her war of extirpation in Ireland. Whilst urged by some feminine pique or folly, she welcomed Anjou, accepted his presents, which were solid gold, gave him a ring of two penniesworth, and stood godmother to King Charles's child, born at Paris at that unhappy tide. It is a righteous task to rend the veil from Queen Elizabeth's brow, and proclaim her hypocrisy. She accepted Havre from Condé, and lost it by starving her own garrison. Mad at the loss of Calais, her parsimony forbade her to victual Havre. The Earl of Warwick was her unfortunate general. She fostered all rebellions, while she promised much and did little, save to buy and purloin the jewels of Burgundy, Scotland, and Navarre, and refuse to restore them; to seize on the cash of Spain sent to the Duke of Alva in Flanders, taking temporary

refuge at Southampton; to plunder Spain at Cadiz and Peru, and intercept her gold galleons clandestinely in time of peace; to take shares with the pirate adventurers, and, with the connivance of Drake, to rob them of the spoil, as Hal and Poins robbed the robbers on Gadshill,—"A plague on it when *thieves* cannot be true to each other;" and whose edicts were all dissimulation; dissimulating to drive Scot rebels from her presence; dissimulating to expel the Flemings; dissimulating to welcome Anjou; and to sit in black attire for St. Bartholomew, and whilst her general in Ireland had committed cruelties which top all others of that age or any other,—the Isle of Rathlin, where six hundred refuged women and children were hurled into the waves; the slaughter of the omened names of Clandeboy and Surleyboy, and lastly, the murder in cold blood, at St. Mary's Wick, of six hundred Spanish soldiers, invited thither by the recognised chieftains of Ireland, those with whom treaties had been made by Elizabeth herself as potentates; and when the Spaniards in chivalric and noble soldiership surrendered, as having been deceived by the Desmonds and Fitzgeralds, they were shot in cold blood, every man of them. These are the antecedents of this Queen, to entitle her to wear black and to frown. I draw these facts from Mr. Froude, but omit the unfeminine expressions which he extracts from the correspondence of Mendoza to King Philip, raking sewerage from sewers, as is the curse of this age, to bespatter fairer fames than that of Queen Elizabeth. Queen Catherine, and her two fellow queens, Queen Mary and Queen Marguerite, are all victims to the levity of Buchanan, de Beze, "Drury to Cecil," and "Mendoza to Philip;" with Pierre l'Etoile to buy the penny sheets in the streets, and gobble their vile trash as wholesome food. Such libellers are vile; and shame on Mr. Froude, who has copied out their ribaldry, unworthy of belief. Did

not Duplessis Mornay write to Queen Louise a description of Queen Mary's execution? and yet Mr. Froude picks up the two-sou paper of the last speech and confession, and inflicts the world with its dismal trash! Here is a historian who will rail by the ream upon St. Bartholomew, and fish for any dace or gudgeon to garnish his dish withal with slander of queens.

And now, having quenched my indignation

"By walking four times round the quadrangle,"

I proceed to inform you, *lector benevole*, that Queen Catherine, the queen mother, is as innocent of the massacre of St. Bartholomew as she is of the Revolution of 1790, or as, reader, you are yourself. She is but the scapegoat; for which oblation, unless she had been a pure and innocent offering, she would not have been a competent victim to bear the burden of that iniquity. For these three years—1569 to 1572—Queen Jeanne is the heroine both of good and bad, but not much of the former. She comes of a talented race of women. Her grandmother, Louise of Savoie, has left her *Mémoires;* her mother, Marguerite of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre, had been the hostess of Calvin; and in her Heptameron has left a compound work, founded half upon Boccaccio and half on Erasmus—the tale of love of one and the moral dialogue of the other thereupon. Jeanne gave vent to her maternal inheritance in inditing codes of laws and diplomatic epistles of fearful length, and special pleadings, with which she inflicted the queen mother, appealing especially unto her as separate from the king. Jeanne was a dreadful woman. The Kings of Navarre had from time immemorial been the thorn in the side of France, and Queen Jeanne did not degenerate from her ancestry. She was as despotic as Semiramis, and sat on her mountain keep of Navarrein decreeing—

Banishment to depraved morals.

Imprisonment on bread and water to drunkards, and a fine of 100 sous to the innkeeper.

Imprisonment, exile, and fine to blasphemy.

Majority of males, 25 years; females, 20 years.

Sumptuary laws, and articles forbidden wholly.

Ecclesiastical discipline.

Payment of the Calvinistic ministry.

Celebration of divine service.

Definition of her own royal authority!

Definition of the powers of the Council of State.

And such codes were accepted, *nemine contradicente*, and stored away as literary curiosities; existing happily still, there are several such codes. And after the massacre of which we are about to write, she decreed the penalty of DEATH to her subjects who should recall it to mind, or discourse upon that subject.

Queen Jeanne was then at Rochelle, issuing arbitrary decrees for the collection of taxes, haranguing troops, and striking a gold coinage with her own effigies; possessed, apparently, of an indomitable soul and body, and suffered to play as she chose, the authorities acting the while as they chose to act. She now nominated a general of her armies, the Count of Montgomery, whose unfortunate lance had slain Henri II. in the joust—then represented on a current coin of Rochelle, 1559—and who had commanded at and lost Rouen. Queen Jeanne now selected him to reconquer Bearn from the royal forces, which duty he entered upon 6th August, 1569.

In the interim, the Parliament of Paris had attainted the Admiral Coligni of high treason, with degradation and confiscation to himself and children, and a reward of 50,000 crowns for his capture, alive or dead. He was hanged IN EFFIGY, and his escutcheon was broken by the hangman. And so far King Charles consented to the decree of the

Parliament; but he forbad, or rescinded, their decrees against the Queen of Navarre, Henri her son, and the Prince of Condé — especially rescinding those pronounced against Condé. Here it is evident King Charles acted adversely to the queen mother and his brother Anjou: jealousy had seized his soul against his brother, whilst Queen Catherine was borne away with hope and content at the sight of her son's victories of Jarnac and Moncontour. From this time to his death, when he recognised his error, he was hostile to his mother and Anjou.

The town of Orthez was attacked and carried by Montgomery. The carnage was of the most horrible description; all were massacred, regardless of age, sex, or supplication. The corpses were cast into the river Gave, which is described as blocked by them. The monasteries and convents were burned by the "Seven Huguenot Viscounts," whose names we may omit. Every Catholic found in arms was bound hand and foot, and cast from the bridge into the river. One only, the Dean of Oleron, is said to have escaped. The castle was then cannonaded, but the garrison made terms and surrendered.

The like scene of murder and massacre was enacted at Pau. When the Council of State were reinstated, they decreed and proclaimed every noble who had fought against the Huguenots guilty of treason; pronouncing sentence of proscription of person and confiscation of property, "dead or alive, absent or present." Six barons who had surrendered at Orthez, urged their own immunity by virtue of that capitulation.

Montgomery, as a soldier, was touched on the point of honour; but the Council clamoured, and the soldier was overruled. On the 24th August, 1569, the six barons were led forth from prison, placed amidst a company of Huguenot soldiers, who, on command, fell on the barons and immolated them.

Such was the serpent-seed sown, which grew up into the St. Bartholomew. It had its origin in Orthez and Pau: the murderers were Huguenots, the dastard knight was Montgomery; and this was the source and fount of the St. Bartholomew of 1572.

These Pyrenean scenes occurred between the battles of Jarnac and Moncontour. Words can hardly paint the envenomed fury of both sides. "Coligni and Montgomery ravaged with relentless fury;" but they were conquered in the field, and Poitiers was successfully defended by the Duke of Guise, then an aspirant to the hand of the Princess Marguerite of Valois. The Huguenots were as prompt to cry for mercy, and make abject promises as to break them the instant afterwards. In the propositions for peace, King Charles opposed his victorious brother. The queen mother addressed Coligni, who responded in demands which seem ironical—asking all, and conceding nothing. Queen Jeanne opened her literary batteries against the queen mother with all that stolid obstinacy which is the characteristic of the early Calvinists. The Peace itself bears marks of the queen mother's hand: toleration was granted, equal civil rights were accorded, and a general amnesty was granted. The Parliament confirmed the edict, which was proclaimed 11th August, 1570;—the principal thing notable being the absence of any master-hand: feminine faith and pity yielded the Peace of St. Germain, which proved another and utter failure.

The Huguenot leaders repaired to Rochelle and to their own holds, in lieu of Paris. Peace did not suit with their slender means and hungry mouths. It was the royal party and the Catholic community which sighed for rest and to possess their holdings in peace: to wrest them from the Catholics and enjoy them in their stead was the need of the Huguenots. Rochelle was a pirate and a bandit hold, of but few inhabitants (18,000), but a fortress of advantage.

The intervening year of 1571 was one of comparative peace. Queen Jeanne visited Pau, and indulged in her propensity for letter-writing. She ceaselessly wrote epistles of complaints, beseeching friendship, and remaining herself utterly impracticable in deed or will; whilst Coligni visited Paris on the urgent request of all the royal party, and there is no doubt that the warm hospitality with which he was received was wholly unfeigned. The time was given to marriages and betrothals.

Coligni had taken a second rich wife, and had given his daughter to the penniless Teligny; Alençon went for Queen Elizabeth of England; Guise aspired to Marguerite, opposed by King Charles, who destined her to Henri of Bourbon, and by Anjou, who hated and maligned his sister, as she has recorded in her *Mémoires*, twice accusing her of partialities, which was true in respect of Guise, whom *she* would have preferred; but French maidens had no power to dispose of their own hands or hearts. There is no sadder phase in the history of these times than the sad fates of the heiress maidens who, like our half-fabled Queen Guinevère, had to "wear a crown, and weep." Coligni's wife died in prison, by the wrath of her brother and liege lord Duke Emmanuel of Savoy, on account of this marriage; and the fair Marguerite—fairest of the fair—was denied to Henri of Guise, to whom, as the Duchess of Retz averred, all other men appeared to be plebeian, for King Charles had other views, and chased Guise from the Court and, as they say, commanded Henri d'Angoulême, his natural brother, to murder him. Guise yielded to the storm, and sought his mother, Anne d'Este, who, to save his life, urged him to marry Catherine of Cleves, then a widow and Princess of Porcien, that very night. It was a blow to the Princess Marguerite, who fell ill thereupon, and very hardly recovered, not without prescience—if prescience influence mortals: but she

was doomed to the vile Bourbon; and, by that marriage, Guise, Condé, and Nevers became brothers-in-law, marrying the three heiresses of the duchy of Cleves.

We now revert to the Princess Marguerite, and her marriage with Henri of Bourbon. It is bootless to ask what were the wishes of the queen mother: they were not consulted or cared for; the resolution of the king overrid any aspirations of the queen mother, which may reasonably be suspected to have been towards Guise. Marguerite, as in French feminine duty bound, was submissive, except in her illness; but Queen Jeanne was an opponent. She urged the relationship and the opponent creeds as causes of dissent. She refused until the year 1572, when she was overborne, and was pressed to visit Paris with the bridegroom, the king consenting that they should be wedded by the Calvinistic ritual. To this Jeanne assented but, in her irrepressible obstinacy, decided that her hopeful son should wed by proxy. Whilst Jeanne was obstinate, King Charles was mad, deriding her and his brother Anjou, then, as always, his opponent; he assailed Coligni also, and uttered "fierce taunts with glistening eyes." The queen mother possessed no power between this crazy king and obstinate queen. Marguerite was righteously offended at the absence of her betrothed—it was all distasteful to her: the loss of Guise; the different creeds; and the law which subjected her to the disposal of the king. Pending these disputes, Queen Jeanne retreated to Plessis-la-Tour; the king, with his Court, to the neighbouring Blois, whither Queen Jeanne, after much pressing, also repaired, and thus attended, as we are informed happily by English authorities, Sir Francis Walsingham and Sir Thomas Smith, who were there, ambassadors from England, and by their testimony dissipate what else would be impenetrable mist. In their despatches, they stated that the marriage continued doubtful; that they had dined with the

Queen of Navarre, and conferred with her in an inner chamber, with twelve others, three of whom were clerical ministers; that the sole objection there turned on religion—the propinquity of blood not being mentioned. Dinner ended, they again retired to the inner chamber, where a dozen others, with three ministers (apparently a relay) in attendance. She then discussed questions of form—the surplice, the stole, and the "prêche;" also the proxy, whether he should be a Papist at a Papistical ceremonial, or might be a Calvinist. Walsingham, recording this trumpery bigotry, sums up by saying the king was determined on the marriage. This English despatch and Brantome throw light upon Queen Jeanne's complaint, that Queen Catherine laughed and made light of difficulties. Queen Catherine, in her zenith, lost the melancholy of her maiden years, and had a ringing beautiful laugh. Her risibility was provoked at the sight of Queen Jeanne and her train of Tartuffes, her twelve godly men, assembled there to debate of stoles and surplices, of Papist or Protestant proxy, and wandering about seeking for champions to devour, by harangues which lasted a livelong month—a month of hammer and tongs: King Charles merrily declaring his will to yield all such points, where Huguenot and Catholic could never agree, but desiring, as proper, the proper presence of the bridegroom. As this progressed, the queen Mother withdrew offended; Marguerite had the marriage at no heart; Anjou carped and made merry; and Queen Jeanne had all against her on the point of proxy. It was agreed that young Henri ought to come and wed his bride. Then came the wedding gifts—all giving, save Jeanne. Queen Elizabeth held her jewels in pledge, and never gave them up—fifty thousand crowns on loan was the nice bargain; but our poor Navarre queen, with nothing to give, reserved the right of doing so when she might have them to bestow. In promises and in gifts, Mar-

guerite's dowry was regal. Then the Cardinal of Lorraine was despatched to Pope Pius V. for a dispensation, on account of consanguinity. But Pope Pius replied that, sooner than grant dispensation to a heretic, he would lose his head; and King Charles responded in the recorded speech: "I am not a Huguenot, but neither am I a fool; and if M. le Pape demeans himself too absurdly in this affair, I will take Margot by the hand, and lead her to be married in full prêche." A sentiment he might have gathered from our Harry the Eighth and Cranmer, in the matter of the marriage with Anna Boleyn.

Catherine of Bourbon was present with her mother at these scenes, at which she was taken severely ill. In after years she had to suffer a similar wrong—blighted hopes for the Count of Soissons, whom she dearly loved—to marry at the command of her brother Henry IV., one she could not love, and to die of a blighted heart, yet young, in 1604.

Now, as in the final act of a drama, the plot begins to clear and difficulties to unwind. Young Henri was sent for; the Pope gave dispensation; and Queen Jeanne went to Paris. The unwonted beauty of the shops and the novelty caught her, and she ran about Paris with infantine avidity; was seized with pleurisy, and died June 9th, 1572, aged 44.

A foolish story, extracted from l'Etoile and Davila, about the poison by gloves, shows the jealousy of the French to Italians. The French, who in cruelty were second to none, and who devoutly believed in magic and miracles—none more so than the President de Thou and the bavard l'Etoile—accuse the Italians of magic and poison. Accusing Italians of magic was a usual thing. The Duchess of Orleans was accused of having poisoned Charles VI., and Eleonore Concini was executed for magic, solely because they were Italian. This story is but one of a string, disgraceful to the Parisians and innocuous to the fame of the queen mother or the Italians,

against whom it was only a plea for cruelty and confiscation.

On the 8th July, Henri of Navarre entered Paris at the head of 800 cavaliers. He was met by the Princes Anjou and Alençon, the Duke of Guise, and the chivalry royal, —equal to about half the Huguenot demonstration. The Cardinal of Bourbon, the Prince of Auvergne (heir of Montpensier), the Duke of Nevers, the Prince of Condé, Coligni, Rochefoucauld, and the banished Count of Montgomery, now abased by the murder of the six barons massacred at Pau three years before. They doubled in number the royal cortége; it was a defiance to the Court, and it affrighted the royalists. They went in mourning procession to the Louvre, to pay homage to King Charles, the queen mother, and the bride.

The marriage took place, 18th August, 1572.

Coligni was wounded, 22nd August.

The massacre took place, midnight, 24th August.

We may here pause—the massacre belongs to another chapter. It is twelve years since the queen mother became regent, and it is nine years since Charles was declared of age, on the 17th August, 1563, when her regency ended and her "queen mother" began, during which time she has negociated three peaces with France and one with England, and always in favour of religious liberty, although she has been cast off by the Bourbons on to the Guises. It was no act or will of her own—the alliance with the Bourbons had been as fruitless as it had been unnatural, and had been productive of nothing but disgrace and annoyance. Antoine, Condé, Jeanne, and Henri her son, had proved nuisances, disgracing her Court with their immoralities and the realm with their rebellions. Marguerite is now sacrificed, but not by her mother, whose heart was with the Lorraines and her daughter Claude, and Anjou, her then victorious son. Nor was this a state of

things which can be laid to her charge—they existed for 200 years, from 1424 to 1628, when the Huguenots were stamped out by the masculine hand of Richelieu. Another Condé and other rebellions followed after the death of Henri IV., and perplexed Marie de Medici equally with the present perplexities of Catherine de Medici, and whose difficulties scarcely differ from one another.

Hardly two of the many commentators of this page of history agree; and the subsequent historians have all written to work out a foregone conclusion, namely, to make Henri IV. great and to cast odium upon the house of Valois, especially upon the Italian-born queen, selected to be the victim; and in proportion as the task was not feasible, fiction and untruth are enlisted to make a bad story respectable. I will essay, so far as I can, to tell a plain, unvarnished tale, and put it on the footing on which it appears to be by the existing evidences —namely, a wholly unpremeditated affair, and not to be compared in cruelty or iniquity to many regal deeds then current in the world.

CHAPTER II.

THE DAY OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW AT PARIS.

The Huguenots were in Paris by invitation; but they came in ostentatious and overpowering numbers and rebellious parade—offensive to all. Coligni was there, urging King Charles, against his will and interests, to declare war with Flanders. War was a necessity with Coligni; he had no other means to subsist his hungry soldiers, who lived on rapine, and had "no effects" of their own. He wished to do as Queen Elizabeth had done, seize on their galleons and

strike an unexpected blow upon a friendly neighbour. He was a rock of offence, treasonable and imperious, and he threatened King Charles to renew the civil war unless war with Spain in the Netherlands was granted to him. In the vacillation of Charles nothing affrighted him more than the opposition of his mother. "Mon père," he said to Coligni, "take good care that the Queen, my mother, who puts her nose, as you know, in everything, hears nothing of all this; for if she do, she will put a stop to it all." "As you please," replied the Admiral, "but I hold her to be so good a mother and so devoted to the good of your kingdoms, that when she shall know it, she will not oppose; besides, I find it difficult and inconvenient to act without her." "My father, you are mistaken," said the king; "let me act alone: you don't know my mother; she is the greatest marplot upon earth." This conversation is taken from a worthless source, the omniscient l'Estoile.

In the interim, Coligni's rebel force of 3000 men were worsted at Mons, with disgrace, by the Spaniards, and a great quarrel ensued between Coligni and his king. He told Charles that he would fight him, and overawed him, to the exclusion in his turn of the queen mother's interference.

It was then, and under those events, that the queen mother, Guise, Tavannes, and Anjou resolved upon the slaughter of Coligni, to free themselves from an open rebel and irrepressible man, who had the king in his grasp and against whom the unrepealed attainder of the Parliament of Paris was still enrolled and in full legal force. Tavannes was wrathful against him, on account of the presence there of the unknightly Montgomery, now stained with the massacre of the six barons. The queen mother was offended by his—a banished man—reappearing in defiance. Guise remembered the avowal of Coligni's accessoryship to his father's murder, and all were indignant at the breach of faith with

Spain, against treaties and their will. Urgent necessity drove Coligni to such rash expedients.

The presence of Montgomery appears to have been an insolent and wicked bravado. He was a murderer and recreant knight, hateful equally to Tavannes and the queen mother. It was at him that King Charles shot, on the 24th August, if he did shoot at all,—which is very doubtful; and he suffered a felon's death, excluded by name, within the year, from the capitulation when he was captured. Turenne, the Duke of Bouillon, records that, on the repulse of Coligni's rebel force at Mons, the day of St. Bartholomew was resolved upon. It was at the first resolved that M. de Guise should kill the admiral at the running at the ring in the garden of the Louvre, in full presence of the Court. "I was on the side of the duke, who, we thought, had good understanding with the admiral; and it was contrived that our equipments should not be forthcoming, and the duke's side did not run. The design against the admiral was evidently changed; for it was to endanger the king and his brothers, to kill whilst running at the ring, where four or five hundred gentlemen *de la religion* (Huguenots) were present. M. de Guise then induced one named Maurevel, who had killed M. de St. Phale, to draw the arquebuse on the admiral as he passed by the lodge of the cloister of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, where a letter should be handed him, whilst the assassin fired. I was at my lodgings, seeking my equipment to run the ring, when the duke sent for me, and, relating the event, added, '*Quelle trahison!*'"

Before proceeding in this engrossing matter, it is absolutely needful to conjoin young Navarre and the Queen Marguerite, whose personal narrative aids us much in this history. It took place at Notre Dame, on the 18th of August. Coligni and Rochefoucauld were Henri's "best men." There were difficulties to be overcome with the "*de la religion*," and a good deal of tattle has been recorded: but there is no doubt

that the king and Queen Marguerite demeaned themselves royally; and the nonsense of Davila and D'Aubigné is only worthy of the men. The Huguenots were rude despisers of good manners, and insulted the Mass; but kings and queens cannot play the clown. Had anything of that sort occurred, it would have been written by many worthier and contemporary pens.

Now to resume the story. Coligni was the rock of offence: he was treasonable, rash and unconciliatory to King Charles, whom he threatened with renewed rebellion if his request for declared war with Spain, to be carried on in the Netherlands, was refused; who sent his 3000 troops to relieve Mons, where they were defeated; which drove Coligni mad, and he told Charles he would fight HIM. It was then that it became a necessity to be rid of the already proscribed rebel—and this may be accepted as *the* fact, that, on the 22nd August, the sole object sought for was the death of Coligni.

There was the joyous feast, masque, tilt, and dance of the 21st August recorded by Turenne; on the 22nd Coligni pressed the king on his war schemes, and king Charles cried out for "rest and some grace." Coligni departed rebuffed and discontented: when he was shot at and wounded by Maurevel, who escaped unseen.

The news reached the ear of King Charles, who swore the volley of his blasphemous oaths and ordered the arrest of Guise, who fled to his hotel. The Duke of Anjou then tells the tale; but I do not put reliance on the truth of Anjou: he accepted the Catholic view, which upholds the massacre as an event of which to be proud, and he writes up to that "foregone conclusion." His story must be read with that grain of salt. He wrote: "Our fine enterprise having failed, my mother and I were in a mess: the city was in an uproar; it was the forenoon and the authorities of Paris called out the arquebusiers, whilst Henri of Navarre, Condé, and

Rochefoucauld sought the bedside of the wounded Coligni, who refused to quit Paris. Meantime the Huguenots, led by De Pilles and Segur, with 400, armed in cuirass and helm, sought the Louvre, demanding an audience of King Charles. They shouted revenge, on passing the hotels of the Guise princes. The Louvre was in commotion, and Charles raving out of his wits. He was abandoned by all the Court save the Duke of Retz."

Then to his aid Queen Catherine entered, calm and dignified in aspect and demeanour; the Huguenots opened their volley of complaint, and Charles sat astounded. The queen mother ordered the drawbridge of the Louvre to be lowered, and free ingress to be given to all, at the same time forbidding egress to any. Anjou had entered, and counterfeited indignation; the queen mother shed tears. At two o'clock P.M., Charles, the queen mother, Anjou, and eight nobles visited the wounded Coligni. The king was silent and wrathful; but, on their meeting, Coligni instantly again beset him to declare war with Spain, and a very angry discussion ensued. The king objected that he could not break his plighted word, and appealed to the queen mother, whilst Coligni taunted and replied insolently. They handled the extracted bullet, and Catherine remarked that it was well, for that the physicians had declared that the Duke of Guise would have lived had they been successful in extracting the bullet. On returning, they had to pass between two hundred lowering-browed Huguenots. Retz then proposed to transport Coligni to the Louvre, but the physicians forbad it. On returning, the record avers, that Charles spoke angrily to his mother and Anjou; and, returned, he shut himself up, vowing revenge on the aggressor, whoever he might be.

The Huguenots beset the Louvre, nor stinted in word or blow, nor spared menaces on the queen mother and her sons. Here Marguerite, the Queen of Navarre, takes up the tale,

and avers that her mother resolved to tell King Charles the whole truth—*i. e.*, the slaughter of Coligni—and sent M. de Retz to that end. What de Retz said to the king must be learned at second-hand. Queen Marguerite says he pointed out the dangers in which he stood from Guizards and Huguenots, and that the Guises were then summoned to the Louvre at midnight—*i. e.*, 23rd—and that the queen mother, Anjou, Guise, de Nevers, Tavannes, and the chancellor, then met in conclave with the king, and that the queen mother stated the case, and instanced the following points:—the Huguenot conspiracies; the religious troubles; Coligni's efforts to embroil France with Spain; denouncing his audacity; the strength of the army of the Huguenots; the 10,000 German reiters; the wearied nobility; the degraded throne; that all these mischiefs would disappear with Coligni, who was their author, and fostered them. The Duke of Anjou states that Charles burst into a rage, and swore that the admiral should not be harmed: that he, the Duke of Anjou, spoke recommending the murder; and de Retz spoke on the opposite side; and that Charles, maddened by opposing taunts and propositions, suddenly declared that all the Huguenots should die, and that he bade Anjou and the queen mother see to it and have it done, and that Anjou and Guise then conferred together for an hour (therefore it was then 2 or 3 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd): and it is stated that the queen mother retired to superintend the despatch of missives to the provinces.

Every word of this is unproven or contradicted. The son of Tavannes utterly denies it for his father. The idea of the queen retiring to write despatches is very like our old nursery rhyme,—

"The king was in his counting-house, counting out his money;
The queen was in the garden eating bread and honey."

Despatches are sent by ministers, with formalities of seals, signatures, and counter signatures, and messengers. But no such documents exist, and never existed, save in fiction. Rumour carried the story of events to Meaux, Orleans, Lyons, and Rouen, where the like scenes of slaughter occurred from the like motive cause—retaliation and religious zeal—and not from letters from Paris, which do not exist, and assuredly would have been enrolled in the provincial archives.

There is a famous letter, attributed to the Viscount of Orthez, Governor of Bayonne, in presumed reply to the royal command, and given by Voltaire, that "the garrison of Bayonne possessed citizens and soldiers, but no hangmen," is pronounced by Capefigue, as he writes in his history that indisputably it is a fiction. "I say positively that the letter of the Viscount of Orthez, cited by Voltaire, is a fiction; which is also evident, from its style, similar to the philosophical protocols of the age of Louis XIV." (vol. xix., p. 177). But further, although these presumed circulars have no existence, we find circulars extant from the king, dated the 24th August, to Joyeuse, in Languedoc, commanding him "to keep the peace and observe my edicts of pacification." The reader may be assured that no such despatches were sent, or could be sent by the Court. It is solely a manufactured page of libellous matter, without any proof and without any probability.

It is reasonable to believe that, after midnight of the 22nd, the court sought repose. The next day, Saturday the 23rd, was free from hostilities—it was one of inaction: the Queen of Navarre, and the Duchess of Nevers, and another lady, visited the admiral. We have likewise many unreliable private conversations between the king and queen mother, all tending to cast obloquy on the queen mother, all made-up dialogues not professed to have been heard. Henry of

Anjou and his illegitimate brother, Henri of Angoulême, drove together in a coach through the streets of Paris, amidst the excited populace. The provost visited the queen mother, and measures were taken for the city's peace and safety. The provost then saw the Duke of Guise, who commanded him to assemble, at midnight, the captains and tithing-men of Paris, at the Hôtel de Ville, "as he had to communicate to them some new and secret counsel from the king, their lord." And here, methinks, we stand upon more open and intelligible ground; that the respite of one day was to call Paris together on the anniversary of the slaughter of their co-religionists in Bearn: and that they sallied forth on the 24th August with the cry of "The Mass or death," following the old Saracen cry of the "Koran or death;" and in its sequent order we may now take the murder of the Admiral Coligni.

We cannot do better than follow the description given by Queen Marguerite, which is written in the best *good faith*, upon the spot, and with as good intelligence of passing events as any possessed. She informs us that at midnight, of the 23rd August, the queen mother and the Duchess of Nemours rose and visited the vacillating king, fearing a sudden gyration of his mind, but that he was raving "Death to the admiral and the disturbers of his peace!" There were present (as Queen Marguerite believed) the Dukes of Guise, of Nevers; Birague, the chancellor; Tavannes, the marshal; and de Retz. The murder of the admiral was committed to the Duke of Guise, the Duke d'Aumale, and Henri d'Angoulême, whilst the command of the troops was given to the Duke d'Anjou. Guise visited the Hôtel de Ville at midnight, and prepared the captains and the tithing-men; who, be it again remarked, until then were ignorant of what was on foot. He then returned to the Louvre, and the tocsin, which was to be the signal for action, was sounded. This

tocsin was sounded against the overwhelming numbers of Huguenots in Paris : it was precautionary. That occurred at 2 o'clock of the morning of the 24th from the Church of St. Germain, and the abode of the admiral was then beset. He was not *indiscriminately* murdered. Besme, the servant of Guise, demanded of him if he was the admiral? "I am, young man : you ought to have respected my grey hairs ; but you shorten my life only by a few days or hours." Besme then smote him, exclaiming, "Traitor! this for the blood of my late lord and master, Guise, whom you did so traitorously murder—die!" Then follows a melodramatic scene. Guise below, in the street, asked if the deed was done, which, being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Le Chevalier (Henri d'Angoulême) cannot believe it : throw the body out of window;" which was done, and Guise, gazing in silence on the corpse, wiped the blood from the mouth, and said, "Yes, it is he." And, mounting his horse, he led his men where Caumont, Francour, Montamar, Rouvrez, and others were slain, and Paré, the surgeon, was led by a party of royal archers as prisoner back to the Louvre.

We here have a perplexing account by Anjou, that at daybreak, a quarter past 4, the king and the queen mother were on the portico of the Louvre ; Henri of Navarre had risen to finish a game of tennis before the *lever* of the king ; and that the queen mother sent de Nevers, who was attending on her that night, to find Guise and to stop the slaughter, and to forbid him to approach the abode of the admiral. Anjou remarking thereupon, "This command contravened all that we had been ordered, because it had been determined that no Huguenot should be molested until M. l'Amiral was dead." The Duke of Guise answered to the summons, but reported that the admiral was already dead.

With the death of the admiral and those already named, we find all the royal party reassembled at the Louvre. We

find that Anjou with his archers had returned with their prisoner Paré, and that Guise had obeyed the recall. Who then perpetrated the massacre? Who let slip the dogs of revenge? Who were they? The answer is very plain: they were the captains of Paris, the priests from the convents and the exasperated populace, revenging on the morning of the St. Bartholomew at Paris the slaughter of the St. Bartholomew, three years prior at Pau.*

There, in cold blood, had the Catholics been hurled into the Gave, and there had Montgomery murdered the six capitulated barons. And, as by a signal retribution, six names are recorded of victims who fell in the Louvre: Montauban, Segur, St. Martin, Pilles, Soubise and Bourse—six for six—whilst, at the same time, Henri of Navarre and the Prince of Condé were ushered into the presence of King Charles: who reproached them as the cause of the civil wars which had been the curse of his reign, and commanded them to convert to the true faith. And with respect to the imaginary conversations which each historian chooses to record as authentic, they are purely imaginary and dramatic. We only know the result: which was, that one by one they converted the Dowager Duchess of Condé, Frances of Orleans; the Princess of Condé, Marie of Cleves; the princes of Condé and Conti, the Count of Soissons, and, lastly, Henri of Navarre himself; who all took the Mass as the alternative for their lives.

Queen Marguerite now gives us a piece of good evidence

* They were, moreover, all those who then, before then, and since, had feuds with their neighbours; and when the fiend of rebellion was on foot murdered those to whom they were indebted or held in hatred. It is an oft-told but over-true tale, existing equally in 1871 as in 1571. The red republican told the 'Times' correspondent that he would accept a musket, but the first use he would make of it would be to shoot his landlord.

of that which really occurred to herself. She records that Navarre her husband rose at daybreak to play a game of tennis before the *lever* of the king. She had slept an hour from his leaving her side (which would be about 4 o'clock), when she was awoke by cries of "Navarre!" with hurtling at the door. Her waiting-lady opened it, and a wounded gentleman, Gaston de Levis, entered, followed by four archers of the guard—he threw himself on her bed and clasped her fast. "I knew not," she writes, "whether it was he or I they wished to kill; I threw myself out of bed on the floor, he continuing to grasp me round the body. M. de Nancy, captain of the guard, then, by the mercy of God, entered: he commiserated my position and reprimanded the archers, and made them go out of the room; but could not refrain from laughter whilst he granted me the life of the poor man. M. de Nancy told me my husband was safe with the king; he then took me to the room of my sister Claude, Mme. de Lorraine, more dead than alive." And she relates how in the way there she witnessed the murder of Bourse, already named, pierced by a halberd. "I fell, almost fainting, into the arms of M. de Nancy, and entered safely the little cabinet where my sister slept."

Here we find an infuriated soldiery on the day of St. Bartholomew avenging their murdered comrades, slain by order of Jeanne of Navarre; but the captain of the guard aided Queen Marguerite to save the wounded man. And, I think, we may safely aver that *six* was the whole number slain in the Louvre, and that was by the act of the soldiery alone—not of their captain or of the king. These bodies were said to have been laid out naked, and that the maids of honour investigated them, walking around. This is a plain falsehood; but it fixes the number at the six named, and they are named over and over again in the histories. The reader must remember that neither were the sleeping apartments or the

night attire the same then as to-day, but were equally fitted to receive the world as the other salons—they were boudoirs.

We will now relate Sully's personal adventures as they occurred to him.

"I was in bed, and awaked from sleep three hours after midnight, by the sound of all the bells and the confused cries of the populace. My governor St. Julian and my valet went out to learn the cause; and, as I never after beheld them, without doubt they were sacrificed to public fury. I was alone, dressing myself, when my landlord entered, pale and in consternation. He was of the reformed religion, and having heard what the matter was, had agreed to go to Mass and save his life, and preserve his house from pillage. He came to persuade me to do the like, and to take me with him. I did not think proper to follow him, but resolved to try to gain the College of Burgundy, where I had studied. I disguised myself in a scholar's gown, I put a large Prayer-book beneath my arm, and went into the street. I was seized with inexpressible horror at the sight of the furious murderers, who, running from all parts, forced open the houses, crying, 'Kill, kill! massacre the Huguenots!" The blood which I saw shed redoubled my terror. I fell into the midst of a body of guards. They stopped me, interrogated me, and were beginning to use me ill, when, happily for me, the book that I carried served me for a passport. Twice after this I fell into the like danger, and extricated myself by the like good fortune. I reached the College of Burgundy, where a greater danger awaited me. The porter twice refused me admittance, and I stood in the street at the mercy of the murderers, whose numbers increased, and who sought eagerly for prey, when it occurred to me to ask for La Faye, the principal of the college, a good man, by whom I was tenderly beloved. The porter, bribed by some small coin, admitted me, and my friend took me to his room, where two inhuman

priests, whom I heard mention *Sicilian Vespers*, wanted to force me from him, that they might cut me in pieces, saying the order was not to spare the infant at the breast. All the good man could do was to lock me up in a distant chamber, where I remained three days, uncertain of my doom, and saw no one save the servant of my friend, who brought me food.

"At the end of three days, the prohibition to murder or pillage Protestants any more having been published, I was suffered to leave my cell; and immediately after, I saw Ferriere and La Vieville, two soldiers of the guard who were my father's creatures, enter the college. They were armed, and came without doubt to rescue me by force wherever they should find me. They communicated with my father; and eight days after, I had a letter from him, expressing the fears he had had for me, and advising me to continue with the prince whom I served, and, if necessary, to follow his example, and go to Mass; for, in effect, he had found no other means of saving his life. He and the Prince of Condé were awakened two hours before day by soldiers in the Louvre, and insolently commanded to dress and attend the king; nor would they suffer them to take their swords. As they went, they saw several of their gentlemen massacred (the six already named). The king received them with eyes and face of fury and oaths and blasphemies, ordering them to quit a religion assumed as a cloak for rebellion; and, when they demurred, he added, in a fierce and haughty tone, that he would not be contradicted in his opinions by his subjects; that their example should teach others to revere him as the image of God, and cease to be enemies to the images of His Mother, and that if they did not go to Mass he would treat them as criminals guilty of treason against divine and human majesty."

This relation by Sully, written in after years, jumbles what occurred to his eyes with what he afterwards heard;

but we see the like story repeated—the slaughter was not indiscriminate. He lost his valet and tutor; but his host, he himself, and his father Rosny escaped. The bias of Sully was strongly against the queen mother; and he rhapsodizes that he prefers to obliterate the day than to record it, for it was succeeded by the Divine vengeance that lasted twenty-six years.

So Jeanne of Navarre had made it *death* to her subjects to mention the St. Bartholomew of 1569 within her realms. And so should we be glad to obliterate the ten years of contemporary slaughter and the names of Clandeboy and Surleyboy, of St. Marywick (Smerwick), at each of which we slaughtered in the coldest blood, man, woman, and child, six hundred, on the sanctuary isle of Rathlin; six hundred Spaniards, prisoners of war at Smerwick—and raided, hanged, slaughtered, and burnt out the Irish realm for the space of ten years—until we "made a solitude and called it peace;" but the licenses we permit to ourselves and Protestant party, we visit as enormities on the other side. As the Bœotian said to the Athenian, "You may abuse Hercules, and we may abuse Theseus," so we claim the right to ignore our bonfires, and only to view those of the other side.

As Sully escaped, so did his fellow religionist—the "fidus Achates" of the 'Henriade'—Duplessis Mornay, equally escape, as related by the hand of his wife, in his *Mémoires*. He was lodged in the rue St. Jacques, Compas d'Or, attending on the admiral. He was awakened by a German at 5 o'clock on the Sunday morning; his host Poret—a Catholic but "man of conscience"—aids him to burn papers, and to hide on the roof. He also assisted him to escape; he took his sword and a black dress, and made for a Huyssier, Gerard, who likewise assists him: he escaped by the Porte St. Denis, and passed, by a falsehood or two, two parties of the massacrants, who nevertheless let him pass, and so he continued

to pass through all his difficulties, because he was not betrayed by any one. Amidst his adventures the Baron of Montenay offered to procure him a passport from M. de Guise, to go where he would. But Mornay refused to owe his life to Catholics, and trusted in God to find him a pass out of France. He gained Dieppe, where two more persons, M. d'Auberville and the Capitaine Montint, aided him to escape to England.

The Duke of Bouillon (Turenne) writes, "Sunday, the 24th, saw the detestable and horrible day of massacre upon those of the religion, but God led me by the hand, that I was neither massacred nor a massacreer." He says, though he was neither slain or slayer it bound him to their side, although he had no knowledge of their belief at that time.

The Duke de Rochefoucauld, who fell slain in the Louvre, had a servant, "De Mergey," who has left his *Mémoires*, too long to be verbatim inserted, but of which this is a précis: "M. le comte, according to custom, stayed the last in the chamber of the king, and Chaumont and myself in waiting, hearing the shuffling of the feet of the making the reverence, got near the door, and heard the king say, 'Foucault, it is late; let us keep it up all night.' 'Nay,' said he; 'needs go to bed and sleep.' 'Well, go and sleep with my valets de chambre.' 'Not I,' replied he; and he visited the dowager princess of Condé, whom he courted, and stayed there an hour; thence to the room of the King of Navarre, and, after parting with him, he came out to go away, when a man in black addressed him, and, drawing him aside, spoke for a while, and then retired. M. le comte called me, and bade me go to the room of the King of Navarre, and tell him that M. de Guise and M. de Nevers were in the city and slept at the Louvre. I obeyed, and found him in bed with the queen his wife; and having whispered in his ear what I was bidden, he bade me say that he would keep early tryst, as he had promised. Returning, I

found at the foot of the staircase M. de Nancey, captain of the guards, which hindered me from delivering the message of the King of Navarre. For the king (Charles) had advertized the King of Navarre to detain near him all the gentlemen he could, as he feared that those of Guise were after something; therefore many gentlemen retired to the *garde-robe* of the King of Navarre, closed only by tapestry. M. de Nancey, raising the tapestry, putting in his head and seeing the *garde-robe* full, some playing, some chatting, I saw him looking and *contant* by the head, and saying: 'Messieurs, if you mean to go, we are about to shut the door-portal.' They replied that they meant to stay the night, being engaged in play; whereupon M. le comte and he descended to the court, where the companies of guards were in rank, Swiss, Scots, and French—to the portal, where was M. de Rambouillet, who had been my fellow prisoner in Flanders, who pressed my hand, saying sadly, 'À Dieu, M. de Mergey, mon ami.' He knew the impending execution, but he knew not that he was to fall.

"M. le comte being in his badly-furnished room, we (Chaumont and I), wished to remain; but he would not permit it. The Sieur de Coulaines remained, and brought him a paillasse and mattrass. Chaumont and I went to our lodging *vis-à-vis* the admiral. We were only in bed, when we heard the alarm and the lodging of M. l'Amiral attacked by the corps-de-garde there posted to defend him. I tumbled out of bed, and dressed as quickly as I could: Chaumont was so astonished that he remained *en chemise* until I made him dress. I was going forth to seek M. le comte: he stopped me, and bade me wait and see the issue. We were in the great lodge of the princess of Condé, but separated. Hearing the tumult, I put my head out of window, looking into a court of the lodge of M. l'amiral; and, seeing in the court two men—Huguenots, and officers of the princess—and recognising one,

I prayed him to put up a plank; by which we descended to the court, Chaumont following. I greatly wanted to hear tidings of M. le comte, and which was the sleeping-room of Mad. la princesse, and asked one named Le Lorraine to go and learn what was passing, who, when out in the street, and not being in the livery of the actors there (which was a white cross on hats and arms), was near being killed, if he had not avowed himself the servant of Mad. the princess. I made him crosses of paper for hat and arms, and offered him two crowns to try again. He returned quickly and told me M. le comte was saved, but could not say how. For two more crowns, he went again, and, returning, told me that he was dead; that he had seen him dead in the street, together with his son and a great red man. I knew that his son was elsewhere, &c. . . . .

"But the admiral was slain in his room, and cast from the window to the court, where was M. de Guise on horseback, who, having seen and recognised him, departed with his horse to follow the Huguenots lodged in the Faubourg St. Germain. (He returned, in fact, straight to the Louvre.) I was in the court listening as the cavalry followed M. de Guise. Passing the gate, one demanded, 'Who lodges within?' We answered, 'Followers of Madame la princesse.' They replied, 'We want nothing there.' Which I was very glad to hear, and entered in the lodge, when the owner soon came, who was the *capitaine du quartier* and came from the execution; who, knowing whom we were, said he was sorry for the disaster, which he disapproved, and that he would aid us all he could; but that the ordinance was that all lodges were to be visited by deputations, and if we were found in his house he would be the sufferer; but if we would, he would lead us to the church of St. Thomas du Louvre, from whence we might save ourselves. I thanked him cordially, and entreated him, that as God had

so far preserved us, that he would not put a stop to it, and I felt assured that he would incur no trouble on our account: he promised, and went off. We not desiring to remain, and having heard that M. de Marcillac (son of Rochefoucauld) had escaped, and that M. de la Coste, his tutor, had led him safely to M. de Lausac, in the rue St. Honoré, I sent my valet Vivat to entreat him to receive me too; but the porter refused him admittance." With a little management and lying, the porter was overcome, and Vivat met none but friends, who led him to Rochefoucauld with tidings of De Mergey, which rejoiced all parties. He had, he says, "another string to his bow, M. de Sesac, lieutenant of M. de Guise, a connection of mine by marriage. M. de Sesac was reposing after a chace after Montgomery, who had saved himself—who replied to Vivat, 'Tell him, as he loves his life, to stay where he is; and in the evening, I will send and seek him.' And he sent; but I was then with M. le comte, led thither by M. de la Rochette, who found me out and said roughly and menacing, '*Allons!*' and nothing more. I, in dread, made him a low and profound reverence, when, with a voice of rodomant. he said again '*Allons, allons!*' I said 'Let me get my sword.' '*Oui-dà,*' said he, 'Do you wish to fight?' 'With all my heart,' said I. 'Come on, come on; M. le comte wants you.' I made him a gladder and deeper reverence, took my sword and a halberd—for he had six or seven companions—and we sought M. le comte,* who cast him on my neck, and held me in a long embrace, neither of us speaking save by sobs. I stayed with him fifteen days, and recovered his equipage of silver services, and buffet, and likewise the horses which were at Villepreux. The king made all the *caresses du monde* to M. le comte, and talked familiarly with him, but advised

* The Count referred to was the son of Rochefoucauld, become the Count by his father's death.

him to dismiss his followers of the religion. Therefore La Coste and I, with a passport from the king and a safeguard of our own, returned to Anjoumois, taking with us all the train of the late count, and we rejoined M. de Marmontier."

This story of the Marshal Tavannes only rests on the relation of Brantôme, who, thinking to do him grace by conjoining his name with the day of reprisal, wrote: "M. de Tavannes—*comme on dit*—this day showed himself cruelly, promenading all day through the town, and seeing the blood flow, he cried to the people, 'Saignez, saignez! the doctors say bleeding is good in August as in May!' And of all these poor souls he saved none save that of the Sieur la Neufville, a valiant gentleman, whom I had seen formerly follow M. Dandelot, and since in the service of Monsieur, whom he served well with pen and sword, good at both. This *gentilhomme* had fallen in the hands of the maddened populace, and had received five or six sabre cuts, and was nearly spent, when he perceived M. de Tavannes, to whom he ran, and holding by his knees, said, 'Ah, Monsieur, have pity on me, and, as you are great, be pitiful.' M. de Tavannes, either from compassion, or that it did not tend to his honour to kill this poor *gentilhomme* on his knees, saved him and had him attended to."

Brantôme then prattles on touching the old marshal, and feigns him to tell the king, who was doubtful of the result, that he would take Rochelle and Montauban, Nismes and Sommieres—one after the other; "so King Picrocole, of Rabellais, promised to do: so the milkmaiden dreamed ere upsetting her can of milk: for ah! he fell ill at Chartres sous Montlery, and there died." He adds M. l'Amiral was his contemporanian, and, one time, companion, although M. de Tavannes was older than he, and they had played the fool together at Court. But Tavannes surpassed Coligni; he would mount the roofs of houses and leap from street to

street from the tiles. These two great captains both bore the name of Gaspard—Gaspard de Coligni and Gaspard de Saux—but the admiral surpassed Tavannes in after years, for he rolled larger and heavier stones than did the other. This is what was said of them. It is this bavardism which young Tavannes probably thought it right to contradict in his *Mémoires*. In fact, Brantôme has in his zeal libelled the old marshal, who was truly on the point of death from age, and perhaps from sorrow and woe.

Brantôme has also, in his manner, given a history of the St. Bartholomew in his 'Charles IX.;' but commences his story by saying that it was told after so many manners that one knew not what to believe. And although Brantôme be truly, as Mr. Froude says of him, worthless for his opinion, yet he is good as a witness: he was apparently away from Court with the army, and gives hearsay; but too many of the *fadezes* may be traced to his trash. The harquebuse story originates in him; the hanging of Coligni by the feet, but no word of the head having been carried to the Louvre. That Charles attended the execution of Briquemault and Cavagnes, condemned by process of law, for which he was blamed as cruel; but he had this rebellion so strong *à contrecœur* that he said and held that cruelty to the rebels was humanity to mankind. His reply to the queen mother touching the capture of Montgomery is there. That wretched mockery, the story of Nostradamus having predicted that all Queen Catherine's children should be kings is there; perhaps, the original version of that which came so untrue, in fact, and miserable so far as it went. In this relation of the massacre, in the righteousness of which Brantôme fully concurs, the queen mother plays no part whatever. The king, himself, follows his own headlong passion, roused by Retz and Tavannes,—disagreeing with both Queen Marguerite and Anjou in regard to them.

Brantôme gives another version in his notice (M. de Strozze) of M. de Cossains, who had been a chief actor, so that some called him the principal butcher, who was *compère*, by right of his wife, with Brantôme, when the king opened the enterprise to Cossains. The latter demurred the difficulty and impossibility, with so few, to grapple with the great number of Huguenots then in Paris; but the king having detailed his "means and intelligences," he entered so warmly into the matter that he won the appellation of *Boucher:* but before Rochelle remorse seized him, and truly there he was wounded and died.

The younger Tavannes has written an account of this day;* but in long after years, when he wrote that, by the voice of his father, "Ce grand roy Henri Quatrième regnant aujourd'hui, and the late Prince of Condé saved their lives, and it is an unhappiness to his children that his Majesty is ignorant of that truth," he writes: "I saved La Neufville, Bethunes, Baignac, and aided La Verdin. The Sieur de Tavannes, his father, saved the Maréchal de Biron, suspected, without cause, to favour the Huguenots, but advising him to refuge in the arsenal. The bloodshed ceased—the pillage commenced. His father, Tavannes alone had clean hands, and took nothing: the men of M. d'Anjou pillaged the pearls of the stranger (*les perles des étrangers.*) Paris resembled a conquered town, to the regret of the Council, who had only resolved on the death of the *chefs et factieux.* M. de Guise followed Montgomery in vain; Montmorency and

* This young gentleman, at the early age of sixteen—he does not write where it was—had given a *soufflet* to St. Jean de Montgomery in the king's presence: he had received a *démenti* from him. As they drew their swords they were separated, and they were pardoned by the favour of his father with the king. Nevertheless, Montgomery, touched in his chivalry, called him to meet him in Italy. "Death called him, and saved me from that *courvée*—disgrace;" is his remark.

Dampville avoided peril. The Sieur of Tavannes divided the city into districts, committed to many hands to stop slaughter and pillage. Briquemault and Cavagnes, taken, were hung in the Place de Grève. I saw at my father's house the papers of the admiral, their requisitions of money, their watchword, and levies of men. The white thorn blossomed, a star appeared—all attributed to miracles. It was the truth, the Huguenots were themselves the sole cause of their massacre—putting the king perforce to war with Spain, or with them." These remarks were written in after years, and are mingled with much which is so incorrect that it is evidently penned considerably from public reports and very untrusty.

Montluc is a contemporary authority. He was cashiered in 1569 for his ill-success in Bearn against Montgomery, and he wrote his memoirs in exculpation of himself: which accounts for their ending with 1570. But he reopens them to give his account of the St. Bartholomew, of which the queen mother had sent the veteran an account, an instance, methinks, of her goodness of heart.

"I thought to have made an end of my writings with my career, for no more is it given to me to mount steed or draw sword. All France enjoyed a time of peace and repose. I, only, afflicted by maladies and my wound, was oftenest in bed, but I heard from my friends at Court of the friendship dealt to the Huguenots. It appeared to me that the Huguenots became more insolent and spoke as loudly as ever." In 1572, he adds "a year hardly passed and news comes to me of St. Bartholomew in Paris, where M. l'Amiral was so ill-advised to go to light a blaze (*enfourner*) to show that he governed all. I was astonished that a man so wise and capable in affairs could commit so gross a fault, for which he has so dearly paid with his own life and that of many others. He had cast the realm into great trouble, for I know

right well that all did not emanate from the Prince of Condé, no, nor the half. That prince had so much communication with me at Poissy, and, if I had suffered it, he would have turned me inside out. I informed the queen, and she bade me to be silent; she did not think then that matters would flow as they did. We all know well that she has been accused of having originated these troubles; and M. le Prince did her the wrong to send his letters to Germany and print and publish them, by which he did not do himself much good. The queen, being at Toulouse, did me the honour to confer with me for three hours on that matter, on which I will be silent, for it is but too easy to cavil and find fault with those who have the management of affairs, especially those mighty as she had on her hands; the king and his brothers all so young, the princes banded one against the other, now advancing or falling back, with the *beau manteau* of religion to cloak their revenges and slaughters. I entreat you what appearance was there that she was in intelligence with that prince (Condé), whatever she had done since in proof to the contrary? I return to my subject.

"All the world was astonished to learn these occurrences at Paris; the Huguenots most of all. For myself, I could not conceive why they began by only wounding the admiral, if they had the design which followed after. For if on the morrow all their *grands* had conjoined the Huguenots there, they could have quitted Paris and gone where they chose. I do not wish to meddle with that matter as to whether it was right or wrong, those who come after me will be able better to judge, and to speak without fear, which we cannot do now.

"The queen did me the honour to write to me, and informed me they had discovered a great conspiracy against the king and state, which had been the cause of that which followed."

This appears to have been so honestly written by a retired veteran that it deserves transcribing, as also a sentiment at the commencement of his memoirs, in which, recording his poverty, and no pay, of his soldier youth time, he remarks that, "in your duty, nothing will lack to you: has it not been a hundred times better to me that I have followed my kings and masters in all loyalty than to have lived by larceny, to have been able at all times to walk with my head up than they and their children with heads down. One reward from the king is worth all you can win by larcenies."

The Seigneur St. Auban has left memoirs and his account of that disastrous day. He also was in attendance upon Coligni, and was by his side when he was wounded by Maurevel. He was taken prisoner by the Prevost de la Mardeille, He saw people poniarded, but he himself was only collared, not once, but thrice. "Three times I was taken, and three times left, and I remained in incertitude of my life for fifteen weeks." He thinks they sought for evidence to accuse him of the enterprise at Amboise; he was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, and released when no one accused him. Released, he sought his home in Dauphiné.—*Petitot*, 43-439.

On the contrary, Briquemaud and Cavannes were two who were tried, and condemned, and hung on the 25th October by process of law.

The escape of the child Caumont, afterwards a marshal, is assuredly another instance, not of accident, but repugnance to kill a child. The different versions of his father's death and of his escape are melodramatic and absurd.

There was yet another source of slaughter proper to Paris from her earliest days to the present—private revenge. The Catholics filled Paris with slaughter, "many to avenge their private quarrels poniarded Catholics. Debtors took such opportunities to massacre their creditors. tenants their

landlords, and workmen their masters." The plunder of 1790, and the decree of the Assembly legalizing its acquisition, has left ineffaceable impressions upon the Gaul of his right to covet and appropriate his neighbour's goods. 1791 and 1871 will bear witness to that. How many fall in *querelles particulières* history sayeth not.

Another wonderful story is related by d'Aubigné, the escape of Renier of Quercy, who was saved and pardoned by his personal enemy, de Vezius, the king's lieutenant at Quercy; but the tales are too absurd to transcribe. Sheer nursery-tales of the escape of their sires related to their children, and afterwards incorporated among historic facts.

The reader will perceive that in all these relations there is no evidence whatever of indiscriminate slaughter, nor of demoniac cruelty and mutilation, but that every one of these instances of personal adventures, of which we may be assured the most, and not the least, is made, that they all were questioned, and they all escape, meeting with friends unnumbered to aid, and with foes slow and unwilling to kill. We find Sully and his father Rosny, Mornay, and D'Auban all aided and assisted to escape. After the murder of Coligni, we find Guise, Anjou and the Archers all return to the Louvre immediately. At the Louvre we find six gentlemen, whose bodies were laid out in state for the ladies of honour to behold, and the story is related evidently by some penny-a-liner and bears its own refutation on the face—nothing of the kind occurred, and how historians can insert such filth in their pages is wonderful. The ladies in attendance did not walk around six naked corpses; but it proves this, that six was the extent of the slaughter in the Louvre, and that it was done by the Archers against their captain's leave, who laughed at Queen Marguerite caught captive by a Huguenot gentleman.

Young Tavannes makes a most true remark: that had the

massacre of St. Bartholomew been premeditated, it would have failed. It was simply that it was unpremeditated that it succeeded against the dominant Huguenots.

It was the populace—the Parisian populace, unhappily but too renowned for rapine, cruelty and blood, both before and subsequently to 1572—who ran wild in that orgie which we have selected as our lay figure of all that is horrible. The most that we can safely accept is that Guise obtained the consent of the Court and the king to Coligni's death; and that he delayed the murder a day in order to let it fall on the anniversary of the massacre at Pau, for which purpose he assembled the Parisian authorities at midnight of the 23rd, at the Hôtel de Ville: when "the hand that kindles cannot quench the flame," the priests and populace rushed out and massacred; and the war cry of St. Bartholomew was heard again in Paris in 1792, when the reformed religionists of the south revenged on the priests, imprisoned aux Carmes du Luxembourg, to the number of 8000, and four days' massacre—the four times repeated miseries of this date. God grant *that* may be the last of Parisian massacres! I would further point out that in all the histories we have detailed there is no show of cruelty, mutilation, or anything save poniarding and halberding.

We are told that the head of Coligni was cut off and carried to the king and queen mother. The letters written by both from the 24th to the 27th sufficiently deny and belie the statement; that Charles visited the body hung on Montmartre, and quoted that "the scent of a foeman was ever sweet," these are vile and filthy calumnies worthy of Voltaire:—

"Medicis la reçut avec indifference,"
Sans paraître jouir du fruit de sa vengeance,
Sans remords, sans plaisir, maîtresse de ses sens,
Et comme accoutumée à des pareils présens."

There is no great difficulty in reconciling this garbled statement with the true facts, which we can do from the decree of the Parliament of Paris a month later, October 29th, decreeing that the sentence should be executed if the body could be found ("si trouver se peut"); and in the contrary cases it was done in effigy, in order to mark and justify the sequent proceedings on execution for high treason. The execution in effigy of the 29th Oct. has been attributed to the 25th Sept. There are many statements in history with greater misstatements of facts, but the decree of the parliament in October is wholly inconsistent with the statement that it had really occurred in September.

The will and papers of Coligni were carried to the Court, amongst which was a paper admonishing the king to beware of his brother Anjou,—a very unnecessary admonishment, since the two brothers hated one another reciprocally. With respect to Coligni, he lies buried at Chatillon, and his grave has been visited, and his head is not dissevered from his body; and the whole of the Montmartre interlude may be rejected as utterly untrue.

Again, Did Tavannes—the hero of Jarnac and the marshal of France, who had refused to capture Condé in an unmartial manner,—did he run through the streets of Paris with a drawn sword, crying "Tue, tue!" The veteran died of old age, in the sequent year, 1573; and his son, who has left *Mémoires*, repudiates for his father all participation in the matter. The fact is probably this: that Tavannes was indignant at the presence of the exiled Montgomery, the murderer of the six capitulated barons, and who, within the year, was excluded from a capitulation, as will be related, and executed as a traitor. If Tavannes interfered passionately in these events, it was caused by the insolence of Montgomery's presence amidst the 800 Huguenots threatening by their presence and behaviour the king and the capital. So

likewise Birague—who after this retreated from his heavy duties to retire upon a cardinal's hat, and survive a very few years—the chancellor between the honoured names of Hurault l'Hospital and Hurault de Cheverny—chancellor also to Henri IV. until his decease—ought to be a guarantee that they are names which will not bear dishonour. All the ministers chosen by the queen mother will bear the strictest investigation into their character. For her son Anjou, then (he says so) present, I doubt not that he was a bitter thorn in their sides, and wished a hundred leagues away.

The Duke of Guise, with his brother D'Aumale, left Paris, and repudiated all participation in the massacre; which is quite consistent with his part of the drama, which was that of a blood feud and revenge on the man who had vaunted and almost accepted the death of his father.

Again, did King Charles, standing on a balcony of the Louvre, fire on the fleeing mob with his own hand?

On Sunday, at seven o'clock (the fourth or fifth hour after the death of Coligni), the king with Anjou and his mother (so runs the tale), "were keeping vigil in the chamber over the portico of the Louvre, and he was watching the corpses float down the Seine"—thus libellists overreach themselves; for corpses sink, and do not float until the fifth day at earliest: but let that pass. But he saw the rabble shouting and stone-throwing; looking out, it is said that he saw Montgomery, with two others, fleeing before the rabble; that, he made an exclamation, and seized an *arquebuse de chasse*, and shot at them."

The story is told by Brantôme (Froude's worthless Brantôme), who mentions it as a mad act of absurdity to discharge small shot at a distance whence it must have been ineffectual. But to show how history has seized upon these scenic points, the editor of the 'Henriade' and the editor of Sully's *Mémoires* have made the anecdote superlatively absurd by

their comments. They adduce the proof of this Brantôme tale from above a century after the fact. Citing Brantôme, they add: "What is sure" is that *plusieures personnes* have heard the Maréchal de Tessé relate that in his infancy he had seen a gentleman, more than a hundred years old (the editor of 'Sully' reduces his age to ninety years, which is sad in an editor), who was very young amidst the guards of Charles IX., whom he questioned on the point as to whether the king had shot at the Huguenots. "'C'était moi, monsieur,' répondait le vieillard, 'que chargeais son arquebuse.'" After this, let the author of the 'Pleader's Guide' hide his diminished head:—

> "*Witness.* But doctor Tench, sir, told me——
> *Counsel.* Pooh!
> Don't tell us, sir, what Tench told you."

Absurd and full of contradictions as is this passage of history, yet, if it were true that King Charles had discharged a fowling-piece from the Louvre, it would not have been at a fleeing Huguenot; but it was at the Count of Montgomery, the banished man with banishment unrepealed; whose presence in Paris was a scandal and a menace to the crown, and who was debased with unsoldierly murder—on a day of which this was an anniversary—of the six barons, at Pau.

On the morning of Monday, the 25th, the populace left the streets. The king, queen mother, and Anjou drove through the city, and received acclamations of applause. Navarre and Condé were kept at home.

On Tuesday, 26th, the king went to mass with Anjou. Then he received the Parliament of Paris, and avowed his share in the slaughter.

De Thou replied to him. A medal was struck in commemoration:—"Charles IX. dompteur des Rebelles le 24 Août, 1572." Pope Pius wept on hearing the tidings, and soon

died; but Gregory XIV., his successor, adopted and applauded the deed. Tavannes, dying and confessing his sins, was reminded that he had not confessed to St. Bartholomew. "I hold that to be amidst my virtues," replied he. As Tavannes died a few months after the St. Bartholomew, this story is very improbable.

We have now to proceed from Paris to the provinces, and to investigate, not invectives, but facts. A justice would charge a jury to cast off from their minds all impressions acquired from rumour: and that "de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio." Never will that maxim do better work than now. We are told, that on the 23rd, Catherine retired to her sanctum to send missives to the provinces, commanding the slaughter. But there are no such missives in existence, nor does the history of events give any warrant to such a supposition. We find the following letter of that day written by the king to the Governor of Burgundy, by whose wisdom, it is said, the popular fury was stayed in Burgundy and the slaughter at Dijon returned as *One.*

"My cousin. You have heard what I wrote to you the day before yesterday of the wounding of my cousin the Admiral, and of my firm intent to chastise the perpetrators. It has since been shown that those of the house of Guise, who are many in this city, having learnt that the friends of the admiral would take their revenge, have last night broken through the guard, and have killed him, with several gentlemen; and there have been many besides massacred in the city—who have proceeded with such fury that I was unable to interfere effectually, being obliged to retain my guards about the Louvre with my brothers; but, having given orders to put down the sedition, which is, thank God, now ended, having only been caused by the enmity of the two houses . . . And, inasmuch as it is much to be feared that this feud may spread, and cause

massacres in my cities, which I should deeply mourn, publish and command within your Government that all remain at home in quietude, and force them to observe our edict of pacification—advertising all captains of towns and castles, and let me be kept informed of all that occurs.

"*Paris*, 24th August, 1572. "CHARLES."

Again, to Bourges, he wrote in the same style on the 27th August, ordering rigorous chastisement upon those who broke the peace; and M. Capefigue adds that the queen mother addressed similar letters to the governors, to show that she partook of her son's anger upon these Parisian events. But, as we have not those letters, the last must pass as only rumour. Another long document, dated the 30th August, to the Lieutenant-General of Burgundy, also exists; we also find Jean Philippe, a contemporary writer, who was then at Montpellier, writing thus:—"Saturday, 30th August, passed through Montpellier, a courier of the king, bringing the news of the St. Bartholomew. At first we took arms, put a guard upon the doors of those of the religion, and they imprisoned the most factious, the others and the ministers found means to escape. On the 8th September, they published the ordinance of the king of the 28th August, which declared the murder of the admiral to have been by his order, and desiring that his Protestant subjects should live in safety, and forbidding *prêches* and assemblies. In Languedoc there was not the slightest excess, from the good conduct of Joyeuse; those of Nismes and of the Cevennes refused to receive garrisons; Castres obeyed. At the close of October, the Maréchal de Domville arrived at Beaucaire. The Protestants seized Uzez, Sommieres, and some other small places. The Maréchal arrived at Montpellier about Christmas."

D'Achille Gamon, a contemporary, writes from Annonai that they were in a terrible fright; that Domville arrived there at Christmas, 1572, as Lieutenant-General in Lan-

guedoc, bearing the assurance of liberty of conscience in favour of the religionists who were quiet and submissive to the ordinances of the king. Du Peloux declared, by word of mouth, to the inhabitants of Annonai that the king intended there should be but one religion in France, and that all should go to Mass. The greater part of the Protestants of Annonai and of the neighbouring towns and villages assisted at Mass, but those of D'Aubenas and De Privas took arms, and seized on the town of Dezaigues, the château de Bozas, and repaired the breaches in the gates of Annonai and fortified the chateau," and, in fact, beat the royal authorities, coercing the Catholics until the peace of 3rd February, 1576.

At home, there is a royal edict of the 28th August, commanding all to keep the peace, and setting forth the cause of the murder of the admiral, throwing all the blame upon him as the source of sedition and of a conspiracy against the Crown, commanding peace, but suppressing *le prêche*—Huguenot meetings of prayer. We find the cause in the Parliament of Paris, who renew and put in force the unrepealed sentence of the 28th August, 1571, declaring that he had been guilty of high treason, that he was a disturber and breaker of the peace, enemy to repose, tranquillity, and public safety, chief, author, and conductor of the said conspiracy against the king and the state, which has *damné* his memory and suppressed his name: that his body (if it could be found) should be dragged on a hurdle to the Place de Greve and hung on a gallows before the Hôtel de Ville for 24 hours, thence taken to Montfauçon and hung there: that his armorial bearings should be dragged in the dust, erased from his palaces, and his children declared ignoble and disinherited of titles and estates: that his Castle of Chatillon should be razed to the ground, and that the feast of St. Bartholomew—the 24th August—should be a fête for ever with public prayer and procession for the punishment of the said conspiracy against

the crown and state. Pronounced and executed at Paris 27th and 29th October, 1572. Which edict of the Parliament is in accordance with the recorded character of Coligni that the great actions of his life were against his God, his religion, his country, and his king; added to which, he was a man of undoubted capacity and irrepressible intrigue.

Whilst that was proceeding at Paris the rumour ran to the provinces, to Meaux en Brie, where 200 victims fell on the 25th. It reached Orleans on the 26th, where 1350 fell; Rouen 660; at Lyons on the 30th, where, despite of the endeavours of the governor, who put the Huguenots into keeping to save them, the populace broke in and massacred. These numbers are all taken from unsigned pamphlets, and are wholly untrusty,—only, they none of them *understate* the matter.

On the other hand, there were the governors of Dauphiny, Auvergne, Burgundy, and Bayonne, who are reported to have repudiated the presumed royal commands, of which they have not to show a shadow of proof, for such commands do not exist. The magniloquent letter of the governor of Orthez is a palpable forgery of later date.

To sum up the facts: we find six gentlemen slain together with Coligni,—namely, Rochefoucauld; Resnel, who was murdered by his own relative, Louis de Clermont, for they were at war for a possession; Teligni, son-in-law to Coligni; Guerchi; Montaumar, and Rouvrai. Nine more are mentioned as killed at the Louvre,—Pardaillon, Bources, de Piles, Quellence, Berni, Beaudisney, Beaumandir; six more as perishing in the streets, amidst whom were Caumont and his son, whilst the child (Caumont) escaped, and we find about six escaping: we find no signs of indiscriminate slaughter, or of mutilation or cruelty, such as in the Jacquerie and Parisian revolutions, we find about eighteen names *paraded*, over and over, slain with Coligni, or at the

Louvre, or in the flight of whom Rochefoucauld and Coligni are the sole of note, for young Teligni only has the borrowed light as Coligni's son-in-law, and with respect to the total slain in the provinces there is nothing to lead us save most vague rumour, which the historian Mathieu corrects in these words, "The province of Burgundy alone escaped through the prudence of her governor; where Montmorenci ruled, the towns got off frightened but unhurt." He adds, "although the execution was not so violent as has been published, nor the numbers equal to rumour, it is very certain that this day of blood and misery ought for ever to be effaced from our history for the wrong it bears to the honour of France."

The books of the Hôtel de Ville of Paris show that the bodies of the slain were buried by contract—there were eight contractors—the sum was 20 francs the ~~body~~ band, and 1100 bodies were so buried. This is in excess of the number given by an honest Calvinist, Le Popilinière, who estimates the number of slain in Paris roundly at 1000, whilst others raise it to 2000. I doubt any having been thrown into the Seine: the several histories do not warrant any such a statement. Then the estimates for all France run thus:—

Papyrius Masson	10,000
De Thou	20,000
The Calvinists themselves ..	15,000

We have, besides these, two authors, with whom their editors have taken a clever liberty, but it has passed not only unchallenged but accepted with glee, to pass on to a *gobemouche* world of readers. Sully wrote the numbers, perhaps, more truly than any other, at 7000, and Bishop Perefixe wrote also 10,000; of this I entertain no doubt, but the greediness of the Protestant world for marvels, and to magnify the monster, added an 0 to each of those numbers,

and the original sums, multiplied by ten, have not only escaped criticism but have been gulped with avidity, and Sully and Peréfixe are thrust into the van with the 100,000 of the latter's work uncontradicted.

So Mr. Prescott is constrained to refute the popular statement that 50,000 persons were executed for their religious opinions in the Netherlands under the Emperor Charles V. He writes, "This monstrous statement has been repeated by one historian after another with apparently as little distrust as examination;" adding in a note, "Grotius swells the numbers to 100,000. It is all one; beyond a certain point of the incredible one ceases to estimate probabilities." Mr. Prescott says, that in Castile, where the *auto-da-fés* were popularly welcome, and the Jews the victims, the numbers were stated by the secretary of the Inquisition as only 10,000; whilst in the Netherlands each execution was a fresh outrage on the liberty of the nation; that the nine-times renewed edict proves how sluggish was its operation; whilst Gueldres and Brabant stood on their privileges and repelled the edict altogether.*

But the contemporary omissions of mention of this day are extraordinary. Whilst the storm of 1570, and the earthquake at Kinniston, the star appearing in the east, the chain of gold weighing 1000 French crowns, and the supposed prognostic to Queen Catherine, all are fully descanted upon, no mention is made of St. Bartholomew; and, consequently, the fable of the reception in mourning attire, of La Motte Fénélon, vanishes in air: Hollingshead, with his verbatim speeches, does not mention the massacre. Camden awaits until the sequent visit by Montmorenci in 1573, to make simple mention of it; and Sir Richard Baker, who mainly copies from Camden, awaits and claps it all together with

* Philippe II. i. 308.

the death of Charles IX. in 1574. Camden's story is given at the Kenilworth interview, where Elizabeth "*se modeste excusavit* on the grounds of diversity of religion and disparity of age." Sir Richard Baker informs us that the slaughter extended to many thousands; which does not warrant tens of thousands, and would tally with Mathieu, that the exaggeration by fame was very great. I do not find that Stow, Chamberlain, or Raleigh, allude to it. Lely in his 'Euphues' makes no allusion to it, although his story travels over the continent about that time; nor do I find any allusion to it in the "English reprints" collated by Mr. Edward Arber. These prove that the story of St. Bartholomew was of after growth, and was merged at the time in the other slaughters of the day—Rome and Rathlin, Pau and Vassi, as undeserving especial mention on this side of the Channel.

We also find the Huguenots meet again—on the anniversary, 24th August, 1573—at Montauban, as strong as ever, as aggressive as ever; and there, "profiting by the peace, they nominated deputies to take their demands to the king; by whom reorganized, their body nominated a dozen governors of provinces, authorized the seizing of ecclesiastical benefices, to raise voluntary contributions from Huguenot towns, and to levy black mail on Catholic districts to free them from vexation, and, so says their own historian, La Poplinière, they were up and at them again with 20,000 men.

That Sully wrote the victims at 7000, and that such number is slightly in advance of the true number, which probably touched 6000; for De Thou is a wretched authority, and the Calvinists doubled the sum in their 15,000, and who would have laughed outright had anybody told them that the Royalists had so murdered them; the absurdity would have been an excellent joke to the freebooters.

If Queen Elizabeth of England received the ambassador, La Motte Fénélon, in mourning attire, it was for queen Jeanne, and not practising her usual dissimulation. St. Bartholomew was a fleabite to Rathlin, Clandiboy, and St. Mary's Wick; whilst she took the gold chain of Alençon and stood as godmother to Charles IX's daughter simultaneously. And if Henri of Navarre chafed, which I do not believe, he had only to revert his eyes to Pau, and, three years prior, to behold an infinitely worse picture of intolerance, greed, and cruelty, enacted by the dominant Calvinists on the Catholics of Bearn.

Sir Richard Baker, in his chronicles speaking of the slaughter at St. Mary Wick (Smerwick), of the surrendered Spaniards, writes: "And yet more cruelty than this was at that time committed in the Netherlands; for Sir John Norris and Oliver Temple, English commanders, together with some companies of Dutch, setting out early one morning, took Mechlin, a wealthy town of Brabant, at an assault with ladders, where they promiscuously murdered both citizens and religious persons, offering violence even upon the dead, and taking gravestones into England to be sold."—P. 358.

The stories cold-bloodedly told by Sully of the wars under Henri of Navarre shock one. "They pillaged, they glutted." "I gained a purse of a thousand crowns in gold for my share, which an old man, pursued, gave me to save his life." "The prince contented himself with only seven or eight of the most mutinous to be hanged; but he was obliged to abandon them to the fury of the men of Montauban, who butchered them without mercy." The following anecdote touches most by its pathos: "A young girl threw herself into my arms (at Chateau Cambresis), who, holding me fast, conjured me to protect her from the soldiers. I endeavoured to calm her fears, and offered to conduct her to the next church; she told me she had been there, and had been

expelled because they knew she had the plague. My blood froze in my veins at the declaration. I thrust the girl from me, who exposed me to death to save her, and, flying as fast as I was able, expected every moment to be seized by the plague."

And yet veracious history could discover that Henri *fed* Paris when he blockaded and took it by *famine*, and the Bearnese besought him to *accept* their empty purse when he *subjected* them to taxes. No paradoxes are too gross to prove Henri of Navarre and Elizabeth of England to be excellent, and none too gross to prove Catherine de Medici and her sister queen, Mary of Scotland, to be execrable. But to revert to my subject matter on hand, except the solitary facts of Queen Catherine sitting in council on the 22nd at night, and visiting the wounded Coligni with her sons and daughters on the 23rd, I do not find one tittle of evidence to lay the odium of this day upon her shoulders. As Peréfixe remarks, historians and panegyrists to the number of hundreds had written and sung in praise of Henri the Great, whilst Queen Catherine had the libellous Rochelle edition of the 'Vie Privée' to be alone contrasted with them.

History cannot be truly drawn from taking microscopic views of prominent events, and magnifying them to portentous dimensions, as we, on the Protestant side of the question, have been guilty of doing in those matters which conflict with Catholicism: so likewise do the other side write wholly in a party spirit, and involve history in contradictions and paradoxes—often falsifying the events. The reader may believe as he chooses, if he read only to prove the foregone conclusions of his mind; but if he sits as a judge of events, he will only proceed according to the evidence, and reject the tattle which too often, like scum on a deep river, floats uppermost: all great personages are subject to the malice of the "many," especially when they are down-fallen in

fortune. To draw the indictment from the anonymous malice of their professed foes—as to draw that of Queen Catherine from the 'Discours;' or that of Queen Mary of Scotland from Buchanan's 'Detectio Mariæ,' or the letters of Drury to Cecil; of that of Queen Elizabeth from Dr. Allen's pamphlet, or the letters of Mendoza to King Philip; or, like Macaulay, rake the gutters of literature for libels on the Marlboroughs—making mountains of molehills, and ignoring mountains if they rise perversely to their historic wishes,—although such procedure is not amenable to any temporal law of libel, as it is presumed that you cannot hurt the dead, yet it becomes a spiritual law, which will be registered in God's Chancery, where the historian will be arraigned on the breach of the ninth commandment, and be convicted at once of malignity and falsehood, in assailing the fame of the mighty dead.

Such was especially the case when the house of Valois went out in offensive fume, and the house of Bourbon succeeded it with exaggerated flame; then it was necessary for the Perefixes, and hundred panegyrists, to sink the fame of their victims before the fame of then reigning powers. The only way to make a Henri IV. great, was by making his predecessor little. The house of Guise and the queen mother as the most capable of bearing the burden cast off from the shoulders of their reigning deity were decried.

It is utterly vain to wander in the mazes of history, assuming one side to uphold, and rejecting a side to be decried, unless we can discover the motive principle by which, as says the satirist,—"Wharton stands confessed." The motive principle and ruling cause of the Huguenots was—plunder.

The spirit of rebellion has raged in France perhaps more severely than in any other country of the world. The Heptarchy which we quelled under our Saxon kings, was not quelled in France until the period in which we write,

Francis I., and Henry II. his son, bent their energies that way, but with their decease, and a minor king and female regent, the nobles dwarfed the throne, and contended around it for the mastery. Henri IV. next succeeded in creating a national spirit and power, which he knew would fall to pieces with his own life, under similar circumstances, another minor king and female regent, but then arose the master-hand which slew the hydra; Richelieu supervened and quelled the Huguenots and the provinces. But in the year 1572, want and famine impelled the old companions and borderers to rally under the newly burst fervour of reformation to have another raid at the fatter purses of the burghers and the Church. Queen Marguerite of Navarre, who had housed Calvin as long as she was able, and who wrote in imitation of Erasmus in his golden legend, in her 'Heptameron,' and Queen Jeanne were doubtless devout reformers; but the husbands and sons were naught, and the followers, like those of David, were worse than those of Adullam, only looking out for something to devour. The 24th of August seemed to be a rallying day with them; the harvest was ripe and overgathered, and they could live their holidays in clover and free quarters, and we find them at full work again in the sequent year, 1573, like giants refreshed. Such was the party calling itself Reformers: they were banditti—but territorial banditti, with the marshes of Guienne and the mountains of Navarre and of Cevennes, wherein to shelter, and who for two hundred years bore the appellation of Huguenots; before that they were Free Companions; and subsequently they were Vendéens and Refractaires, and ever hostile to the powers reigning at Paris.

Another ruling motive power of this time, was the unbridled youth of the male actors; they militated long before they attained years of discretion; they appeared to set no value on their lives, and duels, riots, and wars were their

pastime; few outlived half the days allotted to man—war, assassination or excess—they divided their aspirations between successful love and chivalry, and scorned the alternative of death. The youth and recklessness of the male nobility may be a cause that the women of that age so surpassed them in intellect, learning and policy. They lived free and excluded from such excesses by the laws of nature and those of society, added to the mind: whether or not the French women were superior positively, or only comparatively, to those of other times, or whether they only shine by the side of their rollicking husbands and brothers is matter of opinion.

The civil law at that time ruling the conduct of the sex was bloody. Infidelity was punished by death, and we find it rigorously put into execution. But with regard to princes, those for whom state marriages were contracted, they appear, with few exceptions, to have a morgenic wife of their own choice. Such were Agnes de Sorel and Diana of Poitiers, whose issue bore the paternal name, with the title of *bâtard* appended; and, save that they did not succeed to the paternal lands (for the burghers and the lawyers steadily forbad it), they lived in the paternal home and consorted with the legitimate children. So we find the Angoulêmes domiciled with the Valois—the sons of both Francis I. and Henry II. bearing that title;* but, in the persons of Francis I. and afterwards in the house of Bourbon (including King Antoine, the prince of Condé—slain at Jarnac, and Henri IV.) the immorality surpassed all bounds of decency or humanity—it grew brutal and horrible; Queen Jeanne used to prophesy the vices of the Bourbons would prove their ruin—and they

* The regal title of Angoulême, appertaining to the house of Valois, was resigned to their illegitimate offspring for three generations—Francis I., Henri II., and Henri III. bestowing it on their bastards—grand priors and chevaliers and duchesses.

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did so. But it is to blunder deeply to imagine that this immorality spread to the nation or to the female part of the Court, to whom the custom was as hateful as it was injurious. Those who seek to cast on the Court of Queen Catherine the stigma of immorality only do so to shelter, beneath a false plea, the brutality of Henry IV. and his party and subsequent immorality of the Louis XIII., XIV., and XV. The House of Guise also was free from this debasing state of morals: they were the exact reverse of the Bourbons in religion, morals, and riches, which ought to have ensured to them a happier fate than fell to their lot.

The Court of Francis I. was reflected in that of James V. of Scotland; that of Louis XIII. in that of our Charles II., who both, unhappily were "nurtured on the banks of Seine," but whose nurture found no realm to welcome it, either in Scotland or England: it dwindled back to the old morgenic proportions, and finally died away in the rugged soil to the genius of which it was unadapted—they passed as baneful meteors, and have left an exaggerated and fabulous fame behind.

These remarks are made here, as intended to be *apropos* to the then position of the queen mother and her unequalled Court of majestic dames and fair damsels: she herself had assumed a majestic aspect, but with a ringing laugh when tickled. It was, as before said, an unequalled Court, and contrasted so strongly the unbridled males of that age, that cynics, such as Sully, believed that she enchanted men by means of them; and truly so she did, but it was by the legitimate means of superior worth, and the heiresses who might be there won and convey principalities to their lords. It is strange to remark that, in a land where the Salique law excluded females from the throne and perplexed the succession, that the principalities appeared to be constantly falling to the maidens; and heiresses were as numerous as blossoms

in spring. They were often crossed in love, as were Margaret of Valois and Catherine of Bourbon, respectively forbidden Henri of Guise and the Count of Soissons—and a great part of the history of these times aggregates round the heiresses. Queen Catherine guarded her Court well, under her Calvinistic dames D'Uzes and Montmorenci; and, save the raids made upon it by Antoine, Henri his son, and Condé the uncle, we hear of no scandal. Young D'Elbœuf was expelled the Court at Plessis-la-Tours, with a damsel whose proceedings were too light; and the Duke of Nemours was prosecuted by the queen to fulfil a marriage engagement with Mdlle. de Rohan which he broke to wed his first love Anne d'Esté, dowager duchess of the murdered Guise, for which suit he was upheld by the law courts—perhaps because the lady deserted was of the "religion;" but the queen mother ennobled the wronged girl as Duchess of Loudonois, who ever after lived in privacy. Against vague malice and scandal, you will find hard facts and gracious deeds. Of the cynic Sully and bavard D'Etoile I mean to say somewhat hereafter. It is time to end this digression inserted here because, from this point, I do not believe the queen mother possessed any power save to cast oil on troubled waters to follow in the wake of her stormy sons, and remedy, so far as possible, the follies committed by them.

CHAPTER III.

HENRI III.

"The crown of Poland, venal thrice an age," was upon the market; Sigismund II. having died 7th July, 1572, and Anjou was elected over his competitors in May, 1573. He

was besieging the offensive town of La Rochelle when the news reached him; Charles IX. deeply hating and envying him his military fame. That siege was brought to a termination by an edict of pacification, by which the Rochellers with the towns of Nismes and Montauban re-attained the right of the public exercise of the reformed ritual. Nor need it surprise us that they should cast on one side their brother towns; for the instinct of the Rochellers was to rebel and to besiege, and not to be besieged, which was another thing to them. The queen mother informed Anjou of his elevation, and explained to him that his brother's exertions had acquired him a crown. But Henri had no will to go; he loved his home position; he wished to win and marry the Princess of Condé (Marie of Cleves), uncared for by her husband, and the requisite divorce being the spice of sin which flavoured the chalice of love to Henri's lips. But he had already a mistress, Mlle. de Chateauneuf, who was a wonderful damsel, such as it is fair to see in such scenes. She was to be made over in honourable matrimony to a Sieur de Nantouillet; who being recalcitrant, his house was broken into by the emissaries of the king, and sacked and plundered; and the damsel on horseback meeting on foot the man who had despised and rejected her, rode at him, horsewhipped, and then over him, mauling him badly enough. She afterwards wedded the Seigneur de Castellaine, and slew him for an infidelity to her—real or supposititious. The queen mother was obliged to come to the front to induce Henri to depart and accept his crown; Charles fell ill with excitement and fever, escorting his brother out of his realms: these scenes and events were far beyond the porte of his weak and excitable brain. The brothers parted at Nancy—Charles in bed, where Henri went to resign his baton of Lieutenant-General. At Nancy the Duke of Lorraine met them; the Princess Claude was absent, she had given another daughter

to the house of Valois-Lorraine. Henri first saw there the lady he eventually married, Louise de Vaudemont, a sort of Cinderella of the house of Lorraine. He was attracted by her resemblance to the Princess of Condé, and danced with her: she was twenty-one years old, poor soul; she had lost her mother, and a step-mother, and again was thrall to a third *injusta noverca*, who, with four rival offspring treated Louise harshly. Fortune made her a queen.

We find our Queen Catherine here as godmother to her granddaughter Christine, who afterwards married into the house of Medici, and in November she bade adieu to her favourite son with many maternal tears and fears; Marguerite also parted from him with equanimity. With the Polish reign we have nothing to do, and we return with the queen mother to other works and woes.

Here the jealousies which had centered on Anjou devolved by gravitation on his brother Alençon; his favourite, la Mole, was the object of hatred of the hating king. This man was a chief instrument in luring Alençon over to the Huguenot side; the promise of the Netherlands, of a marriage with Elizabeth, and being chief of the party, cast him into the arms of Montmorenci, who undertook to demand from Charles the baton resigned by the king of Poland. This was very adverse to the queen mother's views, who had accepted the trusty Guises in exchange for the untrusty Bourbons; there was no political consistency in reverting to them after having broken with them so thoroughly; the Lorraines were friends, the Bourbons were foes; but Charles was set against his mother, and he chose to give the baton to Alençon, "and not make one foe more." Catherine would have bestowed it on her son-in-law, the Duke of Lorraine. The royal abode was no bed of roses to any, but least of all so to the queen mother, who had to steer the ship which obeyed not the rudder or the sail. Now, too, the accursed

blood of the Valois and Bourbons defiled her court, and overwhelmed her with additional care. Condé was the victim of the King of Poland's love for his wife; and young Navarre and Alençon contended for Madame de Sauve, the famous Nourmetier—the siren or sibylle of the court. The demon of their houses, which as Queen Jeanne had remarked, was running its course, from which not even was the court free; and the Huguenots, utterly devoid of honour or of truth, were gathering themselves up for more plunder and another raid.

1574.—La Noue and Montgomery led the rebels, and on February 22nd captured Lusignan and Fontenay. Down fell the towns: but they had calculated on the aid of Alençon to head them; he, on the contrary, was overwhelmed with fear, and wept, bellowed, and refused, repulsing both Navarre and Turenne, entreating him.

The news fell like a bomb on the court, not dreaming of such treachery. The queen mother rushed to the front—the only one possessing energy in the hour of need, and she commanded a return to Paris. Alençon divulged the conspiracy, and Navarre was ordered into the presence; they were reprimanded and pardoned, but carried off by the queen mother to Paris. King Charles appears to have been utterly powerless, he followed with the queen his energetic mother on the next day: the conspiracy went on under the leadership of La Noue, and the offensive Montgomery, upon whom Charles shot, if he shot at all, on the 24th of August. The king aroused himself anew at the news of Montgomery's success. Three divisions of the royal army were despatched to oppose him in Normandy, led by the ever loyal Maréchal De Matignon. The Duke of Montpensier led that destined against Guienne, and D'Auverge his son and heir advanced to Languedoc and Dauphiny. In the meantime Navarre and Alençon made professsions of loyalty they did not feel, and awaited the opportunity to rebel. The next step which the

queen mother took was to arrest Montmorenci and Cossé. Navarre and Alençon were likewise arrested; but Turenne, Thoré, Beauvois, and Grandchamp fled and escaped to the borders; while La Mole and Coconnas were executed. Here again we are involved in a lack of evidence, and the story of 1574 is told as each pleases to suit his cause, *magic* being the presumed main-spring of action.

And now 29th and 30th of May, in the castle of Vincennes Charles IX. was fast dying. There is indisputable force in the words and deeds of dying men. Those of Charles were three—confidence in his queen mother, to whom he left the reins; diffidence towards Alençon, to whom he addressed words of peace, not to oppose his brother's accession; and, lastly, that he had no joy in the capture of Montgomery, for that he himself was likewise dying. He expired Whitsunday, 1574.

The subject of these pages, the queen mother, then saw expire the third of her sons, following her husband to his untimely tomb: her remaining sons, Henry and Anjou, hating like the Theban brothers, and the Salique law barring her daughters and grandsons in the heritage, whilst the Bourbons were hostile to her in every point of view. This Niobe of queens, is entitled to our best commiseration, she wrote to La Motte Fenelon in a sweet and plaintive strain, worthy of herself or any bereaved mother. She then had Henri III. proclaimed, and keeping a strict guard on Navarre and Alençon, whose promises she well knew were as piecrusts, she prepared to guard the realm until his coming.

This year, too, died the Cardinal Charles of Lorraine, the brother of François of Guise and uncle of Mary Stuart. "Uno avulso non deficit alter," Henri of Guise and another Cardinal de Lorraine arise, to die by like assassination at Blois in 1588. The repetition of the same titles is the most perplexing point in history, and the numbering of these

hereditary potentates in France is almost as desirable as the numbering of the kings.

The escape and adventures of Henri III. from Poland until he rejoined the queen mother at Lyons, September 6th, do not belong to this story. Our Catherine had her son and her son-in-law Navarre in hand, she delivered them to Henri, calling them her prisoners. Alençon accused the dead king; "Be it so my brothers," said Henri; "the past is forgotten, now give me love and fealty." The Queen of Navarre and the old flame, Chateauneuf, greeted him there, and so Henri re-entered France; Marie de Cleves, his great passion, died in giving birth to Catherine of Condé. Dire was the conflict of love and propriety in the adoption of a queen, whom Henri chose in Louise de Vaudemont of Lorraine, sister of the Count of Mercœur, who plays henceforth his prominent part upon the stage.

In the interim Henri headed his army and was immediately subjected to a conspiracy of his brothers. The bird's-eye view of the court is one which will show the difficulties of our Queen Catherine. Alençon revolting, Navarre a prisoner; Henry insisting that the amazon Chateauneuf should be received by Queen Louise. Here the queen mother intervened, and insisted on the expulsion from Court of the offensive dame. This incident is only adduced to show the difficulties with which Catherine had to contend. Another difficulty she grappled with in attempting a marriage between Alençon with our Queen Elizabeth, who nicknamed him "her frog;" and which is one of those pages of history one would be glad to obliterate.

Elizabeth, the widowed Queen of France, returned to Vienna, but she left behind her infant daughter to her grandmother Catherine; and I cannot resist reminding that the Regent Moray did the like to Mary Queen of Scots; so do events spring up at every step to prove the worth of these

calumniated ladies against protestant clamour. The princess died in her sixth year.

The adventures of two such thorough young scamps as the King of Navarre and the Duke of Alençon may be considered as of sufficient interest to appear in history, or as only fitted to be excluded, according to the sentiments of the reader. We have here a pair of thoroughly immoral boys, rebelling against the king and against all constraint; the year 1576 gives many points of scandal, but hardly one deserving record. We find Alençon rebelling, and Catherine striving with maternal solicitude to calm and reconcile their enmities; and it is pleasing to see that Henri III. was convinced of her probity, and sends her "his respect, obedience, and perfect love." She knocked herself up and fell sick at Chatelherault, and whilst she laboured like a man, Henri fell into those weaknesses for which for ever after he is renowned; pet dogs and penitential processions, and presiding over the Court of dames, who probably never were equalled before or since: are not their praises recorded by Brantome; the worthless Brantome as Froude in his cynical phrase terms him; but who at Courts is the best of guides. And we are equally free to believe it a paradise of wit and beauty or a Circæan sty of swine. The houses of Valois and Bourbon would have made it the latter, had it been in their power, but it was not in their power, and if the Catherines and Marguerites of that court were not the very nymphs of Proserpine gathering blossoms upon Mount Enna, they approached as nearly as the different positions would allow. Here we find Queen Catherine again obliged to forego her own feelings. François de Montmorenci, a Bourbon, had wedded Diane de France, the daughter of her own husband Henri II. He was released from the Bastille to mediate between the royal brothers; but it must have been bitter grief to her. The Duchess of Valentinois, the mother, had

never been expelled the Court, but remained there a favorite of Charles IX. and Henri III. The means of temporary peace with Huguenots were ever the same, money, money, money; their motto, beg, borrow, and steal.

In the month of February, 1576, Henri of Navarre escaped whilst hunting, which led to the arrest, and was the beginning of the captivity of his wife, Marguerite the queen, whose faults were wit, beauty, and good intellect. She was now seized as the hostage for her husband and imprisoned by her brother. Her husband never again sought her society, having run wild in his own career, but he ever treated her with most thorough respect, more so than any other wife or mistress. Wherever she was in captivity or in freedom, she was sought and beloved.

The peace was signed 14th May, 1576, and was called "Monsieur's peace," the terms of which were a general amnesty, free exercise of worship, and money paid where money was claimed to be owing; for the sort of peace for which Queen Catherine made such concessions, we have already shown by extracts from Sully; how he gained a purse of 1000 crowns for his share, how they pillaged and glutted, how they murdered the capitulated soldiers and inhabitants, and how he thrust away the young girl with the imagined plague with blood frozen in his veins, expecting every moment to be seized with the plague. Well might a feminine hand aid to stay such horrors as were the wars of extermination of that time.

1576. By the peace of Monsieur, the rebels were purchased off on such terms as were sure to create reaction on the Parisian party. Queen Catherine may well be exonerated upon all points—peace between her sons was one great point, and peace to the community another. We err extremely in attributing such acts as this to petty motives; they are the effects of the broadest national desire to do good, and never

those of narrowest personal passion. Catherine met her rebel son. The Queen of Navarre was with her and fraternised with the rebel son Alençon against her eldest brother, who hated and traduced her. The Huguenots were bought off at a great price. The huge concessions destroyed themselves; the brigands overshot the mark: they created the League, not in its Parisian dimensions of 1584, but still here the League first saw the light in the town of Peronne as an adversary to rebellion, and we have henceforth Henri the Calvinist and Henri the Romanist until the next gyration of the wheel. The year 1576 went out in renewed war, which the queen mother converted into another peace in 1577, whilst the history of France resolves itself into the follies of Henri III. and the rebellion of Henry IV. and Alençon. Two towns revolted to the Crown; and the causes are so remarkable and graphic of the times that they deserve a place in this treatise. Henri the Bourbon and Huguenot held his Court at Agen, and there he gave a ball, at which the candles were blown out, and the *insolences* so scandalized the inhabitants that they handed the city over to Biron, the Governor of Guienne.

La Réole was held by a Captain Ussac, old and ugly, but very devoted to beauty. Henri and his courtiers so chaffed the man that he revolted to the King of France; which two circumstances Bishop Perefixe adduces as pointing deep morals to his pupil Louis XIV. We have seen the like grossness of manners in the marriage of the godly Prince James, Earl of Moray, on his wedding in Edinburgh; and the Calvinist Sully records, with glee, how he made the ladies of honour tipsy when they visited him as guests. He had some perfectly clear wine, and when they asked for water, he served them with that wine, and considered he had done a courtly deed. These are righteous Huguenots who never cease railing at the Romans and vaunting their own superior

righteousness. The history of 1578 and 1579 is a scandalous story as Peréfixe sums it up — "the two Henris plunged into a vortex of pleasures; the sole difference being that notre Henri (Bourbon) did not close his eyes to affairs, whilst Henri (Valois) sunk himself wholly in them."

And whilst the foolish kings indulged in vices, the women worked. Catherine de Medici, and Marguerite her daughter, and the Duchess of Montpensier, Catherine of Lorraine, took the part of the men, and steered their three crafts as well as they might with feeble and inefficient hands, unequal to their intelligence; the fault being on those who suffered the reins of government to devolve to their hands. The Queen of Navarre in her juvenile delinquency, neglected by her husband, and having never had reason to love him, aided her brother Alençon, henceforward Anjou, to escape by means of a rope, 14th Feb., 1578; who inaugurated his escape by writing his brother a letter of rodomontade, or of juvenile discontent. He was a tool in abler hands; but he himself was a mere abortion of the great or good,—Queen Elizabeth's frog. Queen Catherine immediately followed him to Anjers, and went alone into its castle and sought her rebel son, who then promised her to return to Paris and not to prosecute his future pretensions in Flanders; whither he fled again clandestinely, from Anjers to Mons, 7th July, 1578; whilst Henri III. repudiated that step of his brothers at Madrid, London, and Vienna.

Meantime the energetic queen mother sought the King of Navarre at Nerac, his capital. She was accompanied by Marguerite, his queen. The amount of business she transacted passes belief. She adjusted disputes, re-established tranquillity, and the Roman ritual in the places whence it had been banished. She invited Condé to her Court, but he replied his poverty prevented him. Henri of Navarre now proposed that his wife, the queen, should submit to a

new marriage ceremonial in the reformed ritual, a proposition so insulting as to prove its unreality of purpose. Her husband was overpowered by his mistresses, and wished for no wife. His history is one shameful and shameless tissue of infidelity. Quitting Nerac the queen mother proceeded on her mission of conciliation, in which she evinced talents and forbearance equal to any on record. The storm lulled at her approach and vanished at her just decisions. Had she been Queen of France, or had France not been subject to the Salique law, France had not then fallen to the depths to which she fell. She returned to Paris by Savoy, and returned home to receive the due ovation of her diplomatic success.

I cannot here refrain from citing the hostile page, in this instance, of Petitot, extracted from vol. xx. p. 189, upon husband and wife—Henri and Marguerite. After premising that he had won Madame de Sauve from his royal rivals to himself alone, and successively made suit to La Dayelle, De Rebours, and De Fossense, maidens attached to the courts of his sister or of his wife, he writes, that piqued by this indifference, she, Marguerite, neglected no means to wean him from these *liaisons*, but found overpowering difficulties, the more so as she had never known (*sut*) to merit his *estime*. Nevertheless she lavished (*prodigué*) attention on him in his illness, and obtained a show of his attention (*égards*). It was in this lull that the queen-mother concluded the convention of Nerac, in which the Protestants recovered all their lost ground. The princess (Marguerite), though a zealous Catholic, entered into the cause of the prince; and having noticed that Pibrac, attached to Henri III. whilst he was in Poland, had the *folie*, though advanced in age, to be the successor of Bussy (*i. e.* bear her colours); she flattered the absurd passion of the old man, and profiting by his weakness, caused him to consent to all that the Protestants required." This is a specimen of the rigmaroles

to cast the odium from guilty to innocent shoulders (of which more hereafter), which possesses no grain of sense, coherency, or evidence of anything whatever against the neglected wife.

Meantime the Duke of Guise returned to Paris and relighted the Catholic flame; and Anjou in Flanders and in England seeking the hand of Queen Bess, fifty years old, committed follies at which angels might weep, and drew many tears from the queen-mother opposing his fitful movements. Where he could scatter money he was welcomed, elsewhere he was kicked out. Eighteen months had the queen mother, at upwards of sixty years of age, been absent on her mission of peace and conciliation. Only four days did she repose at Paris, where she had to seek again her rebel son Anjou at Alençon. She found him in a seventh heaven of delights. Queen Bess had given him a kiss, and he had played the tomfool to the upsetting of his small wits. Stubbs' "Gaping Gulph" touched not him, his self esteem was in exact proportion to his real deficiency of worth, and more than balanced the difference of that deficiency.

There occur at this time proofs that the turpitude of behaviour and morals did not attach to the feminine body of the Court, and upon this point we may feel thoroughly assured that the infamy was attributable to the men and not to the women. A maid of honour had been dismissed at Plessis le Tours, Madle. de la Motte Mesme, and the Marquis of Elbœuf, perhaps the same who scandalised Edinburgh some ten years before; but now there is a Lady-league, the Duchess Montpensier, and De Retz, and Mme. de St. Luc to reform King Henri's Court. Of some supernatural means to reform him we need not care, they are probably untrue, and it is equally untrue to aver that the unparalleled Court of four successive queens of France, including Queen Catherine,

Mary Stewart, Elizabeth of Austria, and Louise of Vaudemont, all holding the chief place in early and irreproachable youth, was abandoned and unchaste. The town of Rochelle and its Calvinists have to answer for that vile calumny. The feminine Court of Queen Catherine was as perfect as Courts and human nature admit. At the same time Queen Marguerite, insulted equally by her brother and husband, equal beasts, rallied her ladies around her; the ladies sent the knights to *Coventry*, and the righteous indignation of the dames inaugurated the war entitled "la guerre des Amoureux." Whatever name be assigned to it, or whatever cause, hate and plunder I believe to have been the moving principles, and Henri and his Huguenots commenced it by the capture of Cahors; as Sully relates, "The city was given up to plunder: my good fortune threw a small iron chest in my way in which I found 4000 crowns." Such was the war "des Amoureux." When we read of places taken, we may more truly read towns and hamlets pillaged and burnt. Navarre did not on the whole succeed in this new war, and a peace was concocted at Fleix in November; when Anjou set out for the Low Countries to push his fortunes there in the spring of 1581, having spent the interim in his sister's Court at Nerac, who also in the ensuing year returned to the Court at Paris.

The Bishop, Perefixe, jumps over the four years from 1580 to 1584; and truly the interim is so filled with incidents which derive more from scandal than aught else, that they are fitter subjects for romances than for history, since they effect no object and are solely *passe-temps*. We never hear of the queen mother, save that it is to make peace; of Marguerite, save of her courtly proficiency; of Henri, the king, save to see him play the penitent and sinner alternately. Henri of Navarre is like the god Faunus hunting the fair, even to maidens of fourteen years of age—La Fosseuse was no older;

whilst the Lorraines walked amidst them dignified and decent in their demeanour. This "piping time of peace" is closed by the death of the Prince of Anjou, which occurred in May, 1584.

Queen Catherine was at the death-bed of her son. He wept, and besought her to pardon the troubles he had caused her. She reconciled him to his brother, ere he died; and then the over-wrought lady gave way herself, and was ill of fever. There is an episode so marking the time that it needs must be inserted: in the lieu of card-playing at night, midnight masquerades and rioting masked in the streets were in vogue. Sir Walter Scott has shown it, in Scotland, in the *Fair Maid of Perth*—where the heir-apparent heads the masquers; so Harry VIII. entered Wolsey's ball-room masked —Romeo, the hall of the Capulets; Guise, returned to Paris, had his orgie; Elbœuf and his companions scandalised Edinburgh in 1565. And now the dying prince rouses to ride in company with the king and riot in the streets of Paris; which exertion sent him to a bed from whence he never rose again. It may be questioned whether cards and dice and the faro table are not improved vices to those of masquing and rioting in the streets.

The death of Anjou deranged all combinations—his English, Flemish, and Portuguese aspirations all died with him, but it left the throne of France also open to another dynasty. Voltaire in his *Henriade* avers that Henri of Bourbon succeeded

Et par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance.

And yet he likewise avers in Chant VI. "that it is an antient and sacred usage in the kingdom of France, when death closes a dynasty, such as this Valois, that the people re-enter on their primitive rights, and can choose a king, and can change the laws, or limit the monarchical power."

One of these exordiums must be wrong. If the people had the inherent right to choose, Henri IV. did not succeed by right of birth. Elizabeth of Valois, Queen of Spain, left two daughters, and Claude of Valois, Duchess of Lorraine, left two sons and two daughters, all grandchildren of Henri II. and Catherine de Medici. The argument on the Salique law, in Shakespeare's 'Henry the Fifth,' holds that the grandson of the female line succeeds, though the mother might not. So François de Lorraine, grandson to Henri II., had pretensions by right of birth, which did not "tomber en quenouille." Henry V. had so succeeded. No one thought anything of Henri of Bourbon as a successor; he was beyond the seventh degree of parentage, he was Huguenot, he was dissipated, he was poor; he was incapacitated by his secession from the church; he was then despised; the fifty histories and five hundred praises of the Grand Henri were not then written; and his virtues were, like the uncut gem, exceedingly ugly and surpassingly vicious. A sequent age reversed the vices into dazzling virtues.

But somehow the chief of their own house pleased not the Guises; they and the League chose the old Cardinal de Bourbon, whom they invested as Charles X.—an investment ignored by the Bourbons, who went out in another Charles X., 248 years later. This Cardinal was uncle to Henri IV., and the question was whether he was not nearer than Henri IV., who would have succeeded him; whilst Condé stood next after Henri in the Bourbon line.

Henri III. endeavoured to induce Henri of Navarre to abjure Calvinism as the sole obstacle between him and the throne. Navarre refused; that hour had not then come; it was to come thereafter. This was essayed without any knowledge of Queen Catherine. The king was acting wholly and utterly on his own head. Catherine was at Chinon ill,

and Queen Louise was afar in retirement. The royal acts did not extend beyond framing rules of etiquette for his Court, at which he worked vigorously, and adopted the rules of the English Court, calling to his aid the Lady Stafford, the ambassador's wife. But whilst he played the *fainéant*, the League revived in the Parisian pale, and averred that "one faith only should be tolerated in France." And the Lorraine princes, together with the old Cardinal of Bourbon, confederating with Spain, signed the League.

Meantime the King Henri III. was confederating with Holland and England against Spain. The Prince of Orange was assassinated then; and the queen mother may be believed to have been in favour of the Guise party, since she had two grandsons, François and Henri, of the line of Lorraine. It is a jumbled and doubtful page, of which we can only gather the facts that the Duke of Guise raised his standard in the Catholic cause. The king was utterly powerless between the two rebel Henris. In May, 1585, he was victorious in the field; he took Chalons-sur-Marne, whilst an attempt of Henri of Navarre failed. And Henri III. cast himself on the queen-mother, who, obtaining powers, went to Chalons-sur-Marne; but she was unable to mitigate the wrath of the Leaguers, who obtained hard measures against, and many towns from, the Huguenots; and the treaty of *Nemours* to that effect was ratified 7th July, 1585, inaugurating the war of the three Henris.

This ill-success added to the queen mother's declining health. The ills of age had full hold upon her, and her efforts to pacify had come to an end. At this time she really possessed no power, and she retired to Chanonceau for repose. The king resigned himself to his favourites, Epernon and Joyeuse. We here find what has rarely been (if ever) the case before, that the parliament of Paris issued edicts for the confiscation of the lands and lordships of Condé and

Navarre; and under that decree Henri seized the revenues of the Duchy of Vendome. The old law had been like to our law of gavelkind. "Sire to the bough, son to the plough;" the lands were not forfeited by treason. These edicts obtained the nickname of *Edits Guizards.*

1586. Seven armies took the field, and Navarre and Condé had but one to oppose them; but they were veterans. There was no operation in the field. Queen Catherine was again called from her retreat to negotiate another peace. She came forth unwillingly, and attended solely by an aunt of Henri of Navarre, Catherine of Bourbon, Abbess of Soissons, with whom she sought her graceless son-in-law.

The interviews were stormy and futile. Catherine reproached her son-in-law for his apostacy in religion, and his scandalous licentious life, his conjugal infidelity. He is recorded by Peréfixe to have insolently replied, "that she had nothing with her to tempt him," alluding to her want of her sometime female train; but on her insistance that he should renounce heresy, he was as firm in his resistance that he would not do so; and Queen Catherine quitted the presence of the irreverent boy to hear soon after of the decapitation of Mary Queen of Scots. Like Queen Hecuba, might not Queen Catherine ejaculate,

"Am I of iron, that I still survive?"

But she had more to endure ere she found repose. The princes of Lorraine felt the deadly wrong inflicted, and it roused them triply to hatred of heresy, whilst Spain prepared the Armada and her invading army under Parma.

This year, 1587, is noted by the grand victory of Coutras, where Henry of Navarre beat Joyeuse and the royal army, 20th October. Joyeuse, of whom all speak most highly, fell in the battle; and at the same time, on the other side, the

German reinforcement was cut off by the Duke of Guise. And further to balance: the Duke of Condé died in his bed, of sickness, and the King of Navarre rushed with his laurels to Corisande, the Countess of Grammont, and lost in dalliance the opportunity of victory.

We now enter the *annus mirabilis*, foretold by soothsayers as *mirabilissimus*, as climacterical—1588. It is also our last.

Guise and the Lorraines—especially the ladies, the Duchess-mother Nemours, the Duchess-sister Montpensier, and the Duchess, his wife—were beloved by the League. Henri III., whose conduct was puerile to a degree almost incredible, was despised. He had 2000 pet dogs, and carried pups on a tray slung before him; he constantly flagellated himself and walked barefooted in penitential processions; he danced at balls with death's heads and images pendant from his girdle; he had no self-control, and his actions were more swayed by opposition to others than by any policy or will of his own. Although he was sane enough to reign, he was insane; and he was crazy. He now, seized with hatred and jealousy, forbad Guise to approach Paris. On the 9th of May Guise entered from St. Denis. He sought Queen Catherine and kissed her hand. The Parisians heard and arose in ovation. The king was overwhelmed with fear and anger, and then and there resolved on the death of Guise; but he awaited the time to do it surely, and refused the offers of his courtiers, which were not wanting. "Go," he said to the Count de Guiche, "bid the queen, my mother, to condescend to conduct M. de Guise to the chamber of the queen, my wife." And he then intended to assassinate him there, at the feet of the queen Louise.

Queen Catherine, with her grand-daughter Christine, and the Duchess d'Uzez, in open sedans, with Guise walking bareheaded beside them, 11th March, sought the Louvre. He was worshipped as he went, and girls strewed flowers in

his path and called him their saviour. The queen mother was probably in agony; and Guise rebuked them, and bade them to cry—*Vive le Roi.* However, in the Louvre he was caught, and was only saved by the interposition of Catherine, who prevented the *word* being passed by the king; and Guise regained the street through the guards, who suffered him, lacking the word, to pass.

Guise sought the Louvre on the morrow, 12th March, but with 400 followers. He visited the queens. A conference was appointed for the afternoon. He attended the third time, and made his demands of the king:

1. The recognition of the Council of Trent.
2. Abolition of the Concordat of Francis I.
3. Exile of Epernon and favourites.
4. Reformation of the Orthodox faith.

And, finally, he pronounced an eulogium on the queen-mother.

It matters little what Henri replied; it was mainly that he hated equally Huguenots and Leaguers. But he prepared to arrest Guise in his own hotel, and was again too long about it, and would not give the word. Crillon, his captain, was in waiting. He brought more and more troops into Paris, which brought about the day of the *Barricades.* On the 12th March Guise, summoned to the Louvre, declined to obey. Then Crillon was ordered to act, but too late. Barricades met him at every point. Paris was in rebellion. The President, Tambouneau, sought the king, and entreated him to send away his soldiers, which Henri refused to do.

Again doth our peacemaker, Queen Catherine, seek the lion in his den—Guise in his hotel. The barriers yielded to her sedan. She parleyed with the populace, and they breached their barricades to her. Guise replied to her, that "the wit of man could not remedy that unhappy day; that it

was well known that the Bastile and death had been the sentenee upon himself." They retired together to an apartment, where she is said to have reproaehed him sternly, and required him instantly to cause the eitizens to submit; but they parted in anger. The Duchess of Montpensier then came forth like an inspired priestess—the soul of Marie Stewart had flitted into Catherine of Lorraine, and young D'Aumale, the ehief of ehivalry, by her side.

Then Henri III. resolved to quit Paris; and in vain did the queen mother plead and promise to try again on the morrow. Again on the morrow she went, and again the barricades were breaehed for the "good queen mother who made the peace;" but again was Guise obliged to eonfess that the eonflagration of men raged beyond his power to arrest it. In the meantime Henri fled to Rambouillet; angry, but eraven, and thoroughly undignified. The news of his flight was earried to Guise and Queen Catherine in the midst of their eonferenee. He eseorted her to her sedan, and through the barrieades and respeetful eitizens. She re-entered the Louvre; there was the Queen Louise, and there she was joined by the Duehesses of Nemours and Montpensier, 13th March.

On the knowledge of the flight Guise and D'Aumale rode out, and in twelve hours there was no sign of a barrieade. The keys of the Bastile were presented to Guise, and those of the Port St. Antoine and Paris were left in the possession of the Leaguers. Neither Catherine nor Queen Louise departed. The Duchess of Guise entered on the 17th, and took up her abode at Vineennes, with the Cardinal of Bourbon, Vendome, and the Prince of Joinville; whilst M. de Montpensier quitted his stepmother and the Lorraine for the Bourbon party, and is heneeforth found with Henri of Navarre.

In the month of May Guise was in full possession of Paris, with the Cardinal of Bourbon as the chief of the Bourbons;

and they changed the magistrates, and secured full twenty towns to the side of the Orthodox faith. To these proceedings Queen Catherine offered determined opposition, whilst Guise paid all the deference in his power to her personally. The parliament of Paris sent deputies to the king at Chartres. The meeting was decent, but hypocritical on both sides, both professing respect to the intentions of the other. The Leaguers wished to get the king back to Paris, and sent a procession of the Penitents, established by himself, to win him back. The absurd procession was scoffed at by the peers on Henri's side—Biron, Montpensier, and Crillon. The king sent messengers of his own to the parliament; and again a deputation was sent to Chartres. Guise induced the queen mother to go herself; but she had no influence with her son. She, his mother of seventy years, *stood*, as he received the deputation on his throne, when the king yielded to their demands, and dismissed the offensive Epernon, and granted hard terms against the Huguenots. Queen Catherine then asked her son to return to Paris, and received a blunt negative to the proposal. She returned alone, having in truth no influence with her son. Epernon fortified himself in Angoulême, and Montpensier succeeded him with the king, who in the month of June went to Rouen, whilst the queen-mother laboured on his behalf at Paris.

In July the *Edict of Union* was concluded by Catherine for the king, and the Duchess of Montpensier was the Ambassadress with her on the side of the League. It was all in favour of the Lorraine house personally, and of the League generally. It was signed, 21st July, by the king at Rouen; yielding to compulsion, but meditating revenge.

The Spanish Armada was floating by the shores of France, and it was pertinent to the matter that Mendoza lauded the edict.

On the 23rd July Henri quitted Rouen for Mantes, where the two queens rejoined him; and on the 26th he returned to Chartres, and Queen Catherine to Paris, she having obtained leave to present Guise and his party to the king.

Soon they appeared in their family grandeur; the Cardinal of Bourbon with fifty archers in splendid liveries, Guise with eighty cavaliers, and the queen mother with a regiment of the Guard. Henri received them in state. The queen-mother led Guise to kiss the royal hand, and Henri III. was gracious; he could dissemble without trouble. But after the duke's departure from the presence, private orders were given that none should visit the Guises.

On the 2nd August they dined together. The king indulged in badinage of the most cutting kind; he was as insolent as he dared to be, and Guise had to bear it with a sardonic grin. At this time the rumour of the Spanish Armada's conquest passed, prior to that of its defeat. Again did Catherine implore her son to revisit Paris, and received his reiterated refusal, speaking ever in the most cutting irony he could command. On the contrary, he declared his intentions to convoke the Estates at Blois at the close of September.

The Duke of Guise and the Duchess of Montpensier now consorted much with the king, he indulging in his cunning, and Guise being but a bad dissembler. The Duke of Epernon was nearly assassinated in his castle at Angoulême; and the last act we need adduce is that of King Henri dismissing the Chancellor Cheverny and appointing his own, Benoise, with every mark of disrespect to the queen mother, who was suffering from gout and affliction beneath these offensive proceedings of her son. Cheverny was reinstated by Henri IV.

The month of October arrived, and the Court assembled — a glorious Court; all the beauty and the chivalry

of more than two-thirds of France were there. On the 16th the members of the Estates met, and the sitting was opened with all the pomp of the occasion, Henri breathing Catholicism, but with sentences offensive to the Lorraines. Guise demanded the suppression of offensive passages, and Queen Catherine sided with him. Henri went mad with rage, but yielded to necessity, and with his own hands erased the passages. At the same time came news of the defection of the Duke of Savoy, husband to Queen Catherine's granddaughter, Catarina of Spain, who now sided with the League. The Estates then voted the excommunication of the King of Navarre, declared him incapable of the succession to the crown of France, and urged the confiscation of his duchies and his banishment from the realm. Henri refused.

Then was Christine of Lorraine married to Ferdinand, Duke of Tuscany; after which many of the ladies left the Court. On the 2nd December the question of finance and retrenchment came on, and again the king went mad with rage. The history of this time can be extended to any length by taking the many versions, but the facts are the sole things which will bear strict authentification. The facts are, that on Thursday, the 23rd, Guise was inveigled into the royal presence at Blois, to be assassinated as he went forth; which was successfully put into execution. The Cardinal of Bourbon was arrested in bed and imprisoned, so also was the Provost of Paris and several deputies. The next victim was the Cardinal of Lorraine, likewise murdered in cold blood. Beside the bed of the sick queen-mother did the Duchess of Nemours, the mother of the slain, and Henri, coming from his private chapel, meet to exchange reproaches. She and the Duchess D'Aumale (Mary of Lorraine) were imprisoned by Henri, regardless of the entreaties of all. The queen mother shut herself up in solitude, and refused watchers by her bedside. She heard mass on Christmas

Day in her room by the Cardinal Bishop of Paris. On New Year's Day she was carried to visit the old Cardinal of Bourbon; he wept, and embraced and kissed her passionately. She also wept, and vainly strove to utter words. She was carried thence to bed. On the next day, it is said, but erroneously, that she made her will; and so, speechless, she passed away, broken hearted, 5th Jan., 1589.

"Now doth she sit in widowhood alone,
Her husband and her sons and daughters gone,
Marbled in misery; the passing breeze
Moves not one lock of hair; the colour flees
Her bloodless countenance; the glazing eye
Fixed in its moistened lid, the passer by
Sees nought alive; the tongue takes stony root.
No gesturing arm, no forward speeding foot;
No pulse is in the vein, no mobile neck,
And all within—within is equal wreck;
She only weeps—still weeps."

Fable of Niobe.

CHAPTER IV.

HENRI IV.

Did the world improve with the demise of Catherine de Medici? Did an ameliorated reign follow when the incubus of her presence was removed? Nay, but the contrary: there was no longer a benignant queen mother to harbinger a peace. Did the remaining Henris, of whom we have yet enough, inaugurate an enduring system of peace and justice? Did they rectify manners and uphold sound morals? In fine, have we gained aught by loading our victim scape-goat with the sins of France, and consigning her to the sea of time, as the fomenter of all the evils which had occurred? The contrary is the case; though the hand was old and despised to which the helm was consigned in the storms, yet shipwreck followed the loss of that guiding hand, which had saved from the too apparent rocks and shoals on which they chose to wreck. Of the wretched Henri III. the tale is soon told—a fanatic monk (Clement his name) assassinated him, by dissimulation greater than his own—at St. Cloud, on the 1st August, 1589. About seven months after the assassinations at Blois, Henri III., the last of the Valois kings, yielded the army and throne to the first of the Bourbon kings, Henry IV., a man whom it has delighted the world to honour and applaud, succeeding to the fallen dynasty and vacated throne. The man who builds his house upon the sand is, pursuant to our Scriptures, a fool; Henri IV. was triply so, for he knew that he built a baseless fabric, and yet he preferred his lusts to his kingdom, his family and his life. There is an interval of twenty-one years when the

old wittol king, chasing to devour a young girl, the Princess of Condé, the bride, as his own mistress averred, of his own son, was cut off by the knife of Ravaillac, and left behind him the scene of chaos and confusion he had foreseen and foretold. There is nothing more irreconcileable with reason —how Elizabeth Tudor and Henri of Bourbon should bear away the applause and praises of the world, whilst Catherine de Medici and Charles Stewart depart laden with its blame, save upon the theory and hypothesis upon which we started, that the vices of the communities—the lust and rapine of the feudal powers, and the greed and luxury of the civic, required the scapegoat.

As it is not my intention to uphold the fame of Henry IV., but, on the contrary, severely to condemn it, there is no better mode of action than to adopt the Prognostic I find recorded by his enemies, of whom I am one, and believe it to be a true indictment of the base policy of his reign, and of its baseless foundation, The Prognostic is printed in the 'Memoires of Tavannes,' in the Collection of Petitot, xxv. p. 378., to which the collector appends his note to remark that it is "an exaggerated satire of his reign, although one needs confess that there is therein too much of too well founded reproach. The situation *penible* of that great prince, the temper (l'humeur) of his wife, excusing many faults." As Queen Marguerite was void of *humeur*, Queen Marie is the queen indicated, and her discontent is set forth as a sufficient plea to excuse all the iniquity of that Bearnese utterly disreputable human brute.

Prognostic of the times of Henri Quatre.—"Abase the princes and great all he can, hinder their alliances by marriage; especially with heiresses; keep them closely at court that they rebel not afar; forbid them to travel lest their reputation obscure his own. Court the army; but sow envy and quarrels in the ranks. Listen to spies of secretaries and

their pensionnaries, and so learn what they are about; wheedle their wives and relations, to learn what they say; bestow the gendarmerie on his children and bastards, and upstarts, to whom he may grant companies; grant nothing at the request of princes, nor to their dependents, keep them in poverty, and so force them to look out officers of the crown to do as the king wills; appoint no governors of provinces to have local authority; dismantle all the places possible, and give them all hostile governors; oppose lieutenants to governors, and sow seeds of hatred amidst them. After the Huguenots' plan, give each place three or four co-existent governors, Captain of the Castle, Governor of the Town, Sergeant Major, and Captain of the Garrison, so that he may always command one, and they always disagree; for one lieutenant-general to a province appoint four, to squabble; throw relations and allies to the winds. Fee the judges, and the more there be, the more certain to have a party in the people; diminish no subsidy, impost, taille, old or new, we need them for wars, and creep up, up, up, insensibly. Make men of low birth and no condition, Rosny, Villeroi, Sillery, Jeannin, and such like, counsellors of state, so that what the king wills none may dispute; let him appoint learned bishops, lest they fear that he hankers after Huguenots, and priors of Malta, &c., will be secure with free election from that cause, and good benefices will fall to his bastards; the nobility must be brought low; and not only shall duels be permitted, but his majesty shall excite and uphold quarrels; blood-letting is favourable to peace; favour the tiers état, provided nevertheless it injure not the imposts; the financiers, knowing they will be upheld, may rob more and more safely than ever. Hold on to both religions without setting them by the ears, and let him beware Huguenot disputes; give no worthy party either place or profit; spy in the provinces and have tools stipendiary to lie perdue; pay only tools and

enemies he dreads; but he will ever be in fear of civil war. Maintain Swiss and pay *them*. War with Flanders and Spaniards until their republic be strong and a thorn in the side of Spain. Pay the Huguenots good pensions, both ministry, and *grands;* keep Lesdiguières and Bouillon in good hope. Spend a million crowns warring with Spain annually, and when the States make peace with Spain, let the king pay the garrisons. Down with all fortifications at home, the power of France consists of her nobility and cavalry, and by no means in citadels. The king shall plunge into amours and plurality of women, by means of cash, and for heirs and successors. Re-establish Jesuits, for fear of their knives and to prove his Catholicity; divide the Huguenots in three—royalists, governors, and ministers; oppose them secretly one to the other, and let not one know what the other receives. Remove all faithful patriots or employ them otherwise. Throw dust into the eyes of the Pope touching the Huguenots; tell him you only deceive *them*, on the other hand, tell them you only deceive him. Make preparation for war, and spread fearful reports. Lodge the cash in the Bastille, with lots of arms against the rising of the oppressed."

We must dismiss the twenty-two years of Henri IV., to see the result in his successor. Unlike Queen Catherine, who made progresses equally through the peaceful provinces and the barricades of Paris, which opened to their well-beloved queen mother, and through which she passed escorted by both sides, Henri, as also Queen Elizabeth of England, continually and loudly complain of the never-ceasing attempts upon their lives; and the lists of deaths and imprisonments of the last years of either reign are frightful and appalling. Queen Elizabeth's is horrible: the lists include the names of their best followers—Biron and Essex. In many other instances might Henri and Elizabeth com-

pare in parallel. He was a borrower of money and she was a lender; but with this proviso, that she receive a security, which she held fast and transmitted to her successor. Henri spent his revenues as quickly as Sully created them; palaces and parks, mistresses and hounds, swallowed up sums he dreamed not of until Sully charmed his ears with bidding him guess "how much," and adding "more and more." We may almost dismiss the king in the minister, who has also written the condemnation of both in his heart-flaying memoirs. Sully portrays himself as a detective, bully, pandar, and cheat. We have scenes with both Queen Elizabeth and King James, whom he came over to entrap and beguile, complaining with absurd inconsistency of the bad faith of the English ministers in trying to deceive him. But as Sully could see through brick walls and oaken planks, and all hearts were open to him, I see not what cause he had to exclaim so loudly as he vents his despair of complaint that he cannot cheat unchecked. His memoires are too well known to need citing. I wish in the restricted space of this work to give a specimen of each of the actors, that from the specimen we may get a view of the man. Book xxiii. 1606, gives us a scene of Henri's life and manners. He had been scattering money in jewels and in play; a 1200 crown jewel to one lady, 85504 livres to Madlle. de Beuil, and 2000 pistoles at play; when, having passed these accounts, Sully visits and awaits with Madame de Guise until Henri returns from the chase.

Towards midday he returned extremely well satisfied in gaiety of humour, which his good health and happy advices contributed to increase; he entered the great hall holding the partridges in his hands, and cried to Coquet, "Coquet, Coquet, you must not complain of Rochelaure Thermes and me for want of a dinner, we have brought the needful for a feast, but go get them dressed; let eight

be reserved for my wife and me; Bonneval shall take them to her, and shall tell her that I am going to drink her health, but take care and keep those birds that are torn by the hawks; there are three very fat, which I took myself, scarcely torn.

After the dinner Sully entered from the Duchess of Guise. "You have made haste, you cannot have come from the arsenal," said Henri. I told him where I had dined. "Ah, if they follow your counsels, as they say they will do, they will never do an injury to my person or state." "Sire," returned I, "your majesty says this in a manner so unreserved that I see you are in a good humour, and better satisfied with me than you have been these fifteen days." "I have not," said Henri with great gaiety, "found myself so light and so easy these three months; I mounted my horse without help, my hawks have flown and my greyhounds run well. I have taken many young partridges and three hares; my lost hawk is retrieved; I have a good appetite, have eaten excellent melons, I have dined off excellent fat quails: from Provence I hear that the sedition at Marseilles is quelled; the season is fruitful, my people rich if I suffer exportation of corn; the Prince of Wales promises me friendship; I have reconciled the Pope and the Venetians; the King of Sweden is all right with his subjects; the Landgrave of Hesse acquires friends; Spaniards and Flemings are brought low, and I must needs be their mediator, and the arbitrator of Christendom. Behold me, surrounded by all these (all sycophants, the Jesuit Father Cotton was one) of whose affections I am assured, and who are capable to amuse me; and when we have dined, then to satisfy all if reason and justice can do it."

Then the conversation turned upon his person and upon his great qualities, and upon his good fortune. "It would be difficult," said I, "to find better judges than they were."

He confessed that all their praises did not destroy his consciousness that he had many faults, for his miserable moments had surpassed his happy ones. I maintained that I had been a witness that he enjoyed less tranquillity in peace than in war. "Rosny," he replied, "put that upon paper, that I may show it to incredulous persons." . . . The queen entered; the king, rising from table, went to meet her, saying: "Well, my dear, were not the melons, partridges, and quails I sent you very good; if your appetite has been as keen as mine you have dined extremely well. I never ate so much as I have to-day, or was ever in a better humour. Ask Rosny, he will tell you the occasion, the news received, and the conversation we have had." The queen was also cheerful. "How charmed I am to see you in this humour, my dear; I beseech you let us always live together in this manner."

It is difficult to write of these disreputable men with sentiments and sensuality as frivolous as they are disgraceful. There were no nobles present; he was surrounded by sycophants, and stuffing himself with quails, melons, and flattery, with which, in despite of a good constitution, he is constantly harming himself. The nobility are all fled; we find the Duchess of Guise (the widowed Catherine of Cleves) there affording a haven of rest to both Sully and Henri, an oasis in the desert. The prognostic is a true bill; his court was a brothel and haunt of pandars from which good men fled. Sully had the bull-dogging of them: he had at one time three on him at once—Henriette, De Moret, and Des Essarts, and the place was a hell from which Sully relieved him by fitting up the arsenal for his *menu plaisirs*, and laying out rouleaux for him to lose at dice and cards. Sully treated him as an Irishman treats his pig—lures him on by dropped peas and beans the way he wished him to go, or as a spoilt child who could only be kept quiet by sweetmeats.

To write of Henri IV. and omit his harem is not possible; it is a subject-matter which thrusts itself forward; it is also of consequence because it has cast its malignant shade on the prior court of Queen Catherine, and on that magnificent galaxy of dames who, I am assured, deserve all praise and admiration.

Both the queens of Henri are condemned for their *humeur* for not acquiescing joyfully at the breed of *bâtards*, and it is laid as blame to their charge that they condemned and resented it. It is difficult to reason on a point when such premisses are laid down, subversive of all our moral notions of right and wrong. But pursuant to Sully and Perefixe it was utterly unreasonable either in Marguerite of Valois or Marie de Medici to resent a state of things as disgusting as it was pernicious and brutal. The amount of mental misery that Henri caused by his vicious lust is beyond the reach of calculation. High-spirited and, by nature, noble souls, Gabrielle and Henriette were torn from their promised husbands; they and Jacqueline de Beuil and Charlotte des Essarts were the four by whom he had acknowledged and titled issue to rebel against his lawful son. He lured two abbesses from their spheres, the Abbess of Montmartre and the Abbess de Poissy, whilst he besieged Paris, and cast them back disgraced. He had, at the age of sixteen, Mad. de Guiche, and the famed Corisande, in his mother's court; and afterwards Mlle. Dayelle in his sister's court; poor little Fosseuse in his wife's court; and, as it is thought and said, Mad. de Sauve in his mother-in-law's court; besides which he chased the sisters—the younger sisters—of both Gabrielle and Henriette, and was only repelled by vigilance and force by the fathers and brothers, and he was slain whilst on the determined savage pursuit of the Princess of Condé, who found a refuge with the Archduchess Clara Eugenie, granddaughter of Queen

Catherine; when the knife of Ravaillac stopped the vile chase she was only seventeen. La Fosseuse was but fourteen, and all these children were dazzled at the presumed splendour of the position of mistress, and would have been pleased to have added to the number of his victims, and shared in the spoil of the cost. The child La Fosseuse bore him a son at fourteen, and imagined herself the mother of the future king of Navarre—so she aspired in thought. But although she was not thrust forth, like Hagar, into the desert, by Queen Marguerite, yet, as we never hear again of her or of her child, I think her name is ominous of her fate and end, and she hugs her child in their early grave.

Madame de Sauve is evidently a woman of quite another stamp than a sensual one. We find her an honoured lady of the court from youth to age; the wife of De Sauve, and subsequently of De Nourmetier, and reputed to have charmed Anjou, Alençon, Henri of Navarre, and Guise. This is a little *trop fort*, and upsets all ethics of love and gallantry. Marguerite rightly called her a Circe. Circe punished sensuality, as in the companions of Ulysses. We find no fighting of gallants or cutting of throats in the apartments of Madame Nourmetier, but all run there for intellectual political advices. Sully writes of her and Madame d'Uzez, "they were better acquainted with the Queen-Mother's intentions than any others, and loved me so tenderly, they called me *son fils*." Her superiority was in intellect, and in her position at court; and therein lay the homage which so many paid to her, and she lost no fame save in the malevolence of those who hated, or who envied her and maligned her.

There was that wonderful lady, Chateauneuf, who was the morgenatic mistress of Henri III., but who was deposed when he accepted the crown of Poland, and when he wedded Louise of Vaudemont of Lorraine. The story of this dame is a caution to gallants, and may show that love is not with-

out danger in the courts of kings. Turenne was assigned to her, of whom he records what he intended to be gratefully—that from her he learnt all that a nobleman needed for a courtier's career. He writes that the Marechal d'Anville assigned him to her for instruction—"whom I served as diligently as my liberty and youth permitted. I was desirous to please and to remember as much as my tutor permitted. She returned my care, and pointed out to me all that I did uncourtly and uncivil, and that with the native gravity of her disposition, and none other so aided and instructed me in courtly manners as did she. I cannot disapprove this custom, since thus the courtier only sees and does praiseworthy deeds" (It is the Calvinist noble who is recording this); "and to avoid uncourtly manners. Those who followed not this custom were considered to be badly instructed and of a clumsy conversation. Since then there has been effrontery, scandals, and freedoms of speech which has thrust forth virtue and modesty;" to wit, under Henri IV. and his pandar-general Sully. This lady was beloved by Henri III. when Anjou; it was the equivalent to morgenatic marriage he accorded her, and departing for Poland he attempted to assign her in marriage to the Sieur de Castellaine, who declined the honour. It is related that this virago, meeting him on the highway, revenged the slight by riding over and horsewhipping him. She subsequently married one Antinotti, and him she killed with her own hand for presumed infidelity to her. On his return from Poland Henri III. would have placed this fierce amazon by the side of his queen Louise, when again the aid of the Queen-Mother was invoked, and the fair lady obliged to withdraw from the court.

Bussy d'Amboise, who had borne Queen Marguerite's colours, was likewise slain in a midnight adventure; and these instances are only cited to show what these ladies were like, and not to be lightly regarded:—

"Unblest the man who listens to their song,
In verdant meads they sport—but widely round
Lie human bones that bleach upon the ground—
Fly that polluted shore."

But the real king of the position was Sully. He "and his king" banished and expelled the nobles, and planted himself and his family and friends in their stead. He was brazen-browed, and refused no work, whether to coerce Catherine de Bourbon to wed with the heir of Lorraine and resign Soissons; whether to treat with Queen Marguerite for the divorce they desired; whether to purchase or pay-off mistresses, or to betray Biron at home, or bamboozle Queen Elizabeth and King James abroad. Whether to turn out all the farmers of revenue, and interpolate himself, or to depose the marshals and capture Montemelier in their very despite. For a score of years this man was all in all: a thorough mole, working secretly even with the king, and hiding the amount of treasure (forty millions of livres, in 1610) even from Henri himself. Are not his memoires written? and does he not accuse the nobles of arrogance and pride; and Queen Elizabeth, Cecil, and King James, in their turns, of deceit? I will confine myself to three anecdotes of him: 1st, his choice of his first wife; 2nd, his treatment of the ladies of honour when his guests; 3rd, his interview and treaty with King James. He disappears from the scene in 1611, and all the castles in the air in which he was indulging left but their wrack behind. He was too great to lie in a single tomb. One monument records, "Here lie the bowels of the most high, most puissant, and most illustrious lord, Maximilian de Bethune, Duke of Sully, Peer and Marshal of France." Another tomb records his many titles.

"The Turk that two and fifty kingdoms hath
Writes not so tedious a style as this."

Talbot and Marlborough—Wolsey and Mazarin—mate not his titles; nor, *quœre*, his wealth. He lived until his eighty-second year, and his duchess, Rachel de Cochfilet, lived until the age of ninety-seven, managing her estates, working tapestry, and washing altar-linen with her own hands.

In his choice of his wife—this is his own recital:—"Obliged by the nature of the employment I had undertaken to frequent the court (sad Calvinist), and in the prime of strength and age, it is not strange that I should pay the accustomed tribute to love. I became violently enamoured of the daughter of the president, St. Mesmin, one of the most beautiful ladies in France; at first I wholly abandoned myself to the delightful passion, and when afterwards reflecting that the alliance was not convenient for me, I would have stifled it, I was unable to do so when opposed by the friendship of the family, the esteem of the father, and the charms of the daughter; nor could I alone have broken the charm. La Fond (his valet), to divert my purpose, proposed to me to visit Mlle. de Courtenay, to whom he wished me to sue, as a *partie* more suitable. I saw her, approved the choice, but Mlle. de St. Mesmin destroyed the wise reflections. One day, at St. Nogent on the Seine, with La Fond, at an inn, chance conducted thither both Mlle. de St. Mesmin and Mlle. de Courtenay: this was a delicate conjuncture. I considered it impossible to leave without breaking for ever with that lady to whom I did not go first; and in such cases no artifice or address could satisfy them both. Mlle. de St. Mesmin's younger sister found me on the stairs absorbed in reflection, endeavouring to reconcile reason with love. With all the vivacity of her wit she strove to draw me to her sister's feet. La Fond approached and whispered in my ear, "Turn to the right, Monsieur; you will find a large estate, regal extraction, equal beauty." These words, so

seasonably uttered, fixed my wavering purpose. I was convinced in two years the beauty of the one would equal that of the other. I sent an excuse for not visiting Mlle. de St. Mesmin, which drew upon me great reproaches; but I sustained the assault, visited Mlle. de Courtenay, who valued the sacrifice at full price. I applauded myself and . . . we were married." And as the rule almost of such early marriages, we find her die five years subsequently. He then married a widow, Madame de Chateaupers, who survived him, and lived to ninety-seven years.

The small respect he showed to ladies shows itself constantly, as well as the coarseness of his own mind. He had the honour to receive the king and Queen Marie on her entry into Paris, when he remarks—"A young man named Concini, and a young girl called Leonora Galigai, accompanied her. The king next day brought the queen and all the court to the arsenal to dine with me. The queen was attended by all her Italian ladies, who, being pleased with the wine of Arbois, drank more of it than was requisite. I had some excellent white wine that was as clear as rock water. I ordered some decanters to be filled with it, and when the ladies asked for water to temper the burgundy they were presented with this liquor. The king suspected by their gaiety that I had played them a trick,"

The third anecdote is of deeper import. Sully had, in 1601, crossed over to England for the purpose of ferreting the intentions of Queen Elizabeth. At her death he again crossed and had an interview, 23rd June, with James, and thanked him that it was without reserve and without witnesses that he was so admitted, when in fact each hoped to ferret out and circumvent the other. But James rather hit him too hard by requiring repayment of the loans, and by putting off the discussion until the 29th, but which afforded Sully an interim interview with Cecil, on the 27th, when

Cecil was the speaker. Sully, who thought himself open and candid when he was most secret and plotting, avers that he was instantly sensible of the secretary's artifice; but Cecil replied that he had no surreptitious designs, &c. Sully proceeded: "I gave Cecil to understand, by smiling at his last words, that he had laid his snare for me in vain;" and adds, "that they thanked him for the sincerity with which he had spoken." So did this war of wits commence, and Sir Robert Cecil was the sharper witted of the two.

On the 29th the conversation was resumed. James and Sully dining together, with Beaumont only present, when James spoke of the late Queen of England with some sort of contempt, and averred that he had long governed; directing the council and the ministers, by whom he had been better served and obeyed than she had been. Sully next saw the Hollander Barnevelt and Cecil together. "I told Barnevelt that he should have been careful to have asked only what could be granted, and I asked Cecil, in a manner somewhat peremptory, what were the real intentions of his master on the point. . . . I was very dissatisfied at his purposely evading the state of the question, and anticipating difficulties; but I concealed my indignation, &c. . . . Cecil in this conference showed what he really was, using only double expressions, vague proposals, and false meanings, the moderation and sincerity with which I opposed his subtleties put him to confusion." But Cecil hit Sully harder still when he wanted back the Elizabethan loan; there was no subtlety there.

Sully then had a third audience in private with the king. I complained to him of his ministers, and told him it was more advantageous to confer with him personally than with his council. Moreover, he complained of the demand to repay the loan; that it was sad, after having filled sheets of eulogy to Henri, to have to write in the contrary style. He

adds—"It was no difficult matter to inspire the king with a diffidence of his ministers."

"I thought I plainly perceived that, from the praises I had lavished upon him, or the diffidence I had evinced, that he was in the favourable disposition I required. I therefore broached my subject with some general hints of a project by which, with his assistance, the peace of Europe might be secured. 'Well, sir,' said James, 'I will break off my party for the chase, and hear you to the end.'"

I resumed the discourse—that a man holding the places and honours which I held never quitted his post without urgent occasion. That my commission was only to require an union between England and France; but from the fame of the genius and abilities of King James, I had resolved to discourse with him on matters infinitely more considerable. I could not reveal it without exposing myself to ruin, unless he would engage by the most solemn oath to keep it a secret. James, who listened to me with profound attention, hesitated at taking the oath, but endeavoured to discover the subject without doing so; but failing, he gave me at last the most sacred and solemn of oaths. I mean that of the Holy Sacrament.

Here are two as pretty noodles as ever made fools of one another sitting in conclave—one open-mouthed, and the other full of his own self-conceit and wisdom. This is the man who has complained of the insincerity of the council, and who was all honour and probity himself. Let me draw a precis of Sully's notions and proposal, for they are sufficiently foolish and amusing for a fairy tale, and such as is told by a septuagenarian nurse to a three-year-old child. It is, in two words, to remodel Europe.

By an alliance between England, France, and Holland to drive Austria from French borders and to lower her power, therefore to propitiate by the spoil the Duke of Savoy and the princes of Germany. To create Savoy into a kingdom,

and to divide Bohemia, Austria, Hungary, Moravia, and Silesia, re-estalishing their ancient privileges; and that the pope might be gained by granting him the property of those countries of which he only possessed the feodality:—

That France should retain no conquests.

That Europe is divided into two factions—Catholic and Protestant.

The Catholic—Spain, Spanish Flanders, part of Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, Italy, Florence, Ferrara, Mantua, Modena, Parma, Geneva, and Lucca; besides Jesuits and Catholics everywhere.

The Protestant — France, England, Scotland, Ireland, Denmark and Sweden, Venice and the United Provinces. Parts of Germany, omitting Poland, Prussia, Muscovy, Livonia, and Transilvania, because they are checked by the Turks.

That Spain, with the East and West Indies, was enormous, although the New World divided her power.

The Pope is in real servitude to Spain, and the Jesuits only falsely aid him, and

The Emperor hates him.

That Hungary, Bohemia, and Austria are empty names exposed to the Turk; besides the Emperor was soon going to die.

That Germany and Switzerland wished to cast off his yoke and peculate his realms.

Where is the prince, jealous of glory, who would refuse to ally with France, England, Sweden, and Denmark combined? Queen Elizabeth had averred that nothing could resist those four powers in alliance.

Then for the acts and deeds to be done.

To chase Spain from Flanders, and erect a free and independent republic, easily effected; that they should comprehend Liège, Juliers, and Cleves, secure this triangle from Spain, and coerce the towns by threats to submit.

But France and England must keep clean hands, and therefore—

Franche-Compté, Alsace, and Tirol must fall to the Switzers.

The Duke of Savoy should have Lombardy erected into a kingdom.

The kingdom of Naples should be given to the Pope as convenient to him.

Sicily, Istria, and Friuli to the Venetians.

Then for the means; that the proposition did not admit of such frivolous considerations as the debts of France and Flanders to England. . . . "I touched James in his most sensible part—his ambition to immortalize his memory and to be brought into comparison with Henri."

This statement took up four hours. James embraced Sully. James then took the wise precaution of equally insisting on secrecy, "or even putting on paper certain things which upon this occasion he revealed to me, and which I therefore suppress."

The weary and impatient ministers were then called in, and we are called upon to credit the following as what occurred. James reproached Cecil in very strong terms for having, in word and actions, acted contrary to his commands. "Cecil, I command you, without any reply or objection, in conformity to this my design, to prepare the necessary writings according to which I will then give the *dexter* (oath by the right hand) and all assurances to the ambassadors of Messieurs the States. Then, turning to me, and taking me by the hand he said, "Well, M. Ambassadeur, are you now perfectly satisfied with me?"

It is some relief to the reader to learn in the next chapter that this was done solely of Sully's own head. It is consolatory to look on it like a trance or Sibyl leaves. We have another interview to bamboozle us of the "frivolous con-

sideration" of the debts owing to us for the privilege of readjusting the boundaries of Europe, and chasing from the confines of France such petty potentates as Spain and the Emperor, and placing stronger in their stead. Sully in his fool's paradise goes and prepares the form for a treaty. It is a complicated matter, but hovers over the debt owed by France to England. If Flanders were attacked, England to provide the men and France the money, deducting from the debt owed to England. If England should be attacked France to aid her, deducting the cost from the debt. If France, England to aid and to forego the debt, and England to furnish a fleet to harass the West Indies and Spain; all payments of debts to be suspended, and each power to defray its own expenses in case of a general war.

Having succeeded in winning the private ear, Sully machinated to win back the debt owing to England, which James signed, Sully complaining at the same time of the chicanery of British statesmen.

The moral of this tale is very effective. Sully wanted four years to raise the means, which, as fast as he raised them, Henri spent on mistresses, dogs, and hunting boxes, until in the last year of Henri's life he, instead of attaching his neighbours, was attached by the Emperor, who chose to consider the duchy of Cleves as a male fief belonging to the empire. When Sully urged him to go to war to repel the advance of the emperor on the boundaries, Henri ejaculated, "Ah, if I had but money enough." "How much do you think you have, sire?" replied I. "Have I twelve millions?" "A little more," said I. "How, fourteen?" Going on by two millions at a time, I answering "a little more" till he came to thirty millions, when he embraced me in a transport of joy," and Sully told him that he had forty millions—very likely he had more, for Sully could not have told all the truth, it was contrary to his

nature. So to war they went, or Sully went himself, the dictator. Vendome and Sully's son squabbling, and Henri commanding them to love one another and act in unison. They waited for the springtide of 1611. Sully striking his annual medal, *Suo se pondere fulcit.* Henri opened his cabinet, and showed the medals to Soissons and the Cardinal of Joyeuse, who straightway flattered Sully for his *belles-lettres*, "seldom found united with the complete statesman and soldier."

On the 15th March all was ready under a Sully administration. My son put himself at the head of the train of artillery, "such as France had never before seen, and perhaps never will again." I prepared to follow with eight millions of money, my brother was to be sent to Rome. And all unknown names are sent here and there, whilst all the old French nobility stay behind with the queen, who was named regent, and with much difficulty screwed her coronation from Henri ere he departed, which was to have been performed on the 16th May, the malicious world averring that he was going to war to recover the Princess of Condé, when the king foregoing his usual *ventre St. Gris*, swore "*by God* that he would have her back; no one can or shall hinder it, not even God's lieutenant upon earth." At the ceremony of the coronation no man cried God save the king when the largesse was scattered. Henri's soul is expressed as foreboding of his doom; the old nobility were all aloof, Sully's sycophants surrounded him, and on the 17th, at 4 o'clock, the knife of Ravaillac changed the programme. Henri was murdered.

So died Henri IV., who has left his name conjoined with the epithet the Great. He obtained that from Roman Catholic France, because he renounced Calvinism for the orthodox church, and because in unwillingly according the Edict of Nantes he did it in conjunction with re-

establishing the Jesuits, whom he upheld to keep the Huguenots in check. We accord him the epithet, because we associate his name with Calvinism, and because he was the political associate, so long as it suited us, of Queen Elizabeth's administration. Thus he gains his title from opposite causes, in which he deceived and disappointed all sides. He suffered during his reign misrule to run riot. Duels, satires, libels, infidelities, murders, had a licensed reign of ten years. The law of Leviticus and Deuteronomy was put in force inexorably for breach of marriage vows, sorcery and brutality among the people; and dire were the instances of private hate and revenge and murder which under these heads fell on the population of Paris. He left a chaos of misrule behind him, and the revocation of the edict of Nantes, which belongs to Louis XIV., was conjoined with the suppression of the Jesuits and the repeal of the cruel laws of witchcraft, sorcery, and abomination. Religion had not one iota to do with the matter of the Edict, or its revocation; both were political not religious steps. Neither is it possible to trace in the general and exaggerated stories of the time the amount of beneficence or suffering caused by either step. The reign of Louis XIV. is a sufficient guarantee that no soldier, artizan, or peasant would have been chased from France, neither would they have willingly quitted France in the zenith of her glory; we know that the bands of the Huguenots, then called Camisards, were conquered by Villars, and that Le Cavalier, their chief, refuged and died in Chelsea.

CHAPTER V.

MARIE DE MEDICI.

The regency of Queen Marie de Medici is very nearly the counterpart, as queen mother, of the regency of Queen Catherine: the elements of both the reigns coincide, and the like difficulties were cast in the path of both. First was the mistaken injunction of their departed husbands to uphold the Jesuits, and at the same time to keep the Guises down. The Jesuits were to counterbalance the Huguenots in the state, and the tribe of *bâtards* to counterbalance the dreaded Guises. To these blunders of Henri II. and Henri IV. may mainly be attributed the ills that overwhelmed their widows, for in both instances the Guises were the sole adherents ever true to the throne, whilst the Huguenots were the first to invade the feeble throne, and to plunder, if unable to subvert it. It may roundly be asserted that obedience to the jealous fears of their lords was the main rock on which the queen mothers wrecked: the faithful dogs chased away, the fold was thrown open to the wolves.

Henri IV. is recorded to have addressed his wife, when she resented his addressing her as Madame la regente; he replied, thus: "You are right to wish that our years may be coequal, for the end of my life will be the commencement of your trouble. You wept because I whipped your son too severely, but hereafter you will weep for his miseries more than your own. My mistresses displease you, but they will trouble you more when I am gone. I foresee, marking your firm disposition, and foreseeing his, that hereafter you will come to extremities." He then enunciated his pernicious counsels; of which, it may shortly be said, the dogmas were as bad as they could be.

1st. Not to change her ministry.
2nd. Not to trust to external aid.
3rd. To respect the rights of the Parliament.
4th. To control her temper.
5th. To respect the Jesuits.
6th. To subject the nobles.

He proposed Christine of Lorraine for his son's, Louis XIII., wife, and despite the bluster of his *droit de naissance*, he forced his alliances with that house through great cruelty, his sister Catherine with the Duke de Bar, and young Vendome with Mlle. de Mercœur. The Salique law troubled him as it multiplied the daughters and grandsons of the Valois-Lorraines whom he feared. He also imposed his daughter Verneuil on the House of Montmorenci, and commended the whole to his sycophant ministry—Sully, Villeroi, Sillery, and Jeannin.

This bequest opens with a first injunction not to change her ministry. We will let Sully tell his own tale, which with the crushing remarks of Richelieu, and the banter of L'Etoile—crush the fame of the upstart and speak trumpet-tongued in favour of the murdered Biron; whose forty-two wounds did not save him from the block, nor Sully's forty-two manors and titles hold him one instant to his master's house. "Give me my cloak and boots, saddle my best horses, for I will not use a coach, and bid my gentlemen hold themselves in readiness to accompany me." Attended by 150, he met messengers from the Court, urging his attendance; but as he went billets were thrust into his hands, bidding him to beware of treachery, to take care of himself. "My train had now increased to 300 horse. . . . I stopped short, and after consulting with my chief followers, I thought it most prudent to return and send my duty and service to the queen. Assuring her that I would attend to the Arsenal and Ordnance; re-entering the Rue St. Antoine,

a messenger from the queen entreated me to go instantly to the Louvre with few attendants on matters of moment. This proposition to go alone to the Louvre to put myself in the hands of my enemies, did not remove my suspicions; besides I learnt that an *exempt* with archers, had been sent to the Arsenal and the Temple—where was the powder, and some to the Exchequer to stop all monies there. I drew so unfavourable an augury that I did not hesitate on my answer to the queen. She sent again Messieurs. . . . and after them my brother. I was perplexed by this importunity, my suspicions were increased, *I was resolute not to go.* I was in no physical condition. . . . I was in a sweat. . . . my garments were wet. I changed my shirt and went to bed, when I reached the Bastille where I resolved to remain until the morrow. The Constable and the Duke of Epernon visited me, offering their services, and from their manner I deemed I might visit the queen without running any danger. I yielded to their proposals to visit the Louvre on the morrow with few followers. Three hundred awaited my coming out—all either relations, friends, or adherents afraid to quit me too precipitately. I thanked them and explained why I went with my domestic train of twenty only. . . . When I came into the queen's presence, we broke into tears: she ordered the young king to be brought in: I remember not what words we said, but we closely embraced. 'My son,' said the queen mother, 'love M. de Sully, he was one of the best and truest servants of your father. I entreat him to serve you as he did him.' But Sully knew that all protestations were unreal, and that the nobles hated him and his."

The morning after the assassination the Parliament met; the queen was declared Regent, and the king held his first bed of justice to confirm the nomination. "I made every excuse I could think of to avoid it, and feigned myself ill and in bed; but I was obliged to give the queen this satis-

faction for she importuned me incessantly. Thither he went but took no part, save marshalling all in due rank, and the queen was proclaimed with no dissentient voice."

The queen strictly adhered to her husband's injunctions, save as to Conchini and Eleanor, his wife; she called up the ministry of Henri IV., including the Jesuit Father Cotton, to her secret council; but to the public council the peers were summoned. Oil and vinegar, where Jeannin "loud and obstinate," begins to rat to the nobles. And Sully perceived with an intuitive eye that his reign was over. "One of my people, Arnaud, had the insolence to say to me that I did wrong to afflict myself; that the sums in the exchequer would no more be wasted in buildings, gaming, dogs, birds, and mistresses. I called him, in my emotion, base, threatened to strike him, and banished him my presence."

The Count of Soissons, with Conchini, opened the rebellion, and in the council, notwithstanding the countenance of the queen, Sully finds himself fallen. "I returned home full of grief, I said to Madame de Sully that we were about to fall under the dominion of Spain and the Jesuits. I was in a profound reverie all dinner time. The Bishop of Montpelier visited me in secrecy, and I let him out by a private door. I have heard more news. I told my wife—a council has been held at the nuncio Ubaldini's; they condemned, they scorned, the designs of the deceased king, and they treated me no better. It was resolved to change the proposals and alliances, to address the Pope and be guided by him, to ally with Spain and down with the Huguenots." "If I am wise I shall imitate the beaver, resign my posts, and employments—withdraw my money or what I can redeem of it, purchase some strong castle in a distant province, and hold the remainder for the exigencies which will happen."

"Whilst we were conversing, the Duke of Rohan, the two Bethunes, my brother, my cousin, my son, and some of my

intimate friends entered, to whom I imparted my intelligence and my resolution. They maintained the intelligence to be untrue that I was about to take a step ungrateful to the State, the late king, my benefactor, and his children. "Is it your desire," said I, "that I should sacrifice myself for the public, my family, and my friends? for I see plainly your advice springs from your self interests. I will do so, since you desire it; but mark this concession will do you no good, whilst it will bring trouble, loss, and disgrace on me. I will show you how."

He resolved to send Arnaud to Conchini to offer his services to co-operate with him. Arnaud was to tell Conchini he, Sully, bore him no ill will for his good fortune, and that he held with the queen the like position I had held with the late king: that it was an event ordered by Providence. . . . that I was sincerely disposed to unite myself with him, and I offered him my friendship, and requested his. "Go, I said, to Arnaud, and deliver my message, I am much deceived if these gentlemen do not find by the answer that there is nothing for me to expect." Arnaud returned in an hour, and began to cry up the praises of Conchini. "Tell me plainly, for I could not contain my passion, what you and he said to one another." Shaking his head, and smiling malignantly, he answered, that entering Conchini's, he met the President Jeannin, and his own brother Arnaud coming out, but that they did not address one another. He was introduced to Conchini by one Vincense, who said, "What, Monsieur Arnaud, are you come to visit me?" when he made him the compliment and delivered the message. Here Arnaud stopped; but resumed; that Conchini appeared to give little attention to his words. He replied in bad French and proud accent, "How! M. Arnaud, the Duke of Sully expects to govern the affairs of France as he did in the late king's time? The queen now rules; I would advise him to

be guided by her will, for my wife and self we need no assistance or favour. We have faithfully served the queen, and she esteems us." . . . My company who had not expected an answer so rude and insolent stared upon one another, but did not utter a word. "Well gentlemen," said I, "do you think I can possibly keep my appointments with honour, or continue at the head of affairs?" The Prince of Condé then entered Paris at the head of 1500 horse. Sully veered from the Jesuits to the Huguenots again; but the queen cast cold looks on his proposal to treat with the prince; that was to disobey her husband on two of the dogmata, namely, to obey the Parliament and to uphold the Jesuits; and the third dogma, to hold by the Sullyites, was sliding from beneath her. Sully met the prince and attended him to the gates of the Louvre—when he returned to the Arsenal: and the queen was really terrified at the ominous union of Condé and Sully, with the materiel of the Arsenal and the forty millions in his hands.

Sully was next summoned upon the matter of the expedition to Cleves, when Conchini, Soissons, and Bouillon, let him talk on, as one to whom they scorned to betray their designs. After a few squabbles and quarrels at Court, Sully set off for his impregnable hold of Montrond on the Loire. "I carefully concealed my design of not returning to Paris, and my resolution was confirmed by a violent illness—when I arrived there, only attributable to the trouble of my heart for the last four months. Here to calm my mind I composed two bits of poetry, a parallel between Cæsar and Henri le Grand; the second, an Adieu to the Court."

Sully, departed from the Court, records, that Villeroi, Sillery, and Jeannin, seized with consternation and fear, were treated even as himself. The queen-mother then commanded his presence at the coronation, and to account

for his employments. And he returned as commanded to see the order of things reversed. Sully now discovers—I must give it verbatim—he found "a thousand schemes on foot to render the people miserable, instead of applying the treasures amassed by the late king to their relief, as in justice ought to have been done since the circumstances of affairs were so changed that the design for which they were raised could not be executed," in short, Sully and Henri might amass, but none other save Henri and Sully. Queen Marie made one more effort to draw him from his retreat, when she gave him leave to resign, which he did, walking off with a donation of 300,000 livres, free from the fifth and the tenth penny, and duty to the Order of the Holy Ghost, from which his Majesty was desirous I should be exempted. So exeunt Sully and his household tribe; whilst Richelieu remarks :—"ordinarily the fall of a great man is the fall of a *party*; but the fall of this colossus was of himself alone." For the Council, Jeannin, Sillery, and Villeroi, all ratted and joined with Conchini against the Colossus and his sons and brothers. His titles, estates, revenues, and cash, are unfathomable, he has recorded them in the 29th and 30th of his chapters; we only comprehend that they were immense.

Thus did Henri's kingdom revert to its elements, they plundered the amassed treasures, and they quarrelled. Soissons left the Court, he would not consent that the Duchess of Vendome, the sacrificed Mlle. de Mercœur, should wear the fleur de lis on her robes. Condé followed and rejoined his wife, refuged in Flanders with the Archduchess. The Duke of Epernon required the citadel of Metz, which the queen accorded. The Duke of Bouillon, Rohan, and Lesdiguères, ran off and revolted; only the Guises, ever good and true, remained faithful to the throne, and they stood beneath the ban of the dead king. Spain meantime was expelling the Moors; the emperor was assailing the duchy of Cleves; the

Jesuits were making themselves disagreeable; when the Huguenots again rebelled, starving for food and shouting—

"Le roi est à Paris et nous à Nismes."

The queen remembered her husband's injunctions, and increased the Parisian church establishments as the remedy.

1614. Vendome, young scoundrel, rebelled against his brother; and we have a perfect parallel of the Valois reign. The queen was accused of striving to poison her son, She also wished to depose the regency, and cited the case of Queen Catherine and Charles IX. as an authority. She was instructed that all France was siding with Condé, save Guise and save Epernon, who was checked in his fortress of Metz by Lorraine; and the Huguenots arose, averring that the minority of the king was their, then-or-never, opportunity.

Then the Prince of Condé issued his defiance, 21st February, 1614, proclaiming that he intended to reform the disorders of the State, though he did not intend to ruin the king; but it was thought he reached at the crown, as his grandsire Louis, who had been called King Louis XIII. He complained of—

Church unhonoured.
Lack of foreign embassies.
Divisions in the Sorbonne.
Noblesse impoverished.
People overtaxed.
Law too expensive.
Parliament not free.
Ministers reckless.
Prodigality in royal revenues.
Royal marriages to be postponed until an assembly of the State convoked.

And such like general charges, with the usual results; the rebels were bought off: two had died—the Count of Soissons

and the Constable Montmorenci: but Condé, Du Maine, De Nevers, Longueville, Rohan, Vendome, and Bouillon, all were bought off by governments or cash, despite the efforts of Guise and his party. The ban of the dead king was upon *him*, the only faithful one, and the treaty of St. Ménéhould, 15th May, 1614, was effected; after which Louis XIII. was declared *Majeur*, and the cycle of the revolution of 1563 was again revolved in 1614 under the two queen-mothers.

We must not be lured away from the era under our discussion into this sequent era of Louis XIII. and Richelieu; but thus far it is requisite to the history to show how wrong —radically wrong—were the injunctions and governments of Henri IV. and Sully. The race of *bâtards* only added to the chaos and confusion left behind. The wreck of Queen Marie de Medici was fuller, personally, than that of Queen Catherine; but it was only that a hand capable of ruling a realm arose—that of Richelieu—which, as a necessary consequence, threw her from her seat, and she died in exile,

The story of "La mère et le fils" demands a volume of its own. Solely let me say that 1616 saw the whole Huguenot force again on foot, another Condé again imprisoned in the Louvre, and another peace—the peace of Loudon—granted by the king; on which away went all to their fortresses:—

Vendome to Le Fère;
Longueville to Peronne;
Cœuvres (a d'Estrée) to Laon;
Bouillon to Sedan;

and the head-quarters of these malcontents was Soissons. The queen then entreated Guise to aid her.

Sully demanded an audience on matter of life and death: the king, queen, Mangot, and Barbin received him. He made a long discourse against the princes and their designs.

He was asked what remedies he proposed? He answered that troubles were impending. He then left the cabinet, but, returning, thrust in one leg and half his body, and cried out, "Sire and madame! I entreat your majesties to think of what I have said, I have discharged my conscience. Would to God you were in the midst of twelve hundred horse. I see no other remedy." The queen wept. The Conchinis wished to depart to Italy; but Eleanor fainted, and was unable to be moved, which brought on their dire tragedy. The man now wanting was the murdered Biron—Biron, with his forty-two wounds. Guise was irresolute: the fate of his fathers daunted him. He was faithful, but unequal to his father in resolution and action. Led by Biron, they would have conquered all. The wittol king had murdered his true friend, and trusted to the rotten-hearted sycophant tribe. The purchased peace of Loudon (Sept. 1616) cost a countless sum: twenty millions in cash, besides pay, places, and governments.

On 24th of April, 1617, Conchini (the Maréchal d'Ancre, his title in France) was shot in the Louvre by command of the king, and his place was filled by Luynes, the favourite, who reigned a short time and gave place to Richelieu, who raised France to a kingdom, reducing all to obedience.

Leonora Conchini, the foster-sister of the queen, who had accompanied her from Italy and never left her, was seized and taken to the Bastille, where she was condemned to death as a Jewess and sorceress, one who worked nativities and practised magic. She smiled ineffable scorn on her persecutors, and died on the scaffold with equal modesty and resolution, ending a life of exile, sorrow, and trouble with a bloody death. So fell the foster-sister of Queen Marie.

Richelieu has recorded this testimony of himself. It was in 1625, prior to the last siege of Rochelle, that he addressed the king and queen-mother thus:—"When your majesties

resolved to take me into your service and counsel for the direction of affairs, I can say, with truth, that the Huguenots divided the State with your majesties; that the nobles conducted themselves as though they had not been subjects; and that the strongest governors of provinces, in their duties, as if they had been kings."

The town of Rochelle fell to Richelieu in 1628. Her fall was provoked by the seizure of a royal fleet, equipped against the Turks, under the Duke of Nevers, by her freebooters, and after the vain attempt of England, under the Duke of Buckingham, to relieve it. The then president, Herault records the fall thus:—"So fell this rebel city. For 200 years it had armed against its lords, and ever chose a day of their embarrassment to revolt. They did so under Louis XI., whilst he fought with his brother, the Duke of Guienne; against Charles VIII., when all Italy assailed him; against Louis XII., when he fought with the Milanese; against Francis II. and Charles IX. in their minorities; against Henri III., arming against his rebel brother, Anjou; against Henri IV., combating with Savoy; against Louis XIII., against whom she fought thrice, the last war costing him forty millions." To which testimony we may add their blasphemous orgies and their ribald press. Buchanan and De Beze, birds of a feather in an age infamous for libels. So l'Etoile, under the head of *Rochelle*, writes that M. de Plomb, mon bon ami, wrote a pamphlet, 'Le Soldat François,' and asked him "if the pens of the Huguenots had lost their sharpness or vehemence?" I replied, "Not a whit." The king (Henri IV.) read it and laughed at it. Even King Antoine had rebuked De Beze for the satires of the Huguenots of Rochelle. There is little doubt Buchanan and De Beze worked together, and conjoined the libellers of Edinburgh Castle and Rochelle together. Buchanan had been tutor to De Brissac, after Mary, Queen of Scots.

They were no strangers; whilst the story handed down of De Beze shows that he was no stranger to the bounty of Queen Elizabeth, who, at eighty-five years of age, with no diminution of mind or memory for theology and letters, never could be made to understand that Queen Elizabeth was dead, and ever inquired "how was the Queen of England" to 1605, when he expired in his eighty-seventh year.

L'Etoile's aspirations at that time were to eradicate the two bastard plants, "Papistes et Huguenots;" to make the Catholic reformed, and the reformed Catholic.

The Huguenots, driven from Rochelle, became camisards, and made their wolf's den in the Cevennes Mountains; and when Louis XIV. was hardest pressed, in 1704, he was obliged to detach an army corps against them and their then rebel chief, Jean Cavalier. Marshal Villars put them down, and Cavalier refuged in England and died in Chelsea.

In 1792, the men of Cevennes hoisted the white flag and fleur de lis and joined the Vendéens. The Convention decreed their extermination, appointing a date, the end of October, which was duly done by Westerman and the *paysan*—the creation of MM. Chatrain, who records that "les refractaires furent fusillés, until, malheureusement, Westerman, huissieurs et nous aussi" were so wearied with slaughtering that a remnant crossed the Loire and escaped to the bocages. Again, in 1821, did this irrepressible unhappy town conjoin with Pau and the Carbonari, and rebel under Lafayette's instigation, when four of the leaders were executed at Paris. Sins of the fathers on the children.

Amongst the exaggerations to be weeded forth from history is that of refugees and emigrants from Rochelle to England, on account of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. No hands were ever heavier against that town than were those of Henri IV. and Sully. when they decreed that edict, checking it with Jesuits and Parisian Roman Catholics;

none was easier upon it than Louis XIV., when he revoked the edict and withdrew protection to the Jesuits, and revoked the cruel laws against sorcery and witchcraft simultaneously. Queen Elizabeth, the godly regent James, Earl of Moray, and Sully, with De Thou and the French courts of judicature, pushed the laws of sorcery to extreme cruelty and brutality. Great names—such as Sir William Stewart, Lion King-at-Arms, and Eleanor Conchini, foster-sister to Queen Marie de Medici—were tyrannously murdered on that ridiculous plea, which was put forward when no other plea was available to murder and spoil a Jew or an Italian.

I proceed in this recording task with Queen Marguerite. We have read her adventure at four o'clock in the morning of the St. Bartholomew. Another adventure will cast light on those times. Queen Marguerite possessed a carriage in 1574, and she relates as follows:—"One day, the queen-mother, having retired to her room to write to Madame de Nevers, Mlles. de Rais, Bourdeille, and de Surgeres proposed a 'promenade à la ville.' Another, the niece of Madame d'Uzey, proposed that they should visit the Abbaye St. Pierre, where the services were good, and where she had an aunt, and could obtain admission which was not accorded to all the world. Away we all went *en chariot*, seven insides, whilst Liancourt and Camilles, the esquires, jumped up, and held on to the portières how they might. We were in holiday spirits, and they vowed that they too would see *les belles religieuses*. Thank goodness that they did so! for their presence aided to get me out of a calumny that followed. We went to the service, and my chariot, which was gilded, and of yellow velvet and silver, waited on the *place*, around which many noblemen were lodged.

"Whilst we were at St. Pierre, the king, with the king my husband, D'O., and the gros Ruffé, were visiting Quélus, who was ill, passed by, and saw my carriage empty. 'Why

here is your wife's carriage, and there is the lodging of Bidé,' who was ill, said the king; 'I will wager now that she is there.' Gros Ruffé was sent to see, and returned to say 'the birds were there, but have flown.'"

Away King Charles posted to the queen-mother, but, as Marguerite says, her husband would not lend himself to such malice. He met her on her return, and said to her, "'Off, and away to the queen-mother. I can only say you will find her in anger.' I asked, "Why?' 'Well, I cannot tell you,—know nothing about it; it is only an invention to make me and you quarrel, and so separate me from your brother's friendship.' I next met M. de Guise, who forewarned me not to be troubled about the divisions in our house (he thought to pick up bits of its wreck). 'I waited here to tell you that the queen *vous a presté une dangereuse charité;*' and he told me what D'O had commissioned him to tell me. Next I ran against the Duchess of Nemours, who addressed me with, 'Mon Dieu! madame; your mother is in a rage with you. I advise you to keep out of her way.' 'I shall do no such thing,' I replied." And then she met her mother's wrath (she was then twenty-two years old), which all cleared off and away when the truth was told and known through the esquires, and the malice of King Charles was manifested. She had next an affectionate meeting with Henri, her husband, and bitterly complained of the public affront put upon her. "Well, thank God, it failed," said Henri. "Yes, thank God and your *bon naturel*," she replied, "these are artifices to divide us."

Nothing tells more strongly against the Valois brothers than this tampering with their young sister's fame for their own quarrelsome ends. At the age of fifteen, in the nursery, we saw Henri, her brother, threaten to have her whipped for being in love with Guise. We have now this anecdote, involving her with another in 1574; whilst in

after life Henri, her brother, accused her to her husband as favouring Turenne. Her fame, happily, stands on the firmest basis, praised by all the great and good, and honoured and beloved to her death.

Charles Lamb, in his 'Essays of Elia,' causes a maiden to reply to her lover, "that she could endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her position had a right to expect civil sayings to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women." This imaginary case, put by the essayist, is the story of the position of Queen Marguerite, and what she had to endure from the age of fifteen to the grave. She herself remarks upon it in a most matter-of-fact way; that the assiduities she had to endure were only those of every damsel of any rank and pretension, and they were part of the burden princesses have to bear. We learn that Guise, Molé, and Bussey d'Amboise bore her colours in the jousts; and we have the story of Pibrac, her chancellor at Usson, who thought his post entitled him to do the like. Queen Marguerite addressed her chancellor by letter, and rebuked him for presumption, that his position gave him no such warrant. When De Thou visited Usson, Pibrac, who was his friend, laid the case before him; but De Thou was convinced that the queen had done right, and that it was the chancellor who had overweened. Here we have evidently a simple question of a point of position or post of honour, which commentators perplex with personal feelings and acts of impropriety. Pibrac, very probably considered that a chancellor was a chancellor, and Usson equal to the Louvre. De Thou thought otherwise. If the fair fame of Queen Marguerite had not been assailed to excuse her husband's vices, it would not have been necessary to have adduced the proofs to the contrary. I adduce King Henry IV., Sully,

De Fontenay, and Richelieu. She was the only woman whom Henri IV. treated with undeviating respect. With Gabrielle and Henriette he needed his roughness to restrain their rebellious spirits; added to which their fidelity was a subject to be winked upon, and which we may leave to Sully's memoirs. He was wont to taunt women, and Marie de Medici smote him on the mouth, and sent him forth to complain to Sully. So did he never do to Queen Marguerite, whilst her assailants are the ribalds who assailed all that which was fair and good.

Sully writes:—"Nothing would have been wanting to complete the unhappiness of these domestic quarrels, if Queen Margaret had borne a part of them. This was the only misfortune that Henri escaped; and certainly this princess merited the highest encomiums for the sweetness of her temper, her resignation, and, above all, her disinterestedness, in a situation which enabled her to urge her wishes. Her demands were few, of things not only necessary—but such as to which she had an incontestable right—fulfilling her engagements, and with exemptions for her borough of Usson. During her whole life she maintained the same rectitude of conduct that her behaviour never betrayed she was the wife of the king. I should not confine my praise to what I have already said of her, were I not apprehensive of being accused of partiality, since the interest which this princess has always had the goodness to take in my behalf is well known. Her letters to me were such as we write to a sincere friend; and in one she expresses herself, 'You are always my resource, and, after God, my surest reliance.'"

When Henri and Sully resolved, for the state policy of securing a future Louis XIII., to contract new nuptials to that end—and their conversations thereupon in 1598 are *a caution*—Sully interpolates, "Neither the king nor I had attended

to a circumstance absolutely necessary—Marguerite's consent to the dissolution of her marriage;" a duty he forthwith undertook.

Accordingly, to sound her intentions, he wrote a letter, of which this is the substance: that France desired a lawful heir to the crown; and that a reconciliation might be effected with Henri; and that the necessity of giving legitimate children to France would reconcile her to the sacrifice which I took the liberty of placing before her as that which the State expected from her. She took time to deliberate. Five months after she wrote, dated from Usson, such an answer as we desired—prudent, modest, and submissive. "From which period no one laboured more loyally than did Queen Marguerite in her own determined way. Of Gabrielle or d'Entragues, as the queen to supersede herself, she would not hear; but for Marie de Medici, or any other worthy alliance, she would lend every aid. She was the mistress of the situation; no breath of slander is uttered on her fame. On the contrary, Sully and Henri cannot sufficiently respect her. She resided in Paris to her death, where her residence was the resort of men of letters. She spoke better than any other woman of her time, and wrote more correctly than her sex was then capable of doing." So far for Sully. Now for the eulogium of Richelieu, under the date 27th March, 1615.

"27th March (1615), three days after the king had dismissed the deputies of the Estates, Queen Marguerite passed from this life into the other. She was herself the greatest princess of her time, daughter, sister, wife of great kings; notwithstanding the halo, the plaything of fortune; overlooked by the people who owed her fealty, and another holding the seat due to herself. Daughter of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, she was, for State policy, married to the late king (Navarre), whom, for his pretence of

being of the false faith, she did not love. Her espousals, which appeared to bear a public rejoicing and to reunite the two parties dividing the realm, was the occasion of a general grief and renewal of war deadlier than ever. The fête was followed by St. Bartholomew; the cries and groans resounded through Europe; the wine of the feast mingled with the blood, and the meats with the bodies, of murdered innocents, pêle mêle with the guilty. The solemnity was only acceptable to the House of Guise, who immolated his victim to his vengeance and glory under colour of piety, whom he had no hope to conquer by arms. If these nuptials were fatal to France, they were not less so to herself. She saw her husband in danger, nor knew whether to save him or to let him perish. If he returned to his own quarters, he became the enemy of the king, her brother; she saw not which side to follow: respect for her husband, or respect for her king and her religion. Love carried the question: she followed the promptings of her heart and duty. The war was intermittent, as a fever is; and it is certain that, on such sad occurrences, libels, suspicions, false reports current at courts, and some accidents she herself contributed, severed their hearts as necessity separated themselves. Meantime the three brothers died in the miseries of these civil wars. Her husband succeeded to the crown, but as she possessed not his love, so he did not share with her his grandeur. The State reason to possess progeny easily won him to another marriage. She —not so touched to fall from the height of the throne to be the Duchess of Valois—as she was ardent and full of the desire of the good of the State and happiness of her husband, offered no resistance to that which he desired, being, as she said, willingly submissive to one who had conquered fortune; and, instead of femininely burning with hate and envy against those who held the place which belonged to

her, she, on the contrary, made donation of all her wealth to the dauphin whom God had granted to the queen, came to court, lodged vis à vis Le Louvre, and not only visited the queen, but paid, during the rest of her life, all the honours and assiduities due to the youngest princess. The lowliness of her position was so heightened by her goodness and virtues that she fell in no contempt. True inheritrix of the House of Valois, she made no gifts but with excuse they were not greater, expressed the wish that her means equalled her will. Her house was the refuge of men of letters: she loved their conversation. Her table was open to them, and she profited by their discourse. She spoke better than any female of her time; she wrote more eloquently than was ordinary at that time; and, as charity is the queen of virtues, so this great queen crowned hers by charity; so God recompensed with usury her pity which she bestowed on man by granting her so Christian-like an end; so that though she had reason to envy the life of others, she had no need to envy their death."

The editor of Sully's memoirs writes in his note respecting these encomiums, "Surely this is sufficient to compensate for a small number of levities and human weaknesses, which are the utmost with which this princess could ever be charged;" and Marguerite herself would add, of the *fadaises* which, as princess, she had to endure; for, truly, it was owing to her courtesy as princess that she was accused of levity as a woman. There is no golden mean to put calumny to silence.

Fontenay-Marcuil records as follows:—"Queen Marguerite died at the close of March, closing the branch of Valois. God had accorded to her great endowments. She was surpassed by none by birth, nor by beauty, nor by greatness of soul; but, not having used all such gifts as she ought to have done, she repaired all her past faults by

consenting to the divorce of Henry the Grand, so that he might marry and have an heir, which had failed in her. She left M. le Dauphin, by a deed of gift, all her imperial rights, which were widely spread, as the heiress of Henri III. She left memoirs of a part of her life, which gained great approbation" (p. 267).

To follow the eulogium of Brantome is to out-Herod Herod: with him Marguerite is the superlative of worth and beauty. We may epitomise it in the anagram preserved and recorded by him:—

"Salve Virgo mater Dei,"
Marguerite de Valois.

The origin of the imprisonment of Queen Marguerite in Usson was having aided Anjou to escape from captivity. Whilst she was absent and in honourable ward, her husband's affections, never fixed on any one, flew away to his mistresses. She returned to Paris under the reign of Marie de Medici, and her house was the rendezvous of men of worth and science, where she lived honoured and beloved. A story of the queen-mother having disinherited her is without foundation. Henri d'Angoulême, the *bâtard*, aided by Henri III., disputed her rights to the succession. He held the title deeds, and spoke of the queen-mother's will in his favour; but no will was ever forthcoming, and the Court decided in her favour by default of the other side to prove anything. She left all her possessions by will to the dauphin; the calumny of the queen-mother disinheriting her is without foundation.

In the opening chapter I conjoined the name of Mary Queen of Scots with her fellow-queens. In the treatise on her life I presumed that she had suffered wrong on the part of the Guises and of the queen-mother, who failed to lend her aid at need. It is very evident that persons who are

themselves overpowered by adverse circumstances are in no case to lend aid to another. The years 1566 and 1567—in which Queen Mary fell, by the will of God, and the Roman Catholic religion was put down by the heavy hand of the rising Protestants—were those years in which the Huguenots were triumphant in France, the Lutherans in Flanders, and the Calvinists were strong upon the banks of the Rhine. France, Italy, and Spain were then at their hardest trial. Taken unawares, they fought with varying fortune; for, whilst the Huguenots were eventually put down in France, yet the Spaniards succumbed to the Lutherans of the Netherlands. Queen Elizabeth sat safe on her isle in the seas, and with a niggard hand lent aid to the rebels of Ghent, Rochelle, and of Scotland; or bolstered France and Spain and Scotland against their rebels, striking the props from beneath each in turn as she deemed she saw the balance sway in their favour. It was she, truly, who adopted the motto, "divide and rule," which historians have attributed to the queen-mother, who never ruled, nor had power given her to divide. Elizabeth, like a pawnbroker, lent money, and laid hands on the jewels of Scotland, Navarre, and Burgundy, and refused to refund them. She accepted Havre from the French rebels, and starved her own garrison therein. She did the like in Flanders, until Leicester was ejected thence. She caracolled at Tilbury, when the Armada had been driven in by storm and wreck; when, like to the king in 'The Critic,' where Sheridan has caricatured the epoch, she exclaims—

> "Go, tell the treasurer not to disburse five farthings;
> And bid the schoolmaster whip all the little boys."

At the date of the great need of Mary Queen of Scots, 1567, the regent Marguerite was a prisoner to the Lutherans at Brussels; and the queen-mother fled to the refuge of Paris

from the victorious Condé at Meaux. Whilst the Guises were proscribed by the envy and jealousy of Charles IX., and possessed no power in the State, Philip of Spain had his hands full of the Inquisition; and Rome had not recovered the sack of 1527, and possessed only spiritual blatant power.

There was no wrong done to Queen Mary by her co-religionists and kindred. All were tossed in the same storm, and were powerless to lend her aid. Queen Mary's fate was brought about by herself and the generous feminine feelings which could not endure to behold the fall of the Hamiltons at Falkirk. The loss of a hundred of those gallant souls did not wreck her cause; but, with the unreasoning resolution of the feminine mind, she cast herself on Queen Elizabeth for aid and met her ruin; otherwise there was no necessity for that step—the material loss at Falkirk was but small. Time has reduced the charges against her to two:—1st. A collusive marriage with Bothwell; and 2nd. Being accessory to the Babington conspiracy. There is really no *crime* in either; but she is utterly free from both. They depend on two disgraceful forgeries and plots, which may be called the Silver Casket and Beer-barrel Plots. In the silver casket was hidden and found the famous love-letter to Bothwell; in the beer-barrel was hidden and found the letter to Babington. Both of inordinate length and of pedantic style and matter; both utterly unlike the pure and easy flow of Queen Mary's letters, of which we possess seven volumes. They are, in fact, two gross and palpable plots. The first was written in Edinburgh Castle, and the latter was written by Phillips in cypher at Chartley. It took him a fortnight to concoct; but there are seven letters, filling fifty folio pages, all bearing date the same day, 17th July, 1586, and purporting to be written in a rush of hurry. A jury would at once decide

that they were forgeries, of which there is no reasonable doubt. As she herself wrote to Mauvissière, "Find out for me who one Phillips is, who is down here, I fear, with no good intentions towards me." Queen Mary consistently denied any knowledge or participation in these silver casket and beer-barrel captured letters, and demanded to see "her own handwrit," which her persecutors were too wary to show. Baser or more palpable plots were never laid, and have only succeeded with the party, who have fought a party fight and have need to bolster an untenable cause by forgeries and despotism.

One more, and I have finished: Catherine of Lorraine, the Amazon, who vowed to revenge her brothers' murders, and who avowed her joy at the murder of Henry III. She was given to the old Duke of Montpensier, and never married another, dying herself at the age of forty-five. L'Etoile records, in 1594, that Catherine (Montpensier), being in the room with Catherine of Bourbon (Madame), there was a gentleman, to whom the Sieur de Grillon whispered a few words, who went to the dame of Montpensier, and said, "Madame, you have no notion of what M. de Grillon said to me just now in a whisper. He said that it was you who killed the late king, and that I ought to kill you." She replied, "I was not strong enough to do that; but to say that I did not rejoice at it, I confess it aloud. I avow it in society," All heard her astounded; but marvelled more that, with such daring, none was more welcome than she, both with the king and Madame, more so than any other lady of her rank."

We find another entry, 25th September, 1594, by l'Etoile. The king was playing tête à tête *au sens* with Madame de Montpensier, when the same Seigneur de Grillon said twice to the king, "Sire, gardez le petit couteau de la Montpensier!"

Catherine of Lorraine, and her mother the Duchess of Nemours, were the souls of the Parisians during the siege by Henri IV. When the city fell, she expected and was prepared to meet instant death. On the contrary, Henri visited her, and they had an interchange of wit and repartee. "Sire," said the lady, "I now regret that my brother Mayenne did not let fall the bridge for your entry." "Ventre St. Gris!" replied the king; "then he would have made me wait long enough. Nay, I was too early in the morning for him." Mayenne was stout and indolent, and the king's repartee was equivalent to the Scotch martial air, "Are ye waking, Johnny Cope?"

CHAPTER VI.

The law of marriage appears to have been a very Nemesis upon the Salique law in France. The Salique law excluding daughters and grandsons through the daughter, appears to have been a pregnant cause of much of the misery of France. The insisted *droit de naissance* of Henri IV. is contradicted by its double plea the *droit de conquête*. The Guises had many a right which might have been successfully opposed to that of the Bourbons; and, save for the Salique law, had the grandchildren of Henri II., the children of Isabel and of Claude before them. As if in mockery of the regal female inability to succeed, the provinces were eternally falling into the gift of the Crown through heiresses.

Nothing strikes one more strongly than the small amount of power which resided in the Crown; the king had power over the person of a conquered feudal vassal, but none over his lands. Our old law of gavelkind existed in France, "Sire to the bough, son to the plough," signifying that

escheat of lands did not follow conviction of treason, but that the person guilty of high treason suffered in his person, only. The Parliament at Paris had to be appealed to in the matter of inheritance, and does not appear to have favoured the Crown. Louis XI. seized on the lands of the Constable St. Pol, and annexed his territories. Henri IV. did the like in the case of Biron; but these were exceptions. Brittany was annexed by the duplicated marriage of two kings, so resolved were they that the inheritance should not flit away. The inheritance of Réné fell to Louis XI. by right of might—a division of his extensive counties and those of Charles the Bold being quietly divided between Maximilian and Louis. Navarre and Normandy fell in with Henri IV., whilst La Vendée and Gascony were not fully annexed until Richelieu conquered them. The mode in which infants in arms, and girls of tenderest age were bartered in matrimony, is cruel to contemplate. With the marriage the enjoyment of the revenues fell to the guardian of the infants. Sometimes an appeal was made to Parliament to make the guardian resign his trust; when the bride died, her property conveyed by marriage, the person was of small account.

The Chancellor Cheverny—brother-in-law to De Thou—had a daughter Marguerite, born 21st August, 1574, affianced to the Marquis of Nesle, 16th June, 1583, and married in 1585, *i. e.*, at eleven years of age. At ten years old she had succeeded her deceased mother as dame of honour to Henri III. and Queen Louise. The Marquis of Nesle fell with fifteen wounds at Ivry, leaving Marguerite childless fifteen years and eight months of age. She entered on her dowry, notwithstanding, and assumed the title of Madame de Maillé. In 1593 she married M. de Givry, who was killed in 1594 at the siege of Laon: she was not then twenty years old. She married a third time, and died herself at the age of

only forty. The reason of these juvenile marriages is confessed by Cheverny's son, who married his infant sons to infant heiresses, which gave him the power as guardian to administer their estates during the minorities.

Another very graphic tale of matrimony is that of Turenne to the heiress Charlotte de la Marck, Mademoiselle de Bouillon, assigned to him by Henri IV., and who brought as dower the ever-coveted town of Sedan. He celebrated his nuptial day by capturing the neighbouring town of Stenay. We need not marvel to hear that the life of the bride was short. She died soon under such a rough regime, and Turenne inherited title and territory.

But the breach of the marriage vow, or sacrament, was visited upon the commonalty with the punishment of death, as enjoined in Leviticus and in Deuteronomy; in common with those of sorcery, witchcraft, and abominations which are evidently used as instruments of persecution and private revenge. We find under 17th January, 1600, the following entry given as a specimen: "To-day the king accorded to the Duke of Savoy the life of a woman taken with a servant of his. The man was already hung; the woman had been reprieved, being with child. The king having heard the remonstrances of his Council, who feared the consequences of this grace to gratify the duke, commuted the sentence from natural death to civil death—perpetual imprisonment in which she should be supported by her husband. In another case the king feared, by remission of the sentence, he was giving a license to crime.

The next instance is that of a judge, the President Molé, 18th August, 1604. A man of Rennes, condemned by sentence of the court to espouse a widow to whom he had promised marriage, and by whom he had a child: the sentence ran that he should wed her before 12 o'clock that day or be beheaded. They rushed to the Church of St.

Bartholomew by 11 o'clock. The President Molé had pronounced the sentence, "Ou épousez ou mourir; telle est la volonté et resolution de la cour."

In another cause adjudged by M. Molé the case is strange. One Vicquemare had been affianced by parole, and was adjudged on suit to fulfil the contract or to be beheaded. He chose rather to be beheaded, and was committed to the conciergerie for that purpose, and many persuasions and entreaties he endured from his friends ere he would agree to wed and save his life. He wedded the poor victim, who cast herself at his feet and besought his commiseration. "Madame, ask pardon of God, and not of me," was his rejoinder, and he sent her to his house to sleep and rank with the servants. "Behold," adds L'Etoile, "a piteous unfortunate, miserable marriage—miserable on both sides."

De Thou, in a cause of one Miramion, pleaded 2nd August, 1607, who was defunct, and had given a promise of marriage to an Orleanese girl and had left issue by her. The king, understanding that the suit was going against the marquisate (the estate) in favour of the girl, warned the judges that the maxims which ruled the city did not rule the Court: but, in spite of the king, De Thou gave judgment in favour of the girl, although, doubtless, she did not benefit by it.

This instance reverses the case of Queen Catherine, who prosecuted Nemours for breach of promise with Mademoiselle de Rohan, when the lawyers gave sentence in favour of Nemours against the queen as related in p. 101.

The cases, which are numerous, may be summed up in a passage of Bishop Péréfixe to his royal pupil Louis XIV. which he adduced as "an action of great justice and Christian humility." It refers to young Henri IV., and preceded the battle of Coutras, and runs thus: That young Henri, having abused the daughter of an officer of Rochelle, dis-

honouring her family, &c., a minister, as the squadrons were on the point to charge, and who was there to offer prayer, took the liberty to point out to him that God could not favour his arms if he did not first ask pardon for his offence, and repair the scandal by a public satisfaction, and restore honour to the family he had wronged. The good king humbly heard the remonstrances, fell on his knees, and asked pardon of God for his fault, and prayed those who were present to be witnesses of this repentance, and to assure the father of the daughter that he would repair to the utmost in his power, if God granted him life, the dishonour he had done him. A submission so christianlike drew tears from the beholders, of whom there was not one who would not have given a thousand lives for a prince who agreed so cordially to regard his inferiors (à faire raison à ses inferieurs). Does not such a sentiment in the mouth of a bishop to his pupil justify the Rebellion of 1789?

Henri himself, or the Sieur d'Estrées, insisted on the marriage of Gabrielle before she left his house; therefore she wedded Liancourt. Unto Henriette he gave a promise of marriage. Madame de Beuil was wedded in the morning to one Chanvelon, who was couched in an apartment over the king and his mistress, so that he was "dessus sa femme." Des Essarts was unmarried. Corisande was the wife of De Grammont, and the two abbesses were spouses of God; to refer any system from such a jumble is impossible: whilst he feared, in numerous instances of infidelity, that to grant life was to give a license to crime, his own actions range through all possible positions.

When Bussy d'Amboise was slain in midnight adventure, he appears to have died like a dog, cast out and buried, and no question made of the slayers—such was the code legal, honourable, and regal on the broken sacrament of marriage. The next injunction of Leviticus xviii., could only have been

a plea for the accursed cruelty, and private malice and revenge which we find inherent to the lower orders of Paris.

1. A man and an ass and two children were produced as father, mother, and offspring: the man was hanged, the she ass assommée à la potence, and the two children led off until it should be determined what should be their lot.

2. A she goat produced a monstrous birth: it was attributed to a goat-herd, who was assommé with the goat, and the monster was burned.

3. A calf was produced, and sworn to have been the offspring of a woman, who was assommée—killed by clubs.

Here we see private greed and malice finding vent in these cruelties. Some bit of property or possession was the thing gained by the murder.

The crime of sorcery opens a wider field, and of deeper dye, from the simple entries of executions.

"Burnt at the Place de Grève, a woman known long time as a sorceress. 13th August, 1604."

"Prayers by command of the king and queen for la Cousine (daughter of the queen's nurse) said to be ensorcellée." 5th Nov., 1604.

Dominique Mimaille, Italien, 70 years old, a burgess of Etampes, with his mother-in-law, were hanged and burnt before Notre Dame, after having made amende honorable for magic and sorcery. L'Etoile remarking that such an execution was a novelty in Paris, where such vermin have had free scope, especially at Court, and were called philosophers and astrologers. He says, "in the reign of Charles IX. they numbered thirty thousand, as their chief averred in 1572."

It was quite enough to be an Italian, and to possess any property, to ensure persecution, as the first step to confiscation: they held a similar position to the Jews, in many ages and realms, objects for extortion. Yet, where we find a recorded case of sorcery and magic, it is generally the Reformed

religionists who are the prosecutors and the extortioners; the Catholics, being richer, were not so famished and inordinate in plundering. De Thou was at Chinon, curiously, in the very house where Rabelais dwelt. After dilating upon his works, l'Etoile adds:—"But the following adventure merits more attention. The judges of Angouleme having condemned a man noble named Beaumont for magic, and summoned to Paris, he was stopped at Chinon by a dame of highest rank, but too curious in such matters. He resided two years with her in liberty, when fame ran that he had worked miracles. Giles of Souvré, Governor of Tours, then at Chinon, wished to examine in the matter. He obtained permission from the President de Thou; and as he pressed De Thou to interrogate, De Thou excused himself that he might be called away to Paris, and Calignon was commissioned, who was well fitted for the task. Calignon was well up in literature, philosophy, mathematics, and jurisprudence, and after the opening questions he interrogated him exactly on the principles of magic, on its effects, of its operations on those who dealt in it. Souvré and the President de Thou were hid in a recess of a window, silently listening. Calignon insinuated himself so well into the spirit of the criminal that he deemed himself to be freed, and taking confidence, he avowed much; which he afterwards denied when, against his hopes, he was put upon trial at Paris.

This is what we collected the most surely from this interrogatory, or rather this conference. Beaumont averred that the magic he professed was the art to converse with *genie* who attend on those called sorcerers, who are slaves of the demon when ignorant, and which act to human evil by poison and charms; but in the hands of the wise do good, command the genii, know intimately their secret powers, unknown to the world, and unwritten. It teaches futurity how to escape perils, and to recover that which is lost, to flit from place to

place, and to reconcile fathers and sons, husbands and wives, and generally all adversaries. He added that he conversed with celestial spirits, habitants of the air, good in their nature, and capable only to do good: that those of the centre of the earth, commanded by sorcerers, were evil spirits, and capable only to do ill. That the world was full of sages filled with this sublime philosophy. That it existed in Spain, at Toledo, Cordova, Granada, and was once celebrated in Germany, until the heresy of Luther chased it thence. In France and England it resided traditionally in some noble families; but that they only admitted to their confidence chosen souls, lest the commerce of the profane, of the *canaille*, and indigent should ruin its mysteries. He continued to discourse of the miracles he had done, to the advantage of those who consulted him, and that so composedly, that there appeared nought of impious or criminal, but truths acknowledged and well known. After the interrogation he was led away to the castle. De Thou kept him strictly, and Souvré was astounded at the stolidity of the *malheureux*. He was taken to Paris, and there condemned on these informations, and suffered the death worthy of his life." (Petitot, vol. 37, p. 515.)

This was duly related to Henri IV., with the addition that Como Ruggieri assailed his Majesty's life by detestable magic. That, under pretext of painting as an artist, he had a room in the chateau where he had a figure in wax representing the king, which every day he pierced, pronouncing barbarous words to make him die by inches. This was presented to the king, signed by the accusers. The king appointed De Thou and C. Turcant to look into it. This Ruggieri was the same man who, 25 years before, had been put to the question, prior to the death of Charles IX. De Thou now put the question and conducted the enquiry.

Ruggieri replied, that it was a calumny of his enemies; that he had been acquitted, and honourably dismissed: that it was quite true he had a knowledge of astrology, and could well calculate a nativity; that he had truly predicted events to many, which had been the cause of the calumny accusing him of commerce with evil spirits — his dealings were natural; that his successes ought to argue his innocence, and his long love for the king was a proof how he must detest sorcery. He added that on the St. Bartholomew, the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé being in the power of the king, the queen-mother asked for their nativities; that he told her that he had taken them exactly, and that, following all scientific principles, there was nothing to be feared from them; that the affection he bore those princes, and no experience of his art, dictated that answer, since this thing was by its nature impenetrable to astrology; that he trusted the king had not forgotten that service, and persuaded that his Majesty would not suffer him to be further exposed to such calumnies. De Thou carried that answer to the king. Henri was walking up and down his room, and replied that he remembered the circumstance, which had been mentioned to him by La Noue; that he put his own trust in God, and feared nothing from charms, which had no power over those who trusted in Divine providence.[1]

So Ruggieri escaped, to De Thou's dissatisfaction, who avowed that he had won the women of the Court, and through them the king. This was the man supposed to have sold poisoned gloves to the Queen of Navarre, as related before. De Thou pursued him to his death, and he was denied Christian burial on the score of his astrology.

And what was astrology: it is ludicrous to read and fitter for the pages of Rabelais or Sterne than for grave history: it is matter for "laughter holding both his sides." We will

go to the pious and Protestant House of Navarre for one instance, Queen Margaret, who talked with Calvin and copied the style of Erasmus, the mother of Queen Jeanne.

"Elle nasquit sous le 10e degré d'Aquarius que Saturne se separait de Venus par quaterne aspect, le 10e d'Avril, 1492, à dix heures du soir au chateau d'Angoulesme, et fut concue l'an 1491 à dix heures avant midi et 17 minutes le 11 de Juillet. Les bons astrosites pourroient la dessus en faire quelque composition. Elle mourut en Bearn au mois de Decembre, l'an 1549. On pourra la dessus computer son age, elle etait plus vieille que le roi son frère, qui nasquit au Cognat le 12 de Septembre à neuf heures du soir l'an 1494, sous le 21e degré de Gemini et avait esté concue l'an 1493, le dix de Decembre dix heures du matin, fust roi 11 de Janvier, 1514, et mourut en 1547. Ceste reine prit sa maladie en regardant une comête qui paroissoit lors sur la mort du pape Paul III. et elle mesme le cuidoit ainsi; mais possible pour elle paroissoit, &c."

Such were, then, the marvellous revelations of the lady's bowers, believed in by the Huguenots equally with their fellow Catholics: for the whole of the *Chant of the Henriade*, appropriated to the witch orgies of the league, is taken wholly from De Thou, as matters in which he religiously believed, and rigorously condemned to death. It was universal in Christendom. The Calvinist James Earl of Moray, murdered Sir William Stewart, at that Scottish *Rochelle*, St. Andrews, on the 16th August, 1569; because he had fatal evidence of his forgeries, the Calvinist Moray burnt him for witchcraft. The Lady of Buccleuch was believed to act by magic, and old women were burned at St. Andrews especially—where an archbishop was murdered also—as offerings to reformation of religion. The Italians were obnoxious to the French, as aliens, and we find, in 1380, the Duchess of Orleans, a Milanese lady, accused of having be-

witched Charles V. of France—as Eleanora Conchini was executed for witchcraft after Henri IV.'s death. So Queen Catherine was accused—with Ruggieri and Retz—solely on account of envy and hatred as foreigners. I find, on the other hand, no charge of condemnation for witchcraft by Queen Catherine: she never appears to have availed herself of that Calvinistic weapon, or indeed of any cruelty whatever. In England, we have Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, in the reign of Henry VI. only banished to the Isle of Man. It was the Parliament of Queen Elizabeth, 1563, which passed a law against conjurations, enchantments, and witchcraft, and it was the Scotch Calvinist clergy that fixed the words MALIGNANTS and SORCERERS, and burnt their political opponents for witchcraft, as the Regent James had taught them the way three-quarters of a century prior. It was the Calvinists, not the old faith, which burnt for witchcraft. We may seek in vain for any similar acts under the Medici queen-mothers. They walked amidst their subjects loving and beloved: no assassin's hand was ever reared against them, as they raised no despotic hand against the commons on false pleas of sorcery or Levitican law.

The cruelty of the populace of Paris, and of Scotland and Ireland, greatly exceeds anything recorded of the English. There were no burning of towns, or raiding of lands, or slaughtering armies, in our civil wars. There have never been massacres in London—whenever the apprentices or the watermen, the democratic elements of London, are adduced in history or story, it is always in a generous and giving-of-asylum mood. They rescued the victims of the nobles. They dug up the dust of Cromwell, but that is a solitary case. Whilst in Scotland and Ireland they used fire and sword, and murdered with indiscriminate rage. But such slaughter has been perennial in France, culminating in horrors in Paris, Lyons, and Nantes,—noyades, massacres,

guillotines, reigns of terror. Within man's memory—within 80 years—we have seen the war of extermination in La Vendée, and the Parisians surpass the world in horrors—not yet ended. It seems as though the wish and intention of the French, from the Jacquerie and through the sieges of Paris, was to thin out the population, especially such as had property—to seize on the effects of proprietaires, to condemn les emigrés, and to seize Church lands, have been the moving causes of the cruel deeds which, without some such bribe, are contrary to nature.

Amidst the several means of making away young people, we find the mania of hydrophobia. A boy attacked was seeking his way to the sea, for salt water was a certain cure; but passing through a wood the malady seized him, and recognizing the fact, he entreated his companions to kill him gently, and, it is recorded, they stifled him gently as possible.

A poor girl, who was forced to take poison from her husband's hands, entreated her father not to quit her side: "Car aussitôt, mon père, que vous m'aurez laissée ils m'étoufferont." The curé d'Issy, bit by a mad dog, went mad, and died by voluntary famine; and a page who, in lieu of rushing to the sea—"sovereign remedy for hydrophobia"—went mad, and died very repentant of his sins.

Equal cruelties existed in punishments by death. Chastel, who wounded Henri IV., was racked, ordinary and extraordinary, hand cut off, crowned with red-hot nails, and torn in parts by four horses, burnt, and scattered to the winds.

Sometimes it was in effigy: 1595, July 6th, Charles of Lorraine (d'Aumale), executed in effigy for high treason on the Place de Grève, torn asunder by four horses. We read of him afterwards at the fair of Paris with the king and with Nemours, indulging "in a thousand insolences." We have breaking on the wheel, and leaving the victim to die

in torment; burning alive; *assommée* with clubs; and hanging and beheading.

A boy of seventeen hung for theft. Bankrupts were hanged—pursuant to reiterated laws of Francis I., 1533, Charles IX., Ordinance of Orleans, and Henri II. at Blois—whenever deceit and fraud was proved.

A man was hung on the assumption that he had said he was son to the Pope, although he utterly denied the charge.

A lad of seventeen burned for having *engrossé* une vache; his *dicton* suppressed on account of the enormity of the offence.

To end with a smaller piece of private murder. One Neuilly killed his rival, applicant for an appointment, at the St. Bartholomew; and a saint of goodness, Mdlle. la Plant, was executed for politique (treason).

Young girls die off in their teens: one of love, another of fright, another of joy, another of loss of a suit. The Marquise de Nesle died, at twenty, trop saignée, in child-birth; and a brother and sister, Fourlevile — she twenty and married—executed for adultery. How many more were murdered for their possessions, under such false charges, in this miserable reign of Henri IV. is impossible to guess. There can be no doubt that some Naboth's vineyard was the cause of all these brutal murders, for murders they were, one and all. Proceed we to the sports.

Cards are included by l'Etoile under the head of sorcery and scoundrels up to 1610, when the king was playing within the sanctuary of the Arsenal. Thus, in 1607, at the fair, Miramion dined at the *Petit More* à 6 écus par tête, and died at the table, playing at *la Prime*, and with the cards in his hand. He had won 700 crowns, and an entry, September, 1610, the grand-jouer of cards and dice, ordinary blasphemers of the name of God, died suddenly and frightfully. He could not abstain from blasphemy when

he lost—which he usually did—when he would give his soul to the devil with imprecations on soul and body. Having had three cards dealt him, he put them in his hat, considering them, with his elbows on the table; and when bidden to play, and pushed to urge him to play, he was found to be dead." L'Etoile continues: "Ciprian writes of plays at hazard, à propos to cards, 'Hermes, pagan deity, invented them, and painted himself thereupon, and ordered that such cards should be kissed whilst they sacrificed to him. The Christians have simply altered this by placing king, queen, and knave, instead of pagan gods. We may say, with Ciprian, that such play is the devil's play, devolved from pagan days."

"Tuesday, 24th August, 1593, day of St. Barthlomew, the son-in-law of the President de Nulli told me that his father-in-law was ill of apprehension of a vision which he had had in the night of the late President la Place." "To-day died in his house, in the suburbs St. Germain, one named Labrosse, who was called the philosopher of the queen-mother, because he had undertaken to foretell things and because wherein he meddled he was generally wrong, showing that his science was but a pure ignorance, and the profession of this doctrine what is called true *piperie* and imposture."

During this month, February, 1594, there were great rumours of a spirit which appeared at St. Innocent's, where all the world went in procession from sunset to 11 o'clock. It was heard complaining in the tones of rumbling thunder, though the skies were fair. It called his father, his mother, and his aunt; said it was needful to slay the *politiques* and reject the Bearnois. This spirit was subsequently discovered, with its body, and its head—which it had in a caldron—in a tomb at the Innocents. It being recognised as the valet of a cutler, he was quietly imprisoned, because of the times and dread of emotion and scandal."

Two very curious points connected with magic are furnished by l'Etoile. He knew Bernard Palissi, and records him thus: "Eighty years old, Bernard Palissi, a Huguenot, died of want. This bon homme, dying, gave me a stone he called his 'philosopher's stone,' and assured me it was a human head turned by time to stone, together with another which had aided him in his labours (the celebrated pottery.) I keep them in memory of this good man."

On Père Cotton, the Jesuit. His papers were overhauled in 1605, and 71 questions to demons or grimoirs were there, "some very interesting. I have thence extracted two passages from Frontinus and St. Thomas, and have them still,—formulæ against such diablerie, made to counteract it."

Sometimes the accused of sorcery escaped. The Bishop of Boulogne and Mdlle. Montpellier were accused of charms and sorceries against the life of the king (1604). They were arrested, but only "*poulets d'amour*" were found upon them, and they were liberated. "Executed in effigy for sorcery the wife of a noble who had escaped to Flanders. The king applied to the archduke for her, as a subtle sorceress, but the archduke would not give her up."

We do not hear of cards until the seventeenth century, when Sully is plain enough to inform us of their existence. Before that time the games were all athletic,—tennis, running at the ring, jousting, and masquerading in the streets, both in midnight and in penitential processions. We find Henri running at the ring in white satin, receiving the prize sometimes from Queen Marguerite, and playing at tennis before Gabrielle, borrowing money of her to pay his losings, and kissing her before all the world, who surnamed her Countess d'Ordure and Putaine du Roi. At the jousts the challengers dressed as Moors, as savages, as women. The fashion spread to Scotland, under Mary Stewart, who is

accused of suffering them; but these scenes were not confined to the nobles, the streets appear to have been free to any mummery. The Walloons at Paris performed the masquerade of the Patience of Job, traversing the streets half-clothed in rags, and painted in ulcers and blood, sitting backwards on an ass, with the devil on one side and his wife on the other deriding him, whilst Job blessed the passers-by; but the Parisians took offence, and Job was with difficulty saved from a ducking in the Seine.

The Neapolitans gave an entertainment in the form of an *escarmouche* upon the quays: and again, the Neapolitans and Spaniards had a sham fight on the quays, saluting the Hotel de Nemours.

At the fairs of Paris and of St. Germain, Chicot, the king's fool, was killed. "De Nemours and d'Aumale indulged in numberless insolences." At St. Germains, pages, laquais, scholars, and soldiers had sham fights, and cut off one another's ears.

On the never-failing 24th of August, 1605, a solemn procession of Sœurs Carmelites, to take possession of their house. The people hurried to get pardons. They marched in good order, led by Dr. Deval, with bâton in hand; but they were dispersed by a mob and fiddle, and rushed into their church, chanting the Te Deum. Such, with burnings, hangings, assommées, and executions in effigy, in the Place de Grève, were scenes in Paris under Henri IV., when every one did what seemed to be right in his own eyes and whilst Henri played tom-fool. In 1607 the fair lasted three weeks, prolonged by the king on account of the pleasure the queen found there (poor queen!), she to stroll and he to play. Under 23rd February, the king lost 700 crowns at trois déz; and he presented the Countess de Moret (de Beuil) with a chaplet of 300 crowns.

The following story of the reign of Charles IX. is given

by Brantome. Wishing to see the dexterity of cut-purses and the children of their craft, he had a dozen brought to the court at a ball and banquet, and bade them ply their craft and bring him the booty. A selection was made of the cut-purses, who, presented to the king, were judged to be brave as the bastard of Lupé. He gave the signal, and watched their performances, how they cajoled their homme or dame whilst despoiling them. They brought their booty, —three thousand crowns in purses and jewels, some their jewelled capes, and were left *en pourpoint* like the valets. The king roared with laughter, and left the booty to the larcins, warning them that death was their next payment; but they all took service under the capitain, and went off as soldiers.

Queen Elizabeth of England gave a ballet, where her maids of honour danced as the five wise and five foolish virgins. The queen danced with them and the French guests (ii. 367).

The following occurred in Henri II.'s reign :—Five ladies were carried off from a royal ball by a giant and five cavaliers. The ladies were the Princess d'Espinay, Countess of Mansfield, Countess de Rieux, and Mesdames Bossu and Laousten. The next day a fort was attacked in a wood by fifty cavaliers, and the five dames were liberated from its dungeons; when they divulged that the abductors were their own husbands, and this was a mummery. This occurred at the Court of the Queen of Hungary.

Francis II. ran the ring against Nemours; Francis as an Egyptian woman—Nemours as a bourgeoise, with a chatelet by his side, with 100 keys.

With the seventeenth century we are introduced to cards, which were to be the ruling principle ere the century run out. In 1603, Sully being in England, informs us: "I was playing at primero with D'Oraison, St. Luc, and Blerancourt, &c.," being his first intimation of cards. In 1609 he entertains

the king at the Arsenal. Henri had written to him, "To-morrow I come early to Paris, and intend to dine with you; provide for twelve, and let us have some fish." He came accordingly, and I gave him a dinner to his taste. The cloth removed, I ordered cards and dice to be brought, and laid a purse of four thousand pistoles on the table for his Majesty, and another, with a like sum, to lend to those accompanying him, who, not expecting play, might not have money with them. Henri was pleased with this: "Come hither, grand master, and let me embrace you, for I love you, with good reason why; I am so agreeably entertained, that I am resolved to sup and sleep here. I have reasons for not going to the Louvre: order three coaches to take me an airing, after which I must discourse with you; admit none but those I send for. The bait, indeed, took so well, that the king declared his intention to pass two or three days every month so to his mind, and ordered a suite of rooms to be fitted for him: nor would he bring his own cooks, but would give me a gratuity of six thousand crowns a year for that purpose; and this he repeated again at dinner, which dinner and its learned scene was succeeded by more cards, dice, and pistoles. Immediately after he reproaches the king on his expenses: "22,000 pistoles lost at play—100,000 livres at one time, 51,000 at another. He ordered me to take up the latter on an office at Rouen, belonging to Queen Marguerite; 1000 pistoles to another; more to Zamet for buildings; half a million livres for pearls for Mlle. de Vendome, his daughter; 3000 to Mlle. des Essarts, and 300 livres to her servant." Such was the fruit of the suite of rooms, cooks, and privacy at Sully's, and the gratuity, therefore, of 6000 crowns a year.

The origin of cards in England is involved in much mist. Edward I. is presumed to have known it in the Holy Land; but it is generally averred that cards were brought first into France to amuse Charles VI. in his craziness. We find the

entry in his accounts: "Pour trois jeux de cartes d'or et diverses couleurs 56 sols de Paris." This does not impress one with the conviction that they were playing-cards, for chartes and quartes stand for maps and charts, as well as for cards; but I am assured that these were veritable cards, and that the knave was called, as in the Morte d'Arthur, Launcelot. There was no queen, and the play was symbolical of war—the hearts representing courage, the crossed swords muniments of war, the acorns commissariats. There is no entry of payments for losses at cards in King Charles VI.'s accompts, nor did the newly-invented game come into England with the infant Queen Isabel; nor can I divest myself of the notion that the cards were of the religious and "mystery" phase, which would have been more in keeping with this French king's intelligences. This would have been about A.D. 1400.

But cards can be distinctly traced from Spain; and from Spain we received them, "with four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower," which the French cards had not then. They probably came to England when Queen Katharine was sent to wed Arthur; and it is recorded in Leland, that when Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., was sent to Scotland to be wedded to James IV., that she played cards with him on her arrival at Edinburgh, which I interpret to signify, she first showed him the new Spanish game. It is likewise on record that the Spaniards played cards in Mexico. The game was called Primero, to which were added Piquette and Ombre in a sequent age, as we read in the 'Rape of the Lock,' with Spanish attributes. Hombre is the man, and Piquette the little axe; Spadillio, Manillio, and the matadores, being all redolent of Spain.

As this is a history of Parisian deeds, it behoves to take France first, where cards were held in great abomination up to 1600. L'Etoile duly tells us of rogues hanged for card-

playing; of one who was found dead in his seat, the cards in his hat in his hand; and another case, in 1604, where the card-players were arrested and tried as blasphemers, and were hanged.

Neither do we find Henri IV. played at cards before about 1600. His games were trois dez, tennis, and riding at the ring, at all which he won money, as was his wont. We find him playing with Catherine of Lorraine, Duchess of Montpensier, "au sens," which I imagine means à Sens—*i. e.* the Hotel de Sens, where she resided, for there was no game called *sens*. The earliest game there was called Prime, confused with Primero, but it was different, and must have resembled our game of commerce, for it was played with three cards, as these lines on the Duke of Guise prove:—

> "Sa fortune a jouant le Guizard bien traité,
> Car ayant un valet et un roy écarté,
> Une et une autre reine en sa main retenue
> (O trois fois heureux), prime lui est venue."

Guise held king, queen, and knave, or, as we say, sequents; he threw away king and knave and took up queens, and held prime. This is our game of Commerce, and different from Primero, on which the cards were counted, as Mr. Earle, in his 'Microcosmographia,' 1628, writes, "His wordes are like the cardes at primuiste, which never signify what they sound, where 6 is 18 and 7 21."

We find Henry VIII. played at cards at Calais in 1532 by an entry: "Item, paid to the ladye Marquis of Pembroke, for that his king's grace lost to her at cardes, xv*s*."—*Chronicles of Calais*. This was a reflex of the Spaniard in England, not France. After this we find cards constantly mentioned, but only indefinitely and conjoined with dicing. Lyly, in his 'Euphues,' 1579, writes of Lucilla and Livia at Naples "as being neither idle nor well employed, but playing

at cardes" (p. 69); and again the Ladye Flavia (p. 401) said: "To play at cardes is common, cheste tedious, dice unseemly, Christmas games untimely." By the word *common* the Lady Flavia means, like St. Paul, common and unclean, vulgar and unmeet, conjoined, indeed, to sorcery, with which they conjoined them in French theory. Euphues sent a letter to Philautes, which he called a cooling card, and re-alluded to it as cooling; and again, "wit having tolde all his cardes, lacked many an ace of wisdom." Stephen Gosson, 1579, writes: "Dicers and carders, because their abuses are so commonly cried on, neede no discourse, for every manne seethe them, and they stinke almost in every manne's nose." Sir Philip Sidney, in his 'Apologie,' whenever he treats of amusements, 1595, does not mention cards.

Roger Ascham, as early as 1545, in the 'Toxophilus,' says "that shooters equally blamed cardes and dyce. One present defended playing at cardes and dyce, if honestly used; for a toxophilite might shoot away all his substance, whilst a paire of cardes cost only twopence, and needed no reparation, as did bowes, neither did shooting wide at cardes, slay another man." There were games for every capacity. Again Ascham declares "dicing and carding to be dishonest and shameful occupations—that Theuth, an ungracious god, invented dice, whom Homer despises to mention, but Plato, in 'Phædo,' names him." Generally, when Ascham particularises, it is on dice, and cards are only added nominally, save in the paire of cards costing only twopence, differing much from the 50 sols of Paris in the accounts of Charles VI. We find the same history of cards and Hermes in 'l'Etoile,' in 1609.

In the confession of Ruthven (1568), Darnley is made to say of the Queen of Scots, "that she was at the cardes with Rizzio;" but this is a positive blunder of our own. The word is cordes—*i. e.* chords—singing with her maidens and

matrons. Even so we blundered with Pitt's last dying words. Queen Mary never played cards, nor were cards then in vogue at Paris, but were held as disgraceful. Then there is a picture which once belonged to Lord Falkland, which represented Queen Elizabeth, Lord Burleigh, Walsingham, and the first Lord North, playing at cards. I should imagine this to be a caricature of the quatuor reges, chousing one another. If Queen Elizabeth had ever played at cards, we should have known the fact through many a source.

In the seventeenth century the mention of cards grows common, and in the eighteenth culminated under the Georges. In the reign of James I. the apprentices are said to have played cards in the pit of the theatre between the acts; but this was probably only cutting for the highest, instead of pitch and toss. Henri Quatre is mentioned as playing *reversis* in 1609, which surely is head or tails—the head or ship of the Romans.

There are several parallels of persons during this era in France and England provoking comment:

Queen Elizabeth and Henri IV.
Burleigh and Sully.
Biron and Essex.
Buchanan and Theodore de Beze.
L'Etoile and Evelyn.

The difference between the two first is set forth in an essay, by Elia, of the grandeur of the borrower and the humility of the lender. Queen Elizabeth was the latter, Henry the former. Mentally Henri was more generous than his contemporary queen, but in external decencies both were deficient. Their two ministers were both working machines, following their instincts and natures, to which they were as fixed as good steam-engines to a Cornish mine to-day. Burleigh was far superior to Sully as a man, but he did not write a book or leave us his memoirs, divulging his inner

soul, as did Sully; but our Cecil was greatly his superior in honour and duty.

We may class together the murders of Surrey by Henry VIII., Essex by Queen Elizabeth, and Biron by Henri IV. "Ye ruthless jealous tyrants." Henry VIII. and his victim died together. Queen Elizabeth, they say, pined for Essex, and shook the old Countess of Salisbury in her dying bed. Biron, Henri IV.'s best and firmest friend, was miserably betrayed to the jealous tyrant. There is an old monkish legend of a soldier who leapt the sacred enclosure of St. Bridget, and blew out the holy fire. The divine wrath which fell on him made him idiotic, and he roamed about, repeating "I blew out St. Bridget's fire." Henri IV., having slain Biron, repeated thenceforth as his oath, deposing his *Ventre St. Gris*, for "as sure as Biron was a traitor," probably he would say now, "as sure as Sully saved himself." Buchanan and De Beze copied one another's scandalous productions, which were réchauffées, for all in turn—Queens Elizabeth and Catherine, Jeanne and Mary—had the benefit of its authorship:

> "Thus even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
> To our own lips."

So De Thou (mein ami) and L'Etoile wrote epigrams which may be seen in the latter in 1608 and 1609, which are as dull as they are dirty—"loves of a girl and old man" being the pretty subjects for the pen of the President. Most of the current epigrams I believe to be those of L'Etoile himself, who, on the 14th December, 1606, "consigned to M. Despinelle my folio journal, writ in my own hand, of memorable occurrences, good and bad, where truth and libel stand pell mell; from which I have made a selection for one volume for myself alone and not for another. There I hold the

poetries of the Court, current fitted to amuse the idle, curious, and scandalous, like those of to-day, and amongst others, 'Le combat de l'Amour et du Repos' of Malherbe, and the reply of Berthelot, and three or four more medizances." Under the head of "Paulo quinto vice Deo," 666, number of the Beast, he adds: "It has given me pleasure to extract 'ces fadezes et medizances des Seize,' in which one can nevertheless discern facts of our present time."

It is but just to L'Etoile to record that he often reiterates the worthless nature of the anecdotes and rumours which he records, and, as rumours, we may thank him for the information of the straws which show the set of the wind. He very honestly repeats that they are pure fadezes and medizances; some he declines to repeat, some, as the one volume he retains for himself and *sein ami* De Thou, he withdraws from his *gros-tome* in folio; whilst, on the other hand, he gives us a great deal of matter upon medals and money; the metallic values of the coins and the comparative value of the money being subjects of importance; whilst a review of his own domicile, as given by himself, is very instructive. "Wednesday 9th December, 1592, on rising from dinner, and warming myself at the fire, I was nearly killed by the falling of two large *plastres* which fell from the chimney, from beneath which my children, by God's will, had just gone. Quitting the spot, and retreating to the middle of the room, the board plank gave way beneath me, and I fell into the hole up to my middle, God lending me a hand, as I believe, that I should escape unwounded; and the next day, in the same room, I fell into the same hole, and lost an antique piece of silver of Marius, which I greatly esteemed, and that I held in my hand, which I never again could find or recover, despite a diligent search, no more than though it had fallen into the abyss. God then preserved me a second time," vol. ii., p. 304. In this inconceivable domestic

piggery Evelyn differs wholly from his parallel. He was point-device in his house and gardens; although in medals, monsters, and medizance, he was fully the equal of his Parisian predecessor: they both believed in the faultlessness of their own households, and the virtue of their own immediate friends, as stoutly as they believed the world was coming to an end through the corruption infecting the Court, round which they roam and dream somewhat like Mr. Pepys in the Mall, staring open-mouthed at the white chemises of Lady Castlemaine hanging to dry,—

> "And whence the egregious wizard could foredoom
> The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome."

The end of these Puritans, in their own self-esteem, is by no means enviable. "This year, 1609, critique de mon age has been unhappy for me and mine, afflicted with divers maladies of body and soul; bad fortune in losses, new and unexpected; troubled in matters and law; rejected by my neighbours, despised and troubled by all, even to the faquins, valets, and chambrières. Ah! is there, I ask, in the world aught more miserable than an infirm and necessitous old age? I was even on the point of the proof, if Thou, my God, had not by thy goodness turned away the blow. If I had not, in reliance on my means, kept a secret store, I should have perished and left my family destitute. . . . but I have ever had something in reserve, more than others deemed, always speaking, I confess it, falsely of my money: and my conscience is free upon that score, that I never let the truth of what I possessed be known, which Montagne, in his essays, calls a ridiculous and bashful prudence. . . . I say, with St. Augustin, "Put your trust in God, O my soul." . . . I am constrained to draw upon my funds 300 crowns owed me by Gastines, the remnant of 800 which I have consumed in the last 18 months, and

now no more remains of that fund." And, whilst the memorialist of the reign of Henri IV. so chronicles his own end, he chronicles the last days of his king whose Bible, he says, was the Amadis de Gaul, thus: No response of God save the King followed as they scattered the royal bounty in the streets; and when the king was assassinated, two children, one a boy of 14, was condemned to die for wishing to kill the king (Louis XIII.) and queen. In the next page the daughter of a washerwoman equally aspired in wish to be a regicide: après cela, says the writer: après cela, a Jesuit asks for *les heures* to see what Saint held Friday the 14th May, whereon the king was killed. It was St. Boniface. "Voila mes amis, this Saint is ever propitious;" such are the remarks accompanying the deaths of King Henri and L'Etoile his contemporary memorialist.

Beaumont, our dramatist, in 1611, wrote the Maid's Tragedy, the second version of which was licensed 31st October, 1611. Probably he was desired to veil his characters, for that the maid Evadne is Henriette d'Entragues, who was then upon her trial for the murder of Henri IV., and Amintor was the affianced Bellegarde; that Melanthus and Diphilus, brothers, were the rebels Auvergne and d'Entragues; and that the king is Henri there cannot be a doubt. The æsthetics are worked out in that play, which is framed to a pure and simple plot without any bye-play, after true Stagirite rules. Beaumont has taken the incidents of Henri's reign and used them to his purposes; thus he has taken the murder of Henri III. and the bequest of the realm to Henri IV. for the catastrophe of the king and succession of his brother Lysyppus. As Gabrielle was wedded to Liancourt, so Evadne is formally wedded to Amintor; and as Henriette was torn from Bellegarde, so she has been torn from Amintor, both of whom, real and dramatic, accept the position and obtain the government of Bourgogne from the

king: whilst in the drama, the Nemesis of wronged love seizes on Evadne, until she murders the king; and after the imperative demand for deaths at that period on the stage, the king, the lover-husband, and the mistress, all duly die upon the stage by murder and suicide. It is very evident that Beaumont believed that Henriette was the instigator to the murder, the peculiar features of which are such that they may justify a belief that Ravaillac stabbed Henri IV. by connivance of those with him in the coach, and of which he appears to have had a second-sight assurance himself. In the Maid's Tragedy I see the reflex of the popular mind on Henri's murder, and can well believe there were political qualms to forbid its appearance on the stage. It is likewise evident that the king was a married man, which constituted the insuperable bar to his wedding Evadne.

CONCLUSION.

There is an error in p. 155, wherein it is stated that the fall of Rochelle in 1528 was the final fate of that town, and that Richelieu had consolidated the jarring elements of French nationality. The year 1651 saw another queen-mother Regent, another minor king, Louis the XIV.; another imprisonment and pardon of a Condé, Conti, and Longueville; another hiring of Swiss, compact with the Spaniards, and tampering with Oliver Cromwell against their own country. Again was Rochelle besieged by the Count of Harcourt, but it surrendered in three days, given up by the Swiss garrison. This was part of the war of the Fronde, when Calvinist fought Calvinist. Turenne fought Condé, when Turenne fought for the king, or against him,

according as the Duchess of Longueville smiled or frowned on him:—

"Pour meriter son cœur et pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurais faite aux dieux."

but as the duchess flouted him, he fought for his king. Thus France resolved itself into its elements until Louis XIV. uttered the celebrated *dictum*, "L'ètat, c'est moi," and conjoined France in the series of victories which culminated with the treaty of Nimeguen in 1678. It was in 1685 that, striving for that utopia which all nations have sighed in vain to acquire, namely, uniformity of religious worship, Louis revoked the edict, and strove to reduce his realm to uniformity of worship. We simultaneously passed laws more severe, more arbitrary, more intolerant. After having ejected James II., the English Protestants cried against his declaration of indulgence to his co-religionists, numbering, according to Hume, one in a hundred of the population, which indulgence extended also to Presbyterians. We, in the reign of William III., passed the Act to prevent the further growth of popery, which carried penalties and disabilities to the utmost height: for a foreign popish priest to officiate was felony; for a native priest, high treason. Catholics were denied the right to hold lands; a Protestant son could eject a Catholic father: nor was this Act repealed until 1778, under Lord North's administration. Thus we rowed in the same boat, and we pulled a stronger oar than did the French; but the results to the two countries were strangely diverse. We are not aware of having suffered any national loss by our intolerance, whilst half a million of colonists left France, and their loss was sorely felt. Still it does not appear that any deep religious feeling had aught to do with that exodus; they were not persecuted in France as the Romanist was persecuted in England. Condé and Turenne,

their co-religionists, were at the head of the armies, but they were too deeply compromised, perhaps, to live safely at home; or, what rather appears to be the case, the bidding of foreign countries for them acted as a sufficient cause for them to quit France and go to the Rhine, Brandenburg, Saxony, Switzerland, and, above all, England, in none of which countries did they long show any great predilection for Calvinistic tenets, but adopted the Lutheran of Germany, and the established Protestantism of Britain of their own accord. To look at the matter with the eye of Lord Palmerston, the Huguenots in France were matter in a wrong place. They fall into their right place in England, where, according to Mr. Smiles, their eulogist, they have been a sort of superior race falling upon their feet, and now predominant in many a noble and wealthy house. Although they would not conform to Popery, they had no great care for Calvinism when it stood in their way on this side of the water. Indeed, religious sects seem to be more alive to the faults of their rivals, and prompt to rail at their errors, than to be well aware of the virtues of their own; and yet it is much to be doubted whether uniformity of religion would not sink into torpidity, whether sectism is not like the healthy flow and ebb of the tide, and the purifying actions of lightnings and winds. The Romans boast of their uniformity, and we look with wonderment upon their slothful indifference and lack of spiritual feeling, sunk in fasts and feasts, penance, and purchased absolution.

If yet a long and lingering wish exist to uphold, as Protestants, the Calvinist rebels against the orthodox Catholics of France, I must again adduce Sully, rolling in riches, and unable to calculate his wealth, who writes: "To these sums I must add those which arose from the sale of my benefices, for I thought it was equally allowable for me to take money for them, as for the ecclesiastics, by whom they were pur-

chased, to give it me; or for the Pope to permit it, as he did, by his bulls. I therefore took, without making any scruples, an allowance of 80,000 livres of an abbé, who was recommended to me by the Prince of Condé, for my abbey of Coulon. Bethune, who as well as his son, was the most scrupulous Roman Catholic I ever knew, purchased under the sanction of these bulls the abbey of Jard of me for 40,000 livres. An abbé, a friend of the Duke of Rohan, bought that of D'Or at Poitiers of me for 70,000; and the silversmith Vancemain, or rather his son, that of L'Absie for 50,000 livres. All these sums together make a total," &c. So did Sully alienate his reformed benefices and sell them to the Roman Catholics, excusing himself by the example of the Pope.

It is gross hypocrisy to rail against Louis XIV. for the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and to shut our eyes to its contemporary felony, high treason, and incapacity to hold land by Catholics in England; it is hypocrisy to ignore the nine months' sack of Rome by German Lutherans, and cry out daily and hourly against the one night of the St. Bartholomew of Paris, although that was the retaliation on the St. Bartholomew of Pau. It is sheer absurdity to shut our eyes to the brutality and filth of the execution of Babington and his fellow sufferers, and rail at the contemporary inquisitions. If the student will take Prescott's 'Philip II. of Spain' and read the *auto da fè* which he attended at Valladolid, he will find as much mercy as was compatible with the fact that sixteen were to be burnt, of whom the king by personal argument and entreaty caused fourteen to recant and accept pardons, and only two, described as obstinate old barons, who preferred to revile their monarch to his face than to accept his pardon or his grace, and went up to the stake in a delirium of presumptuous pride.

We must take the Calvinists of France for what they were, rebels against their king and queen-mothers equally in

1562, against King Charles and Catherine de Medici;
1612, against Louis XIII. and Marie de Medici;
1651, against Louis XIV. and Anne of Austria.

It is hardly needful to repeat the history, which duplicates and triplicates itself, and where religion made no bond of union when the battle was for plunder, and for dominion, and where the morality and self-respect of the Calvinists were infinitely below their orthodox adversaries.

I make these remarks in complaint—in loud complaint against the partizanship of historians who see no medium between demi-gods and demi-devils: it is as laughable to see the first position seriously upheld as it is wearying to find the second constantly intruded. I would make one final extract, from a speech of Lamartine's on the proposed regency of the present Duchess of Orleans, àpropos to Salique law, spoken in 1848:—"The Salique law, which excludes women, has so little influenced regencies, that out of thirty-two regencies which we have had, no less than twenty-six have been those of women. The Salique law has never been able to prevail against the law of God and of nature, which says that a mother can have no other interest than that of her son, and that she is his natural guardian."

We may well question whether that law has not been very detrimental to France, especially as it was the sole legal female disability; but at any rate we may ask when in her history has that law been beneficial; or, indeed, whether it has not been the fertile source of much of the political trouble which appears to be inherent to the French throne.

To sum up the case against Queen Catherine de Medici in

a judicial manner, there is no specific charge, save the massacre of 24th August, 1572, of any wrong brought against her. The charges are all general and vague, of which the greatest is that she cast division and jealousies broadcast through the land. The history, on the contrary, for thirty years shows her constantly employed in making peace and allaying dissensions. When she was forced from the Bourbons on to the Guises, she was the party coerced. Much of the evil which accrued to France emanated from the jealousies of the Valois kings against the House of Guise, and not without some cause, although disloyalty to the throne or the realm was never attributable to their house or race. Francis I. was the author of this epigram—

"Le roi François ne faillit point
Quant il predit que ceux de Guise
Mettroient ses enfans en pourpoint
Et tous ses sujets en chemise."

That jest bore bitter fruits in its action. It appears to have rung on the ears of every king, from King Francis I. to Louis XIII., when the consolidation of France was effected by Richelieu. Nor, save in the matter of the League, were the Guises ever ranged against the king.

The charge of "divide and rule" belongs pre-eminently to Queen Elizabeth, who upheld all in their utmost need, and succoured kings against their rebels and rebels against their kings.

For the charges of sorcery, magic, and poison, they utterly fail; in no single instance, worthy of notice, is there mention made of such arms as resorted to by her; whilst the contrary plea of a charmed and charming Court of Sirens is equally destitute of any proof. The evidence is wholly to the contrary, and Calvinistic ladies presided over her Court the short period of her being queen or regent.

Her subjects called her "la bonne reine mère, who made

the peace;" and we see her travel unescorted through the barricades of Paris and through the departments of France; nor was there ever the fear or the attempt at assassination.

With regard to the murder of Coligni. We know that she sat in conclave on the night of the 22nd-23rd with the two brothers-in-law Guise and De Nevers, with her old counsellors Tavannes and Birague, both of whom were in the last stage of life. Tavannes died in the ensuing year, and Birague retired with his cardinal's hat. We have accounts by Queen Margaret and by Anjou which disagree; and young Tavannes repudiates the trump of fame in respect of his dead sire. Anjou says that he was present; I do not believe it—his ignorance on what had been resolved and his receiving commands from the conclave as to his actions, shows that Anjou chose to magnify the part which he took and its importance: those wary heads we see in conclave were not likely to admit a most rash and untrusty boy. I have a strong feeling that Guise and Nevers were entreated not to slay the admiral, and that they refused; but that they then intended that that murder should be the beginning and the end of the revenge. As young Tavannes most justly says: "Had the massacre been premeditated, it would most assuredly have failed; its utter unpremeditation was the main cause of its success, for the Huguenots were in Paris in overwhelming force." There is nothing to conjoin the Queen-Mother with the murder of Coligni, save sitting in conclave on the 22nd of August; and whether she urged or discountenanced the matter we really know not, since those present (excepting Anjou) have not opened their lips upon what then took place.

This is the sole *specific* charge made against the Queen-Mother, and assuredly it is *non proven;* whilst the exaggerations in which we have indulged on that St. Bartholomew have put truth and modesty to silence.

I find that Queen Elizabeth received La Motte Fenelon in mourning, and that it was court mourning for the late decease at Paris of Queen Jeanne of Navarre, as the court was bound then to be in black; whilst Queen Elizabeth then agreed to be godmother to the daughter of Charles IX., and also accepted the presents and addresses of her "frog," Anjou.

I find that the presence of the Count of Montgomery in the train of the Huguenots was an outrageous scandal; that young Tavannes smote him a blow in the king's presence, for which he was to have fought him in Italy thereafter, but the flight of the 24th, and his execution of the sequent year intervened. Montgomery had defended Rouen against the royalists, and fought against them in Navarre and in Flanders, and was excluded by name from capitulation as a traitor, with which matters the Queen-mother had nothing whatever to do; and, in fine, I find that Queen Catherine has been defamed, in order to cover some of the glaring defects of the house of Bourbon and Henri IV. Of Queen Catherine there remains neither life nor medal; those vanities were reserved and showered on the successor to her children.

APPENDIX.

The iconoclasts supplied and filled the void of the destroyed images and pictures by medals and mottoes. The Romanist objected to the Calvinist, that it was illogical to destroy the monuments, and then to cast in *alto relievo*, and *in all its ugliness*, the head of Calvin, and to hang *that* on their walls and round their necks. The following are some of such medals with their mottoes:—

The Gueux's (beggars') penny in Flanders;
Motto: "Fideles au roi jusqu' à porter la besace."
A second Gueux in Flanders:—
"Par flamme et par fer."
The teston of Rochelle, to commemorate the death of Henri II.:—H., and the lance head.
Another, in derision of Charles IX.:—
T., 1773. Morvens.
Charles IX., St. Bartholomew:—
"Pietas excitavit justitiam."
Pope Gregory XIII.:—
"Ugunotorum strages, 1572."
Prince of Condé:—
"Pax certa, victoria integra, mors honesta."
Queen Jeanne of Navarre:—
"Numina freta, licet rumpere, infracta manebo."
Queen Jeanne of Navarre:—
"Paix assurée, victoire entière ou mort honnête."
Annual medals of Sully to Henri IV.:—
"Hi fines,—two polar stars."
"Suo se pondere fulcit."
"Æquitate non aculeo,"

and the temple of Janus, closed by a lily.

"Clausi cavete recludam."

Diana of Poitiers:—

"Omnium victorem vici."

Amidst the collection by Petitot, there are two passages upon our two contemporary queens as they were seen in catholic eyes. Castlenau, whom we term M. de Mauvissière, the early and latest friend of Queen Mary Stewart, a man of the greatest probity, and whom she addressed from Chartley to learn who Phillips was, who was there forging the beer-barrel letters, thus draws her character when he visited her in Scotland, and records her praise in these terms to his son: "Esteemed and adored by her subjects; courted by her neighbours to the extent that there was nothing to which she might not aspire; relative and heiress presumptive to England, and surely with graces and perfections exceeding all others of her time." — 'Petitot,' vol. xxxiii. p. 345. Tavannes the younger, recording the carelessness of Henri IV. for his family, makes these reflexions: "plus de croix plus de salut; the more tribulation, the more salvation. Elizabeth of England, born in a double adultery, heretic, cruel, refuge of rebels, cause of the death of a million souls, lived happily and died in her bed: cela met en doute le chemin de son ame."—Vol. xxxv. p. 375.

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